Henry Davidoff

THE POETS' PRAISE

ARISE : PRAY : WORK

THE POETS' PRAISE

FROM HOMER TO SWINBURNE

Collected and Arranged, with Notes,

BY

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'*Praise from the Men whom all men praise*'
COWLEY

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PREFACE

IN this volume—which has been, in the strictest sense, a labour of love—the Compiler has sought to bring together, within a reasonable compass, the chief passages in which the English Poets, from Chaucer to Mr. Swinburne, have written, rhythmically, in praise either of one another or of the Poets of other nations. It was obviously impossible to comprise, in a book of ordinary dimensions, the whole of every poem (such as 'Adonais,' 'Thyrsis,' and the like) in which Poets have been eulogized by Poets. In many cases, therefore, the Compiler has been obliged to content herself with extracts, which, besides being (it is hoped) interesting and valuable in themselves, will serve as specimens of, and guides to, the poems from which they are taken. Even from the passages that were available it was necessary to make selection, and, accordingly, it has been found convenient to indicate, in the Notes at the end of the volume, the whereabouts of commendatory references for which room could not be found in the body of the work.

The Compiler has to thank many living Poets for generously assisting her in her task—not only for permitting the reproduction of whole sonnets or short lyrics, but also for allowing excerpts to be made from their longer poems. In all cases it would have been more gratifying to the Compiler to have printed pieces entire ; but considerations of space could not be ignored, and she has thought it better rather to quote briefly from a poetical tribute than to omit it altogether. Her gratitude is due, and heartily tendered, to Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander (Bishop of Derry and Raphoe), Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Alfred Austin, Dr. W. C. Bennett, Emeritus - Professor Blackie, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. Gordon Hake, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mrs. Chandler

Moulton, Mr. Ernest Myers, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mrs. 'E. Nesbit,' Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Mr. W. H. Pollock, Mr. W. W. Story, Mr. Swinburne, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. Oscar Wilde, from many of whom special kindness has been received ; also, to the representatives of the following deceased poets — Mr. William Allingham, Mr. Sydney Dobell, Lord Houghton, Mr. George Morine, Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Lord Rosslyn, and Mr. W. Bell Scott ; and finally, to the following firms, for permission to reprint poetry which they publish —Messrs. Chatto and Windus (Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Buchanan), Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. (Archbishop Trench), Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (Mr. Matthew Arnold, Lord Tennyson, and Mr. W. Watson), and Messrs. Routledge and Co. (Mr. P. J. Bailey).

The Compiler's hope is that 'The Poets' Praise' may be welcomed, in the first place, as a collection of poetic utterances, in themselves attractive and delightful, and, in the second place, as a book of reference for the everyday purposes of the student and lover of poetry, as well as of the public speaker and writer. In every instance the accepted editions have been consulted, and the greatest possible care has been taken in reproducing the text. The arrangement of the poems and passages is chronological, except where living writers are concerned—it is then alphabetical. It will be understood, of course, that the number of 'praises' allotted to each Poet has depended, not wholly upon the choice of the Compiler, but also upon the amount of material at her disposal. Many poets who have been the subject of little 'commendatory' verse have enjoyed much poetic commendation through the vehicle of prose. It has also to be noted that the 'praises' here reproduced refer, almost invariably, to the Poet as poet, and not to the Poet as man ; it is upon the work, not upon the personality, that the eulogy, in general, has been bestowed. It should be added that purely dramatic poetry has been excluded from the scope of this volume ; and, consequently, so familiar a passage as that about 'the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling' ('A Midsummer Night's Dream,' V. i.) does not appear in these pages.

E. D. A.

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POETS PRAISED

[The numerals indicate the pages on which references to the poets will be found.]

*** The quotations in this volume consist of extracts, save where an asterisk is placed before the author's name, in which case the poem is complete in itself.

PART I.

PROVIDE therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
  That of the Muses ye may friended be,
Which unto men eternity do give;
  For they be daughters of Dame Memory
  And Jove, the father of eternity,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

The sevenfold iron gates of grisly Hell,
  And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mighty spell
  To break, and thence the souls to bring away
  Out of dread darkness to eternal day,
And them immortal make, which else would die
In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie. . . .

For deeds do die, however nobly done,
  And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
  Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
  Nor may with storming showers be washt away,
Nor bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever waste. . . .

Then, who so will with virtuous deeds essay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweet Poets' verse be glorified.

SPENSER: *The Ruins of Time*

When Heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an Angel's Spirit into a Man,
The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.

DRAYTON: *England's Heroical Epistles* (*Earl of Surrey to the Lady Geraldine*)

. . . the fate of verses, always prized
With admiration, or as much despised;
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot;
Finding new words, that to the ravished ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as, of old, wise bards employed, to make
Unpolished men their wild retreats forsake;
Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,
And raising cities, with their charming lutes;
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.

WALLER: *Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace 'de Arte Poetica'*

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON: *When the Assault was intended to the City*

What mighty princes poets are! those things
The great ones stick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease
Discover, conquer what and where they please.

SUCKLING: *To my Friend Will Davenant*

'Tis not a Pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass; which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man:
But verses only; they shall fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read, or hear.
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the Pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust,
Then shall the Epitaph remain, and be
New graven in Eternity.
Poets by death are conquered, but the wit
Of Poets triumph over it.

COWLEY: *On the Praise of Poetry*

So God-like Poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten Nature by their Verse.

COWLEY: *To Sir Wm. Davenant*

True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
And, when they fail, portend approaching Fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire.

ROSCOMMON: *An Essay on Translated Verse*

True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

SWIFT: *To Stella*, 1720

. . . Poets have unquestion'd right, to claim
If not the greatest, the most lasting Name.

CONGREVE: *Epistle to Charles, Lord Halifax*

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good.

AMBROSE PHILIPS: *To Mr. Addison on 'Cato'*

Soul-shaking sov'reigns of the passions, you
Hold wider empire, than the Cæsars knew . . .
Ev'n pride's rash plunge, the poet's curb endures;
And ev'ry passage to the heart, is yours.

AARON HILL: *Advice to the Poets*

Poets are prodigies, so greatly rare,
They seem the tasks of heav'n, and built with care.
Like suns unquench'd, unrivall'd, and sublime,
They roll immortal, o'er the wastes of time:
Ages, in vain, close round, and snatch in fame,
High over all, still shines the Poet's name!
Lords of a life, that scorns the bounds of breath,
They stretch existence—and awaken death.

AARON HILL: *To Mr. Pope*

Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace; First Epistle of Second Book*

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace; Book IV., Ode IX.*

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*

There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!

I see him now o'er Nature's work preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!

SAVAGE: *The Wanderer, Canto III.*

The chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to these
A field is opened wide as Nature's sphere;
Nay, wider: various as the sudden acts
Of human wit, and vast as the demands
Of human will. The bard, nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
The seasons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
He summoneth, from the uttermost extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beside
Excludes, imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives to corporeal essence, life, and sense,
And every stately function of the soul.
The soul itself, to him obsequious, lies
Like matter's passive heap; and as he wills,
To reason and affection he assigns
Their just alliances, their just degrees:
Whence his peculiar honours: whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themselves,
Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
As earth itself to his delightful world,
The palm of spotless Beauty doth resign.

AKENSIDE: *The Pleasures of the Imagination, Book IV.*

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.

Though not with public terrors crowned,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

AKENSIDE: *Ode on the Use of Poetry*

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongue.

AKENSIDE: *Ode to Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, I.*, 3.

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers,
And, armed with strength surpassing human powers,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shared,
And every hallowed Druid was a bard.

COWPER: *Table Talk*

Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought

Fancy that from the bow that spans the sky
Brings colours dipt in heaven that never die,
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skilled in the characters that form mankind,—
And as the sun, in rising beauty dressed,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close,
An eye like his to catch the distant goal,
Or ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On every scene and subject it surveys,—
Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.

COWPER : *Table Talk*

What must a Muse of strength, of force, of fire,
In the true Poet's ample mind inspire?
What must he feel, who can the soul express,
Of saint or hero?—he must be no less.
Nor less of evil minds he knows the pain,
But quickly lost the anguish and the stain;
While with the wisest, happiest, purest, best,
His soul assimilates and loves to rest.

CRABBE : *Tales of the Hall, Book VI.* (*note*)

'. . . when the Bard, or hoary Sage
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.'

BURNS : *The Vision*

What is not visible to a Poet's eye?

ROGERS : *Italy—Bologna*

But who is He, with modest looks,
  And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
  A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
  Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
  He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
  Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
  Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
  Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
  That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

WORDSWORTH: *A Poet's Epitaph*

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand;
Time, place, and business, all at his command!—
Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost?

WORDSWORTH: *Liberty*

. . . deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile.

WORDSWORTH: *Departing Summer hath assumed*

. . . Poets, even as Prophets, each with each
Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
Objects unseen before.

WORDSWORTH : *The Prelude, Book XIII.*

Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !

WORDSWORTH : *Personal Talk*, iv.

Call it not vain :—they do not err,
  Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
  And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

SCOTT : *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto V.*, i.

'There is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown ;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone ;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.

Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name ;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky ;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay ;
All that the eye admires shall pass away ;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust ;
The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For Song alone through Nature's change endures ;—
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY : *The World before the Flood, Canto VIII.*

The poet in his lone yet genial hour,
Gives to his eye a magnifying power ;
Or rather he emancipates his eyes
From the black shapeless accidents of size :—
In unctuous cones of kindling coal,
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim bole,
His gifted ken can see
Phantoms of sublimity.

* S. T. COLERIDGE : *The Poet's Ken*

Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative

To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

LANDOR: *To Southey*

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

CAMPBELL: *Ode to the Memory of Burns*

. . . in winter's deepest gloom,
When all is dim before the outward eye,
Nor the ear catches one delightful sound,
They who have wandered in their musing walks
With the great poets, in their spirits feel
No change on earth, but see the unaltered woods
Laden with beauty, and inhale the song
Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers.

PROFESSOR WILSON: *Hymn to Spring*

. . . A poet's soul that flows for ever,
Right onwards, like a noble river,
Refulgent still, or by its native woods
Shaded, and rolling on through sunless solitudes.

PROFESSOR WILSON: *The Isle of Palms, Canto III.*

Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,—
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
  Music from the golden lyre :
He can shew thee how to steep
  All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
  Dark and still, and cold as clay :
He is shadowed by his Dream !
  But 'twill pass away.

Then—bright fancies he will weave,
  Caught from air and heaven above :
Some will teach thee how to grieve ;
  Others, how—to love !

How from sweet to sweet to rove—
  How all evil things to shun :
Should I not then whisper—' Love—
  Love *the poet*, pretty one ?'

B. W. PROCTER : *Love the Poet*

Tell me, what is a poet's thought ? . . .
'Tis a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
  From the Poet's heart.

B. W. PROCTER : *A Poet's Thought*

' On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept . . .
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
  Nurslings of immortality !'

SHELLEY : *Prometheus Unbound, Act I.*

Like a poet hidden
  In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
  Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

SHELLEY: *To a Skylark*

The fame of those pure bards whose fancies lie
Like glorious clouds in summer's calmest even,
Fringing the western skirts of darkening Heaven,
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,
Awakes no voice of thunder, which may vie
With mighty chiefs' renown ;—from ages gone,
In low undying strain, it lengthens on,
Earth's greenest solitudes with joy to fill,—
Felt breathing in the silence of the sky,
Or trembling in the gush of new-born rill,
Or whispering o'er the lake's undimpled breast ;
Yet blest to live when trumpet notes are still,
To wake a pulse of earth-born ecstasy
In the deep bosom of eternal rest.

* T. N. TALFOURD: *The Memory of the Poets*

Where's the Poet? show him! show him,
Muses nine! that I may know him!
'Tis the man who with a man
  Is an equal, be he King,
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
  Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato ;
  'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren, or Eagle, finds his way to
  All its instincts ; he hath heard
The Lion's roaring, and can tell

What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the Tiger's yell
Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue.

* KEATS: *Fragment*

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth! . . .
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

KEATS: *Ode*

Who is the Poet? Who the man whose lines
Live in the souls of men like household words?
Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,
With the eldest truth coeval, still combines
With each day's product, and like morning shines,
Exempt from age? 'Tis he, and only he,
Who knows that Truth is free, and only free;
That Virtue, acting in the strict confines
Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit
In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit
Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky:
With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,
Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,
And fraught with sweetness, wings her way on high.

* HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Who is the Poet?*

Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!
His voice is heard, but body there is none
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.
So, poets' songs are with us, tho' they die,
Obscur'd, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,
And Earth inherits the rich melody,
Like raining music from the morning cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

* THOMAS HOOD: *False Poets and True*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus' hill have bloom'd elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create:
But God Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of fate!

* THOMAS HOOD: *Written in a Volume of Shakspeare*

. . . read our Poets—they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after treats

The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind:
They have stamp'd in visible traces
  The 'thoughts that breathe,' in words that shine—
The flights of soul in sunny places—
  To greet and company with thine.

THOMAS HOOD: *The Departure of Summer*

What is a mine—a treasury—a dower—
A magic talisman of mighty power?
A poet's wide possession of the earth.
. . . his rich thinkings be
Like overflows of immortality;
So that what there is steep'd shall perish never,
But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever.

THOMAS HOOD: *The Poet's Portion*

How many are the lovely lays
  That haunt our English tongue,
Defrauded of their poet's praise,
  Forgotten they who sung.
Tradition only vaguely keeps
  Sweet fancies round his tomb;
Its tears are what the wild-flower weeps,
  Its record is that bloom;
Ah, surely Nature keeps with her
The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries
  Such spirit blends at last
With all the fairy fantasies
  Which o'er some scenes are cast.
A softer beauty fills the grove,
  A light is in the grass,

A deeper sense of truth and love
Comes o'er us as we pass ;
While lingers in the heart one line,
The nameless poet hath a shrine.

L. E. LANDON : *The Unknown Grave*

Oh ! glorious is the gifted poet's lot,
And touching more than glorious : 'tis to be
Companion of the heart's least earthly hour ;
The voice of love and sadness, calling forth
Tears from their silent fountain : 'tis to have
Share in all nature's loveliness ; giving flowers
A life as sweet, more lasting than their own ;
And catching from green wood and lofty pine
Language mysterious as musical ;
Making the thoughts, which else had only been
Like colours on the morning's earliest hour,
Immortal, and worth immortality ;
Yielding the hero that eternal name
For which he fought ; making the patriot's deed
A stirring record for long after-time ;
Cherishing tender thoughts, which else had pass'd
Away like tears ; and saving the loved dead
From death's worst part—its deep forgetfulness.

L. E. LANDON : *Erinna*

. . . whom the Muses smile upon,
And touch with soft persuasion,
His words like a storm-wind can bring
Terror and beauty on their wing ;
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable ;
And though he speak in midnight dark,—
In heaven no star, on earth no spark,—
Yet before the listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy,
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,

Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates in rock or tree.

EMERSON : *Saadi*

Great is the art,
Great be the manners, of the bard . . .
Blameless master of the games,
King of sport that never shames,
He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence.

EMERSON : *Merlin, I.*

They who, with stately lyre,
Make kingly thoughts immortal, and the lot
Of the hard life divine with visitings
Of the far angels. . . .

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *King Arthur, Book VII.* xxv.

'. . . to the bard, unsought,
Come the far whispers of Futurity!
Like his own harp, his soul a wind can thrill,
And the chord murmur, tho' the hand be still. . . .

'Never true Poet lived and sung in vain :
Lost if his name, and withered if his wreath,
The thoughts he woke must evermore remain
Fused in our light and blended with our breath ;
All life more noble, and all earth more fair,
Because that soul refined man's common air!' . . .

'All fields of glory to the Bard belong!
His realm extends wherever god-like strife
Spurns the base death, and wins immortal life.'

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *King Arthur, Book XI.* xiii. xxiii. xxxvi.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
  Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
  And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
  Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
  With drops of anguish falling fast and red
  From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
  Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song
  Have something in them so divinely sweet,
  It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
  Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
  But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

* LONGFELLOW: *The Poets*

Come read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

LONGFELLOW : *The Day is Done*

Though to all there be not given
  Strength for such sublime endeavour,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
  All the hearts of men for ever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
  Honour and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms benighted,
  As they onward bear the message !

LONGFELLOW : *Prometheus*

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet
  Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring. . . .
By the mirage uplifted, the land floats vague in the ether,
  Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air ;
So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,
  So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

LONGFELLOW : *Elegiac Verse*, ii., vi.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

LONGFELLOW : *The Singers*

'. . . At last because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.

As the earth
Plunges in fury, when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and, throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom—thus, my soul,
At poetry's divine first finger-touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised,
Convicted of the great eternities
Before two worlds.

What's this, Aurora Leigh,
You write so of the poets, and not laugh?
Those virtuous liars, dreamers after dark,
Exaggerators of the sun and moon,
And soothsayers in a tea-cup?

I write so
Of the only truth-tellers now left to God,
The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms;
The only teachers who instruct mankind
From just a shadow on a charnel-wall
To find man's veritable stature out
Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man.

And that's the measure of an angel, says
The apostle. Ay, and while your common men
Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,
And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
For kings to walk on, or our president,
The poet suddenly will catch them up
With his voice like a thunder,—"This is soul,
This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
Here's God down on us! What are you about?"
How all those workers start amid their work,
Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all.

. . O delight
And triumph of the poet, who would say
A man's mere 'yes,' a woman's common 'no,'
A little human hope of that or this,
And says the word so that it burns you through
With a special revelation, shakes the heart
Of all the men and women in the world.'

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh, Book I.*

. . . 'Verily and thus
It chances too with *us*
Poets, singing sweetest snatches
While that deaf men keep the watches: . . .

'Holy in voice and heart,
To high ends set apart:
All unmated, all unmated,
Just because so consecrated. . . .

'Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones!
And if, sooth, the world decry you,
Let it pass unchallenged by you.

'Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without its flatteries.
Self-contentedly approve you
Unto Him who sits above you,—

'In prayers, that upward mount
Like to a fair-sunned fount
Which, in gushing back upon you,
Hath an upper music won you,—

'In faith, that still perceives
No rose can shed her leaves,
Far less, poet fall from mission,
With an unfulfilled fruition,—

'In hope, that apprehends
An end beyond these ends,
And great uses rendered duly
By the meanest song sung truly.'

E. B. BROWNING: *A Lay of the Early Rose*

The poet hath the child's sight in his breast
And sees all *new*. What oftenest he has viewed
He views with the first glory. Fair and good
Pall never on him, at the fairest, best,
But stand before him holy and undressed
In week-day false conventions, such as would
Drag other men down from the altitude
Of primal types, too early dispossessed.
Why, God would tire of all his heavens, as soon
As thou, O godlike, childlike poet, didst
Of daily and nightly sights of sun and moon !
And therefore hath He set thee in the midst
Where men may hear thy wonder's ceaseless tune
And praise His world for ever, as thou bidst.'

* E. B. BROWNING : *The Poet*

Said a people to a poet—'Go out from among us straightway !
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine :
There's a little fair brown nightingale who, sitting in the gateway,
Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine !'

The poet went out weeping ; the nightingale ceased chanting :
'Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done ?'
—'I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun.'

The poet went out weeping, and died abroad, bereft there ;
The bird flew to his grave and died amid a thousand wails :
And when I last came by the place, I swear the music left there
Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

* E. B. BROWNING : *The Poet and the Bird*

. . . these were poets true,
Who died for Beauty as martyrs do
For Truth—the ends being scarcely two.

God's prophets of the Beautiful
These poets were ; of iron rule,
The rugged cilix, serge of wool.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

The Beauty of Life—the Melody of Mind—
Which the true Poet's quest never eludes.
RICHARD, LORD HOUGHTON: *To a Certain Poet*

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *The Poet*

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

TENNYSON: *The Poet's Mind*

'. . . those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

TENNYSON: *The Princess*, ii.

. . . the Singer for his Art
Not all in vain may plead
'The song that nerves a nation's heart,
Is in itself a deed.'

TENNYSON: *Epilogue to the Charge of the Heavy Brigade*

'The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd.'

TENNYSON: *The Wreck*

'The words
He utters in his solitude shall move
Men like a swift wind—that tho' dead and gone,
New eyes shall glisten when his beauteous dreams
Of love come true in happier frames than his.'

ROBERT BROWNING: *Pauline*

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

ROBERT BROWNING : *Abt Vogler, X.*

What shall we give him who teaches the nations,
And cheers the sad heart with the magic of song,
Now melting to sorrow—subsiding to patience,
Or pealing like thunder in hatred of wrong ?
What shall we give him for spreading, like Homer,
A halo of light o'er the land of his birth—
Augmenting its glory, embalming its story,
And sowing its language like seed o'er the earth ?

CHARLES MACKAY : *The Bard's Recompense—Living*

The Great King scorn'd the poet
A hundred years ago,
And the man of might despised him,
And the Sage refused to know ;
And Beauty, clad in purple,
Had not a smile to throw
On one so poor and humble,
Singing his joy and woe.

But the Great King's crown is shatter'd,
The Captain's sword is rust,
The worm is in Beauty's roses,
And the Sage lies low in dust ;
And they're all of them forgotten,
Save by their God—we trust !
But the Song and the Singer flourish
In the memory of the just !

* MACKAY : *The Bard's Recompense—Dead*

Come, Poet, come !
A thousand labourers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,

And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain ;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day ;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse :
Come, Poet, come ! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH : *Come, Poet, Come*

In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife ;
He saw the mysteries which circle under
The outward shell and skin of daily life.
Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion,
His soul was led by the eternal law ;
There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes he only saw.
He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and buried,
Chief-mourner at the Golden Age's hearse,
Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim had ferried
Alone were fitting themes of epic verse :
He could believe the promise of to-morrow,
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day ;
He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow
Than the world's seeming loss could take away.
To know the heart of all things was his duty,
All things did sing to him to make him wise,
And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,
The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes.
He gazed on all within him and without him,
He watched the flowing of Time's steady tide,
And shapes of glory floated all about him
And whispered to him, and he prophesied.

Than all men he more fearless was and freer,
  And all his brethren cried with one accord,—
'Behold the holy man! Behold the Seer!
  Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord!'
He to his heart with large embrace had taken
  The universal sorrow of mankind,
And, from that root, a shelter never shaken,
  The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.
He could interpret well the wondrous voices
  Which to the calm and silent spirit come;
He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices
  In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.
He in his heart was ever meek and humble,
  And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,
As he foresaw how all things false should crumble
  Before the free, uplifted soul of man:
And, when he was made full to overflowing
  With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing,
  To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
With calmest courage he was ever ready
  To teach that action was the truth of thought,
And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
  An anchor for the drifting world he wrought.
So did he make the meanest man partaker
  Of all his brother-gods unto him gave;
All souls did reverence him and name him Maker,
  And when he died heaped temples on his grave.
And still his deathless words of light are swimming
  Serene throughout the great deep infinite
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,
  To cheer and guide the mariner at night.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Ode*, i.

. . . in the happier days of the muse,
. . . the poet brought heaven to the people, and they
Felt that they, too, were poets in hearing his lay;
Then the poet was prophet, the past in his soul
Precreated the future, both parts of one whole;

Then for him there was nothing too great or too small,
For one natural deity sanctified all ;
Then the bard owned no clipper and meter of moods
Save the spirit of silence that hovers and broods
O'er the seas and the mountains, the rivers and woods ;
He asked not earth's verdict, forgetting the clods,
His soul soared and sang to an audience of gods ;
'Twas for them that he measured the thought and the line,
And shaped for their vision the perfect design,
With as glorious a foresight, a balance as true,
As swung out the worlds in the infinite blue.

LOWELL : *A Fable for Critics*

To him the earth is ever in her prime
And dewiness of morning ; he can see
Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime.

LOWELL : *On reading Wordsworth's Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment*

And I believed the poets ; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

LOWELL : *Columbus*

. . . the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees.

LOWELL : *Agassiz, IV.*, i.

'. . . the calm sublime of those choice souls
Who keep the heights of poesy and turn
A fleckless mirror to the various world,
Giving its many-named and fitful flux
An imaged, harmless, spiritual life,

With pure selection, native to art's frame,
Of beauty only, save its minor scale
Of ill and pain to give the ideal joy
A keener edge.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *A College Breakfast-Party*

The poet, to whose mighty heart
Heaven doth a quicker pulse impart,
Subdues that energy to scan
Not his own course, but that of man. . . .
. . . *he*
Breathes, when he will, immortal air,
Where Orpheus and where Homer are.
In the day's life, whose iron round
Hems us all in, he is not bound . . .
He escapes thence, but we abide—
Not deep the poet sees, but wide.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Resignation*

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine,
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit—
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses, and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.

M. ARNOLD: *Heine's Grave*

'They speak! the happiness divine
They feel, runs o'er in every line;
Its spell is round them like a shower—
It gives them pathos, gives them power.

No painter yet hath such a way,
Nor no musician made, as they,
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls.'

M. ARNOLD: *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön*

'The poet bends above his lyre and strikes—
No smile, no smile of rapture on his face;—
The poet bends above his lyre and strikes,
No fire, no fire of passion, in his eye;—
The poet bends above his lyre and strikes,
No flush, no prophet's flush, upon his cheek;—
Calm as the grand white cloud where thunders sleep,
Like a wrapt listener—not in vain to listen—
Feeling the winds with every sense to catch
Some far sound wandering in the depths of space,
The poet bends above his lyre and strikes.

The poet bends above his lyre and strikes.
Ah Heaven! I hear! Again. Ah Heaven, I hear!
Again:—the vacant eyes are moist with tears!
Again:—they gleam with vision. Bending lower,
Crowding his soul upon the strings.—Again.
Hark, hark, thou heart that leapest! Ye thrill'd fibres!
See the triumphant minstrel in the dust,
To his own music. Hark! Angels in heaven
Catch it on golden harps! Down float their echoes
Richer than dews of Paradise. Inspired,
Tuning each chord to the enchanted key,
The poet sweeps the strings and wakes, awe-stricken,
The sounds that never die. From hill to hill
They vibrate round the world of time, as deep
Calleth to deep.

But note like this stirs not
The mind of every day. And 'tis the ear
To know it, woo it, wait for it, and stand
Amid a Babel deaf to other speech,
That makes a poet. And from ear like this,
That troubling of the air which common men

Call harmony, falls unrespected off,
As balls from a charm'd life.
Hear yet again
A better parable. The good man hears
The voice in which God speaks to men. The poet,
In some wrapt moment of intense attendance,
The skies being genial and the earthly air
Propitious, catches on the inward ear
The awful and unutterable meanings
Of a divine soliloquy.
Soul-trembling
With incommunicable things, he speaks
At infinite distance. So a babe in smiles
Repeats the unknown and unknowable
Joys of a smiling mother.'

SYDNEY DOBELL : *The Roman, Scene vii.*

. . . the singers of our native land
Who take our souls up to the worth of life.

THOMAS WOOLNER : *My Beautiful Lady—Years After*

Truly the poet is omnipotent :
His magic alters melody of birds,
Puts life, love, glory, into dead cold words,
Conjures all angels 'neath the gray sky's tent,
Bathes common things in light Hesperian.

MORTIMER COLLINS : *A Poet's Philosophy*, xxxii.

You cannot see in the world the work of the Poet's pen :
Yet the Poet is master of words, and words are masters of men.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM : *Blackberries*

The Bard sings Beauty, and what lies behind
All Beauty, in the Everlasting Mind.
Rejoice, O World, if one true verse you find ;
Grave it in gold and on your forehead bind.

ALLINGHAM : *Blackberries*

. . . when
I think on Poets nurtured 'mong the throes,
And by the lowly hearths of common men,—
Think of their works, some song, some swelling ode
With gorgeous music growing to a close,
Deep-muffled as the dead-march of a god,—
My heart is burning to be one of those.

ALEXANDER SMITH : *Sonnet*

Chide not the poet, that he sits
All day on stones,
And dull routine
Of clerkly toil disowns.
His ear is fine, his wits
Subtle, his sight is keen :
The songs, such as befits,
Come not at once. . . .
. . . he's no fool ;
And lusty roots he strikes,—
Clings to the rock :
He studies in the world's high-school,
Hews statues from the block.
He paints :—his pictures vie
With the best cliques !
Him the Academy
Of heaven's elect,—him, least,—
Sets above rules, and seeks. . . .
Idle ? His feet ne'er tire :
Plodding the public ways,
In square and market-place
He watches, evens and noons :
He is a lyre
On which the hours and days
Play their strange tunes.
Idle ? He toils as few :
His heart is stout :
He lives for you,
For you he daily dies ;
And who comes to him, buys

Red wine and milk, without
Money and without price.

THOMAS ASHE: *Bettws-y-coed*, xxxiv.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down . . . .

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation ;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY : *Ode*

Song justifies itself, but they who sing,
Raining ethereal music from a height
Lonely and pure, grow strong upon the wing,
And more and more enamoured of the light.

EMILY PFEIFFER : *A Plea*

Tread softly here ; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there !
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him :
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine.

T. B. ALDRICH : *In Westminster Abbey*

Enamoured architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt ; heed not what each man says. . . .
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all.

T. B. ALDRICH : *Sonnet*

The rapt diviner poets struggle still,
Like angels with one wing, to reach their heaven,
Though it may be with dust-soil'd pinion, till
Death pities, and the other wing is given.
This earth is not for them, and when they come
They stand as strangers, till, at last, they speak
Their mission in keen words, through which we hear
The low deep yearning to regain their home,
That, though they stand on earth, is ever near,
Till the light fades upon their brow and cheek ;
Then Heaven takes back its own that was so sweet.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON : *In Rome, XXXV.*

'. . . the great gods of Song, in clear white light,
The radiance of their godhead, calmly dwell,
And with immutable cold starlike gaze
Scan both the upper and the under world,
As it revolves, themselves serenely fixed.
Their bias is the bias of the sphere,
That turns all ways, but turns away from none,

Save to return to it. They have no feud
With gods or men, the living or the dead,
The past or present, and their words complete
Life's incompleteness with a healing note.
For they are not more sensitive than strong,
More wise than tender ; understanding all,
At peace with all, at peace with life and death,
And love that gives a meaning unto life
And takes from death the meaning and the sting :
At peace with hate, and every opposite.'

ALFRED AUSTIN : *A Dialogue at Fiesole*

. . . should there come that threatened day,
When creeds shall fade, when faith decay,
        And worship shall have ceased,
Then, when all formal guides shall fail,
Mankind will in the Poet hail
        A prophet and a priest.

He will instruct us still to strain
Towards something to redress our pain,
        To elevate our joy ;
Something responding to that sense
Of restlessness that calls us hence,
        And makes existence cloy.

What though commandment, dogma, rite,
One after one, shall perish quite,
        The Poet still will keep
The Sanctuary's lamp alight,
And, in the body's deepest night,
        Forbid the soul to sleep.

Then, apprehended right, his lays
Shall seem a hymn of prayer and praise
        To purify from stain ;
Shall bridge with love the severed years,
Instil the sacredness of tears,
        The piety of pain.

Devotion at his touch shall wake,
The fountains of emotion quake
With tenderness divine ;
His melody our cravings lift
Upward, and have the saving gift
Of sacramental wine.

ALFRED AUSTIN : *Poets' Corner*

'Yes, there was a time
When tomes of ancient song held eye and heart ;
Were the sole lore I recked of : the great bards
Of Greece, of Rome, and mine own master land,
And they who in the holy book are deathless ;
Men who have vulgarized sublimity ;
And bought up truth for the nations ; held it whole ;
Men who have forged gods—uttered—made them pass :
Sons of the sons of God, who, in olden days,
Did leave their passionless heaven for earth and woman :
Brought an immortal to a mortal breast,
And, clasping rainbowlike sweet earth, here left
A bright precipitate of soul, which lives
Ever ; and through the lines of sullen men,
The dumb array of ages, speaks for all ;
Flashing by fits, like fire from an enemy's front ;
Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine in shut rooms,
Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light ;
Who make their very follies like their souls ;
And like the young moon with a ragged edge,
Still, in their imperfection, beautiful ;
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths,
Like the white nebulous matter between stars,
Which, if not light, at least is likest light ;
Men whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory, and to immortality ;
Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion,
Through every limb and the whole heart ; whose words
Haunt us, as eagles haunt the mountain air ;
Whose thoughts command all coming times and minds,

As from a tower, a warden ; fix themselves
Deep in the heart as meteor stones in earth,
Dropped from some higher sphere ; the words of gods,
And fragments of the undeemed tongues of heaven ;
Men who walk up to fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and gripe ;
Men who, like death, all bone but all unarmed,
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat, and thrown him ;
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life ; who shed great thoughts
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
In a kindly largesse to the soil it grew on ;
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,
Like sound upon the falling of a force ;
Whose words, if wingèd, are with angels' wings ;
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them ;
Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open
To the whole noon of nature.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XVI.*

' Poets are all who love, who feel, great truths,
And tell them.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XVI.*

' He, with adoring spirit, creates the line
Which leads, by mortal beauty to divine,
Man's soul.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XIV.*

'. . . the poet, like that wall of fire
In ancient song, towers o'er the universe
Lighting himself, where'er he soars or dives,
With his own bright brain . . .
Oh ! happiest of the happy is the bard !'

BAILEY · *Festus XVI.*

'Bards, to God,
The almighty poet of the world, confess ;
And they to whom it is given with holy things
To deal thus, and such privilege high partake,
Life individual with life's lord enjoy,
Uplifted o'er the vast and markless mass ;
Yet not into a sphere of selfish thought,
But of innate and infinite commune
With all creation.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XXVIII.*

'The poet's pen, the true divining-rod
Trembling towards feeling's inner founts, brings forth
To light, to use, the sources many and sweet
We have, of beauty and good in our own deep bosoms.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XXVIII.*

'Poets, I think, henceforth
Are the world's best teachers ; mountainous minds, their heads
Are sunned, long ere the rest of earth.'

BAILEY : *Festus, XXVIII.*

The poet, in whose shaping brain
Life is created o'er again
With loftier raptures, loftier pain ;
Whose mighty potencies of verse
Move through the plastic Universe,
And fashion to their strenuous will
The world that is creating still.

MATHILDE BLIND : *Chaunts of Life, VI.*

. . . there dawneth a time to the Poet,
When the bitterness passes away,
With none but his God to know it,
He kneels in the dark to pray ;
And the prayer is turn'd into singing,
And the singing findeth a tongue,
And Art, with her cold hands clinging,
Comforts the soul she has stung.

Then the Poet, holding her to him,
  Findeth his loss is his gain :
The sweet singing sadness thrills through him,
  Though nought of the glory remain ;
And the awful sound of the city,
  And the terrible faces around,
Take a truer, tenderer pity,
  And pass into sweetness and sound ;
The mystery deepens to thunder,
  Strange vanishings gleam from the cloud,
And the Poet, with pale lips asunder,
  Stricken, and smitten, and bow'd,
Starteth at times from his wonder,
  And sendeth his Soul up aloud !

ROBERT BUCHANAN : *London*, 1864, v.

In the morning of the skies
I heard a lark arise.
On the first day of the year
A wood-flower did appear.

Like a violet, like a lark,
Like the dawn that kills the dark,
Like a dew-drop, trembling, clinging,
Is the poet's first sweet singing.

* R. W. GILDER : *To a Young Poet*

The poet dies as dies the barren mind,
  It is in death his deathless days begin.
To him of what avail ? But he has willed
  His wealth to every dweller on the soil,
That so shall ages drifting by be filled
  With lustrous reminiscence of his toil.
Through him man's spirit quits its baser pleasures,
  Beholding Nature's world as now his own,
Astonished at his newly-gotten treasures,—
  Into his lap the wealth of ages thrown !

T. GORDON HAKE : *The New Day—Sonnet XXXI.*

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Shakespeare Tercentennial Celebration, April* 23, 1864

Poets, like youngest children, never grow
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so
Holds their soft hands, and will not let them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own:
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful throne!

O. W. HOLMES: *Bryant's 70th Birthday, November* 3, 1864

Say not the Poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

O. W. HOLMES: *At the Dedication of the Halleck Monument, July* 8, 1869

'Who wears a singing-robe is richly dight:
The Poet, he is greater than a King.
He plucks the veil from hidden loveliness:
His gusts of music stir the shadowing boughs,
To let in sunshine on the darkened soul.
Upon the hills of light he plants his feet

To lure the people up with harp and voice ;
At humblest human hearths drops dew divine
To feed the violet virtues nestling there.
His hands adorn the poorest house of life
With rare abiding shapes of loveliness.
All things obey his soul's creative eye. . . .
His life down-deepens to the living heart,
And Sorrow shows him her wise mysteries.
He knows this Life is but a longer year,
And it will blossom bright in other springs.
The soul of all things is invisible,
And nearest to that soul the Poet sings ;
A sweet, shy Bird in darkling privacy.
He beckons not the Pleasures as they pass,
And lets the money-grubbing world go by.
He hath a towering life, but cannot climb
Out of the reach of sad calamity :
A many carking cares pluck at his skirts ;
Wild, wandering words are hissing at his ear ;
He runs the gauntlet of his woes to reach
The inner sanctuary of better life.
But though the seas of sorrow flood his heart,
Some silent spring of flowers blossoms there.
His spirit-wounds a precious balsam bleed.
The loveliest ministrants that visit him,
Rise veiled when his heart-fountains spring in tears.
And when this misty life hath rolled away
The turmoil hushed ; all foolish voices still ;
The bonds that crushed his great heart shattered down,
And all his nature shines sublimely bare ;
Death whitens many a stain of strife and toil,
And careful hands shall pluck away each weed
Around the spring that wells melodious life.'

GERALD MASSEY : *The Bridegroom of Beauty*

True Poets conquer Glory—do not woo
  It blandly ; do not beg their way to Fame ;
Nor at her skirts in private bend and sue,
  Nor sow the public broadcast with their name :

They are the great High Priests of Heaven who
  Hold sacred as they feed their Altar-flame
Within the Temple: No man hears their cry
For recognition to the passers-by! . . .

Alone, in silence, secretly, they grow
  Invisibly, where no voice is raised to bless:
Creating in the dark like Hills below
  The ocean, shaped by Nature's strong caress:
Wave after wave sweeps over them; they know
  How many failures go to make success.
Their victory's in their work, not in the word
That waits to praise, as servant waits his Lord.

GERALD MASSEY: *True Poets*

Like him who met his own eyes in the river,
The poet trembles at his own long gaze
That meets him through the changing nights and days
From out great Nature; all her waters quiver
With his fair image facing him for ever;
The music that he listens to betrays
His own heart to his ears; by trackless ways
His wild thoughts tend to him in long endeavour.

His dreams are far among the silent hills;
His vague voice calls him from the darkened plain
With winds at night; strange recognition thrills
His lonely heart with piercing love and pain;
He knows his sweet mirth in the mountain rills,
His weary tears that touch him with the rain.

* ALICE MEYNELL: *The Love of Narcissus*

Great singers of the past! whose song
Still streams down earthward pure and strong,
    Free from all stain of wrong.

Whose lives were chequered, but whose verse
The generations still rehearse;
    Yet never soul grew worse.

LEWIS MORRIS: *The Apology*

. . . amid the throng
Of toiling men
He finds the food and sustenance of song,
Spread by hidden hands, again, and yet again,
Where'er he goes, by crowded city street,
He fares thro' springing fancies sad and sweet—

Some innocent baby smile ;
A close-wound waist ;
Fathers and children ; things of shame and guile ;
Dim eyes, and lips at parting kissed in haste ;
The halt, the blind, the prosperous thing of ill ;
The thief, the wanton, touch and vex him still.

Or if sometimes he turn
With a new thrill,
And strives to paint anew with words that burn
The inner thought of sea, or sky, or hill :
It is because a breath of human life
Has touched them : joy and suffering, rest and strife.

And he sees mysteries
Above, around,
Fair spiritual fleeting agencies
Haunting each foot of consecrated ground :
And so, these fading, raises bolder eyes
Beyond the furthest limits of the skies,

And every thought and word,
And all things seen,
And every passion which his heart has stirred,
And every joy and sorrow which has been,
And every step of life his feet have trod,
Lead by broad stairs of glory up to God.

LEWIS MORRIS : *The Food of Song*

The monument outlasting bronze
  Was promised well by bards of old ;
The lucid outline of their lay
Its sweet precision keeps for aye,
  Fix'd in the ductile language-gold.

F. T. PALGRAVE : *The Ancient and Modern Muses*

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows, telling
Time nought;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.

In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides:
Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish;
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish.

In human thought have all things habitation;
Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.

A. C. SWINBURNE: *The Interpreters*, iii., iv.

The College of the Priests is with us still. . . .
'The Praise
And Burthen, which to these did once belong,
Is now committed to the Lords of Song;—
For, throned above earth-mist, and Time's poor haze,
Their spiritual spheres they build and raise:
And those eternal Truths on which are hung
The fates of mortals, lurk their leaves among;
And what exalts a nation; what betrays.'

AUBREY DE VERE: *The Poetic Function*

. . . the choir of God's great Church below,
The Poets!

A. DE VERE: *The Beatific Vision of the Earth*, ii.

The Poet gathers fruit from every tree,
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he.
Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

* WILLIAM WATSON: *Epigrams*

PART II.

HOMER

'For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the son of Thetis from to die ;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses, dipt in dew of Castaly.'

Spenser : *The Ruins of Time*

All realms . . .
. . . hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate :
In which humanity to her height is raised,
Which all the world, yet none enough, hath praised.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalize
Their king Apollo. . . .

Chapman : *Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Henry*

So from one Homer all the holy fire
That ever did the hidden heat inspire
In each true Muse came clearly sparkling down,
And must for him compose one flaming crown.

Chapman : *Epistle Dedicatory to Robert, Earl of Somerset*

. . . none like Homer hath the world ensphered,
Earth, seas, and heaven, fix'd in his verse, and moving ;
Whom all times' wisest men have held unpeer'd.

CHAPMAN : *Sonnet to the Earl of Salisbury*

. . . honoured Homer . . .
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue.

HERRICK : *The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium*

Blind Homer's Muse and Virgil's stately verse,
While any live, shall never need a hearse.

SUCKLING : *An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise*

I can no more believe Old Homer blind
Than those who say the Sun hath never shin'd ;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world to see :
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's Skull the Muses' Hive ;
And from his Brain that Helicon distill
Whose Racy Liquor did his offspring fill.

DENHAM : *The Progress of Learning*

Homer and Virgil ! with what sacred Awe
Do those mere Sounds the World's Attention draw !
Just as a Changeling seems below the rest
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast ;
So these Gigantic Souls amaz'd we find
So much above the rest of Human Kind !
Nature's whole Strength united ! endless Fame,
And universal Shouts, attend their Name !

Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
For all Books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE : *An Essay on Poetry*

Hail thou ! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith submit,
Whom we acknowledge our sole Text, and holy Writ :
None other Judge infallible we own,
But thee, who art the Canon of authentic Wit alone.
Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
Sprung first, and still do flow, th' eternal Rills of Sense :
To none but thee our Art divine we owe,
From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too.
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever dost supply
Throughout the World the whole poetic Company :
With thy vast Stock alone they traffic for a Name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the Coasts of
Fame.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on thee !
Who can the senseless Tale believe ?
Who can to the false Legend Credit give ?
Or think thou wanted'st Sight, by whom all others see ?
What Land, or Region, how remote soe'er,
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts appear,
That each thy native Country seems to be,
And each t've been survey'd, and measur'd out by thee ?

OLDHAM : *The Praise of Homer*

. . . Homer's God-like muse.

GAY : *To Bernard Lintott*

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*

Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of Song! and equal by his side,
The British Muse: joined hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

THOMSON: *The Seasons; Winter*

'Great Homer's song . . . fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds.'

THOMSON: *The Castle of Indolence, Canto II.*

'. . . the Fountain Bard,
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.'

THOMSON: *Liberty, Part II. (Greece)*

The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,
And prototype of all that soar'd sublime.

SHENSTONE: *Economy*

Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey,

AKENSIDE: *Ode on the Use of Poetry*

When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravished bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.

FALCONER: *The Shipwreck, Canto III.*

Hail, mighty father of the Epic line,
Thou vast, prolific, intellectual Mine,
Whence veins of ancient and of modern gold,
The wealth of each poetic world, have roll'd!
Great Bard of Greece, whose ever-during Verse
All ages venerate, all tongues rehearse;
Could blind idolatry be justly paid
To aught of mental power by man display'd,
To thee, thou Sire of soul-exalting Song,
That boundless worship might to thee belong . . .
By the rich splendour of creative fire,
And the deep thunder of thy martial lyre,
The conscious world confesses thy control,
And hails thee Sovereign of the kindling soul.

HAYLEY: *Essay on Epic Poetry, II.*

. . . Homer, the great Thunderer.

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude, Book V.*

Twice is almighty Homer far above
Troy and her towers, Olympus and his Jove.
First, when the God-led Priam bends before
Him sprung from Thetis, dark with Hector's gore:
A second time, when both alike have bled,
And Agamemnon speaks among the dead.

LANDOR: *Miscellaneous Poems, CXVI.*

He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simöis glides into the sea.

LANDOR: *To Southey*

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name :
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.

BYRON : *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

. . . martial Homer, Epic's Prince.

BYRON : *Hints from Horace*

Far from all measured space, yet clear and plain
As sun at noon, 'a mighty orb of song'
Illumes extremest Heaven. Beyond the throng
Of lesser stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main,
One steadfast light gleams through the dark, and long,
And narrowing aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of human truths, Great Poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,
And various as the voices of the wind,
Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee—
And yet could glorify infirmity,
When Priam wept, or shame-struck Helen pined.

* HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *Homer*

Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,
  And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,
  There is a triple sight in blindness keen ;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

KEATS : *To Homer*

That wit and joy might find a tongue,
And earth grow civil, Homer sung.

EMERSON : *Solution*

. . . Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

. . . the strong-wing'd music of Homer.

TENNYSON : *On Translations of Homer*

. . . That wondrous minstrel boy
. . . he fed
His joy at many an ancient river's head,
And echoing caves, and thunder, and the roll
Of the wakeful ocean—till the day when he
Poured forth that stream divine of mighty melody.

HENRY ALFORD : *Sonnet XX.*

Ilion . . .
. . . in the verse of the old man divine
Thy windy towers are built eternally ; . .
So true is beauty clothed in endless rime.

ALFORD : *Sonnet LXXVII.*

Sometimes come pauses of calm, when the rapt bard, holding his heart back,
Over his deep mind muses, as when o'er awe-stricken ocean
Poises a heapt cloud luridly, ripening the gale and the thunder ;
Slow rolls onward the verse with a long swell heaving and swinging,
Seeming to wait till, gradually wid'ning from far-off horizons,
Piling the deeps up, heaping the glad-hearted surges before it,

Gathers the thought as a strong wind darkening and cresting the tumult.
Then every pause, every heave, each trough in the waves, has its meaning ;
Full-sailed, forth like a tall ship steadies the theme, and around it,
Leaping beside it in glad strength, running in wild glee beyond it,
Harmonies billow exulting and floating the soul where it lists them,
Swaying the listener's fantasy hither and thither like driftweed.

* J. R. LOWELL : *Impressions of Homer*

The long lines of Homer in majesty roll.

J. C. SHAIRP : *On Visiting Druim a Liath*

'Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place ;
And brightest is their glory's sheen,
For greatest hath their labour been.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön*

He walked beside the strong, prophetic sea,
Indifferent as itself, and nobly free ;
While roll of waves and rhythmic sound of oars
Along Ionian shores,
To Troy's high story chimed in undertone,
And gave his song the accent of their own !

BAYARD TAYLOR : *Goethe*

Homer is gone : and where is Jove ? and where
The rival cities seven ? His song outlives
Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save heaven.

P. J. BAILEY : *Festus, XVI.*

Homer and Milton,—can we call them blind?—
Of godlike sight, the vision of the mind.

J. G. SAXE: *The Library*

. . . the starry
Song of Homer.

SWINBURNE: *Athens*

HESIOD

(Eighth Century, B.C.)

. . . that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world. . . .

SPENSER: *Virgil's Gnat*

TYRTÆUS

(Seventh Century, B.C.)

And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard),
Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

BYRON: *Hints from Horace*

SAPPHO

(Seventh Century, B.C.)

When Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire:
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

SMOLLETT: *On a Young Lady Playing on a Harpsichord*

—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
Over the wild sea-wave.

F. D. Hemans : *Genius Singing to Love*

. . . passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre !

Croly : *Sappho*

. . . a minstrel . . .
Who proved what woman's hand might do,
When, true to the heart pulse, it woke
The harp.

L. E. Landon : *The Improvisatrice*

ALCÆUS

(Circa 600 B.C.)

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse, and a threatening hand,
The Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords.

Akenside : *Ode on Lyric Poetry*

. . . th' indignant Bard, whose patriot ire,
Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre ;
For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
Whose mighty song unnerved a tyrant's arm,
Hushed the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
And spurned licentious demagogues to dust.

Beattie : *The Report of a Monument, etc.*

ANACREON

(Born about 550 B.C.)

All thy Verse is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows.

COWLEY: *Elegy upon Anacreon* (*Spoken by the God of Love*)

I see Anacreon smile and sing;
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light-winged hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

AKENSIDE: *Ode on Lyric Poetry, I. i.*

Anacreon, famed for many a luscious line
Devote to Venus and the god of wine.

J. G. SAXE: *The Library*

ÆSCHYLUS

(525-455 B.C.)

. . . those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew the impassioned heart, and charmed
Transported Athens with the moral scene.

THOMSON: *The Seasons; Winter*

. . . not alone he nursed the poet's flame
But reached from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

WILLIAM COLLINS : *Ode to Fear*

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous,
  How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
  In the gnarlèd oak beneath !

E. B. BROWNING : *Wine of Cyprus*

. . . Æschylus, the women swooned
To see so awful when he frowned
As the gods did : he standeth crowned.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

' Son of Euphorion, from Olympus
Sent, I come with haste to thee
Not unworthy ; thou my singer
And Apollo's bard shalt be.
I thy thoughts have known the deepest,
The strong love that stirs thy soul ;
Thou shalt run, divinely strengthened,
To the glory-glittering goal.
Where the stable banded chorus
Voices Dionysus' praise,
Thou shalt lead their songs in triumph,
Through the curious-measured maze.
From the cloudy dim tradition
Thou shalt call the heroes old ;
To thy great conception imaged,
Kings and gods thine art shalt mould ' . . .
Thus with words of lofty promise
To the mortal spake the god ;
Thrilled him with his keen-felt presence,
Touched him with his pine-tipt rod,

And waked the dreamer. He, upstarting
From his sweet entrancement, saw
In thin air the god evanishing,
And he worshipped him with awe.
And he vowed to be his singer,
And he sang full many a lay,
With religious power deep throated,
From that consecrating day.
And he kept the trust committed
To his ward with reverent care,
Voicing fearless inspiration,
That men felt a god was there ;
Till, with ivy crowned victorious,
He was hailed by Attic throngs :
Time their high approval glorious
Through far-sounding halls prolongs.

J. S. BLACKIE : *Æschylus*

Majestic Æschylus, whose glowing page
Holds half the grandeur of the Athenian stage.

J. G. SAXE : *The Library*

A sea-cliff carved into a bas-relief!
Dark thoughts and sad, conceived by brooding Nature ;
Brought forth in storm :—dread shapes of Titan stature,
Emblems of Fate, and Change, Revenge, and Grief,
And Death, and Life :—a caverned Hieroglyph
Confronting still with thunder-blasted frieze
All stress of years, and winds, and wasting seas :—
The stranger nears it in his fragile skiff
And hides his eyes. Few, few shall pass, great Bard,
Thy dim sea-portals ! Entering, fewer yet
Shall pierce thy mystic meanings, deep and hard :
But these shall owe to thee an endless debt :
The Eleusinian caverns they shall tread
That wind beneath man's heart ; and wisdom learn with
dread.

* AUBREY DE VERE : *Æschylus*

PINDAR

(Circa 522-443 B.C.)

Pindar's unnavigable Song
Like a swoln Flood from some steep Mountain pours along;
The Ocean meets with such a Voice
From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.

So Pindar does new WORDS and Figures roll
Down his impetuous Dithyrambic Tide,
Which in no Channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither Banks nor Dykes control.
Whether th' Immortal Gods he sings,
In a no less Immortal Strain,
Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.
Each rich embroidered Line,
Which their triumphant Brows around,
By his sacred Hand is bound,
Does all their starry Diadems out-shine.

COWLEY: *The Praise of Pindar, i., ii.*

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies.

PRIOR: *An English Ballad, etc.*

O thou Dircæan swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly,
While Jove attends a language like his own!

E. YOUNG: *Imperium Palagi, Strain IV.*

. . . like some furious prophet, Pindar rode
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.

POPE: *The Temple of Fame*

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hailed of me :
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danced their measure with the sylvan throng :
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know ;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

AKENSIDE : *Ode to Francis, Earl of Huntingdon*

. . . Pindar's lyre,
Brightening the path with more than solar fire.

LANDOR : *To Southey*, 1833

. . . the world has need of thee,
Man of Immortality :
Greece,—the name is lost in tears,—
Land of laurels, lyres, and spears ! . . .
Pindar ! shall her glory die !
Shall, like thine, no godlike strain
Teach her to be great again ?

CROLY : *Pindar*

. . . bold
Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear
Slant startled eyes that seem to hear

The chariot rounding the last goal,
To hurtle past it in his soul.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Son of the lightning, fair and fiery star,
Strong-winged imperial Pindar, voice divine. . . .

Ernest Myers : *Pindar*

Pindar, whose odes, replete with heavenly fire,
Proclaim the master of the Grecian lyre.

J. G. Saxe : *The Library*

SOPHOCLES

(496-405 B.C.)

Oh, our Sophocles, the royal
Who was born to monarch's place,
And who made the whole world loyal
Less by kingly power than grace !

E. B. Browning : *Wine of Cyprus*

Be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild ;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole ;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

Matthew Arnold : *To a Friend*

. . . Sophocles, the poet loved and feared,
Whose mighty voice once called out of her lair
The Dorian muse severe, with braided hair,
Who loved the thyrsus and wild dances weird.

E. W. Gosse : *The Tomb of Sophocles*

EURIPIDES

(480-406 B.C.)

. . . Pella's bard, a magic name . . .
W. COLLINS : *Ode to Pity*

He, the sweet Socratic sage,
Who steep'd in tears the wide Athenian stage.
HAYLEY : *Ode to the Countess de Genlis*

If in less stately mould thy thoughts were cast
Than thy twin Masters of the Grecian stage,
Lone, 'mid the loftier wonders of the Past,
Thou stand'st—more household to the Modern Age ;—
Thou mark'st that change in Manners when the frown
Of the vast Titans vanish'd from the earth,
When a more soft Philosophy stole down
From the dark heavens to man's familiar hearth.
With thee, came Love and Woman's influence o'er
Her sterner Lord ; and Poesy, till then
A Sculpture, warm'd to Painting ; what before
Glass'd but the dim-seen Gods, grew now to men
Clear mirrors, and the Passions took their place,
Where a serene if solemn Awe had made
The Scene a Temple to the elder race : . . .
Thy Phædra, and thy pale Medea, were
The birth of that more subtle wisdom, which
Dawn'd in the world with Socrates, to bear
Its last most precious offspring in the rich
And genial soul of Shakespeare.
EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *Euripides*

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips, that could be wild

And laugh or sob out like a child
Even in the classes.

E. B. Browning: *A Vision of Poets*

Our Euripides, the human,
  With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
  Till they rose to touch the spheres!

E. B. Browning: *Wine of Cyprus*

ARISTOPHANES

(Circa 448-388 B.C.)

. . . Aristophanes, who took
The world with mirth, and laughter-struck
The hollow caves of Thought and woke
The infinite echoes hid in each.

E. B. Browning: *A Vision of Poets*

THEOCRITUS

(Third Century B.C.)

Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's Rocks repeat his Rural Song.

Roscommon: *An Essay on Translated Verse*

. . . thee, Theocritus, wha matches?

Burns: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

Our Theocritus, our Bion,
  And our Pindar's shining goals!—
These were cup-bearers undying,
  Of the wine that's meant for souls.

E. B. Browning: *Wine of Cyprus*

Theocritus,
Whose song for us
Still yields
The fragrance of the fields.

FRANK D. SHERMAN: *The Garland*

The names and shades adored of all of us,
The nurslings of the brave world's earlier brood,
Grown gods for us themselves: Theocritus
First, and more dear Catullus, names bedewed
With blessings bright like tears
From the old memorial years,
And loves and lovely laughters, every mood
Sweet as the drops that fell
Of their own œnomel
From living lips to cheer the multitude
That feeds on words divine. . .

SWINBURNE: *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor*

LUCRETIUS

(First Century B.C.)

He soared beyond our utmost sphere
And other worlds discovered there;
His boundless and unruly wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has removed those bars
Of heaven and earth and seas and stars,
By which she was before supposed,
By moderate wits, to be enclosed,
Till his free muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.

WALLER: *To Master Evelyn*

Come from thy niche, Lucretius! Thou didst give
Men the black creed of Nothing in the tomb!

Well, when we read thee, does the dogma taint ?
No ; with a listless eye we pass it o'er,
And linger only on the hues that paint
The Poet's spirit lovelier than his lore.
None learn from thee to cavil with their God ;
None commune with thy genius to depart
Without a loftier instinct of the heart.
Thou mak'st no Atheist—thou but mak'st the mind
Richer in gifts which Atheists best confute—
Fancy and Thought ! 'Tis these that from the sod
Lift us ! The life which soars above the brute
Ever and mightiest, breathes from a great Poet's lute !

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *The Souls of Books*

Lucretius, nobler than his mood,
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe and said 'No God'—

Finding no bottom : he denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber-side

By grace of God : his face is stern
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he would not learn.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

CATULLUS

(Circa 84-54 B.C.)

Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . .
  Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
  With nectar, and runs on.

*W. S. LANDOR : *On Catullus*

. . . you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,
Catullus, whose dead songster never dies.

TENNYSON : *Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies*

. . . Catullus when by Sirmio
His pinnace flashed along the Lydian Lake,
Thoughts from immortal Nature did receive
Fresh as the winds are—perfect as the glow
Of the Orient hills when Morning doth awake.

MORTIMER COLLINS : *Catullus*

My brother, my Valerius, dearest head
Of all whose crowning bay-leaves crown their mother
Rome. . .

SWINBURNE : *To Catullus*

VIRGIL

(70-19 B.C.)

That Latin Poet Virgil,
That bore hath up long while
The fame of pious Eneas.

CHAUCER : *The House of Fame, Book III.*

. . . the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And oft did sing of wars and deadly dread,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to hear.

SPENSER : *The Shepherd's Calendar, October*

Two shepherds most I love with just adoring ;
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,

From Corydon to Turnus' dering-deed ;
And next our home-bred Colin's sweetest firing ;
That steps not following close, but far admiring ;
To lackey one of these is all my pride's aspiring.

PHINEAS FLETCHER : *The Purple Island, Canto VI., v.*

. . . the Mantuan,
As Sweet in fields, as stately in Troy's fire.

G. DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

Virgil's sublimèd eyes not only gazed,
But his sublimèd thoughts to heaven were raised.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their blessed abodes.

SIR JOHN DENHAM : *To the Hon. Edward Howard*

Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise ;
Whose Verse walks highest, but not flies ;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage.

COWLEY : *What shall I do to be for ever known?*

. . . those lofty Lines, which now shall be
Time's conquerors, and out-last Eternity.

COWLEY : *On the Death of Mr. Richard Clarke*

How many Ages since has Virgil writ !
How few are they who understand him yet !
Approach his Altars with religious Fear,
No petty Deity inhabits there :
Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial Nod,
Than Poets should before their Mantuan God.

ROSCOMMON : *An Essay on Translated Verse*

. . . majestic Maro's awful strain.

SHENSTONE : *Economy, pt. ii.*

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art :
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress. . .

FALCONER : *The Shipwreck, Canto III.*

. . . sweet Maro's matchless strain.

COWPER : *On Receiving Heyne's Virgil from Mr. Hayley*

Hail, thou rich Column, on whose high-wrought frame
The Roman Muse supports her Epic fame ! . . .
It was thy glory, as thy fond desire,
To echo the sweet notes of Homer's lyre ;
But with an art thy hand alone can reach,
An art that has endear'd the strain of each.

HAYLEY : *Essay on Epic Poetry, II.*

They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches.

BURNS : *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

. . . yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star.

SCOTT : *The Vision of Don Roderick (Introduction)*

. . . some pale proud page
Of mankind's high heroic age,
By divinest Virgil sung . . .

GEORGE CROLY : *Midnight*

. . . melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre :
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptured dwells. . . .

KEATS : *Ode to Apollo*

. . . Virgil : shade of Mantuan beech
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And knit around his forehead high ;
For his gods wore less majesty
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word ;

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers ;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ; . . .

Light among the vanish'd ages ;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore ;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more ; . . .

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

TENNYSON : *To Virgil*

The muse of old Maro hath pathos and splendour.

J. C. SHAIRP : *On Visiting Druim-a-Liath*

. . . sweet
Tender Virgil !

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Heine's Grave*

CORNELIUS GALLUS

(Circa 66—26 B.C.)

. . . Gallus' Song, so tender and so True,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
When Mourning Nymphs attend their Daphnis' Hearse,
Who does not Weep, that Reads the moving Verse!

ROSCOMMON: *An Essay on Translated Verse*

HORACE

(65-8 B.C.)

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harps in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

WALLER: *Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace*

Serene, and clear, Harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be exprest in Prose.

ROSCOMMON: *Essay on Translated Verse*

Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd
His manly Head, and through all Nature steer'd;
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the Relish of the Mind.
He lash'd with a true Poet's fearless Rage,
The Villainies and Follies of the Age.

T. OTWAY: *Prologue to 'The History and Fall of Caius Marius'*

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire ;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Pope : *Essay on Criticism*

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

Pope : *The Temple of Fame*

. . . above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gaiety and wit.

Wordsworth : *Liberty*

Horace for chatting with, from day to day.

Leigh Hunt : *His Poets* (' *The Examiner,*' *Dec.* 24, 1815)

. . . you, old popular Horace, you the wise
Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay. . .

Tennyson : *Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies*

Our ' world ' to-day's as good or ill,—
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace ! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

Austin Dobson : *To Q. H. F.*

. . . Horace, singing yet
Of love, regret,
And flowers ;
This Roman rose is ours.

F. D. Sherman : *The Garland*

TIBULLUS

(Died 18 B.C.)

A sparrow was thy emblem, O Catullus !
A dove was thine, tender and true Tibullus !
No truer and no tenderer was the dove
Whom Noah chose all other birds above
To be the parent inmate of his ark,
When earth was water and the sun was dark.

*LANDOR : *Additional Poems, XCIX.*

OVID

(43 B.C.—17 A.D.)

. . . Venus' clerk, Ovid,
That hath sown wonder wide
The great god of love's name.

CHAUCER : *The House of Fame, Book III.*

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rimes
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention. . . .

JOHN FLETCHER : *On Mr. Francis Beaumont's Imitations of Ovid*

Wonder at Ovid, when he doth rehearse
The Change of Things. What mighty flame doth fill
His varied fancy, to enrich his Quill ?

GEORGE DANIEL : *An Essay Endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy*

Familiar Ovid tender Thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft Desires.

ROSCOMMON : *An Essay on Translated Verse*

His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.

JOHN GAY: *To Bernard Lintott*

LUCAN

(39-65, A.D.)

The great poet, Dan Lucan,
And on his shoulders bare up then,
As high as that I might see,
The fame of Julius, and Pompey.

CHAUCER: *The House of Fame, Book III.*

What Muse, or rather God of harmony,
Taught Lucan these true modes! replies my sense,
What gods but those of arts and eloquence,
Phœbus and Hermes? they whose tongue, or pen,
Are still th' interpreters twixt gods and men!

JONSON: *To Thomas May*

JUVENAL

(Circa 55-100 A.D.)

I read to-day a Poet dead
  In old Rome, centuries ago;
Once more returned the days long fled,
  The dried-up waters seemed to flow.

Once more the keen tongue known in youth
  Lashed the gross vices of the time,
Portraying with a dreadful truth
  The sloughs of sense, the deeps of crime.

LEWIS MORRIS: *From Juvenal*

CLAUDIAN

(Fourth and Fifth Century, A.D.)

Dan Claudian, the sooth to tell,
That bare up then the fame of hell,
Of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That queen is of the dark pine.

CHAUCER : *The House of Fame, Book III.*

MUSÆUS

(Fifth Century, A.D.)

There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander.

HERRICK : *The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium*

Musæus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire.

WORDSWORTH : *Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian.*

FIRDAUSI

(Circa 939—1020)

. . . greatest poet whom the world contains,
Firdausi, on whose tongue the sweet Fársí
Sounded like whispering leafage when it rains,
Who loved the ancient kings, and learned to see
Their buried shapes in vision one by one,
And wove their deeds in loveliest minstrelsy.

E. W. GOSSE: *Firdausi in Exile*

OMAR KHAYYÁM

(Died 1122)

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon . . .
Fit rosary for a queen, in shape and hue,
When Contemplation tells her pensive beads
Of mortal thoughts, forever old and new.

J. R. LOWELL: *In a Copy of Omar Khayyám*

Sayer of sooth, and Searcher of dim skies!
Lover of Song, and Sun, and Summertide,
For whom so many roses bloomed and died;
Tender Interpreter, most sadly wise,
Of earth's dumb, inarticulated cries!
Time's self cannot estrange us, nor divide;
Thy hand still beckons from the garden-side,
Through green vine-garlands, when the Winter dies.

Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are wet;
The nightingale's full song sobs all through thine,
And thine in hers,—part human, part divine!
Among the deathless gods thy place is set,
All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled Wine,
Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret.

* GRAHAM R. TOMSON: *Omar Khayyám*

SAADI

(Circa 1184—1263)

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells;
Wisdom of the Gods is he,—
Entertain it reverently.
Gladly round that golden lamp
Sylvan deities encamp,
And simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth. . . .

. . . his runes he rightly read
And to his folk his message sped.
Sunshine in his heart transferred
Lighted each transparent word,
And well could honouring Persia learn
What Saadi wished to say;
For Saadi's nightly stars did burn
Brighter than Dschami's day.

EMERSON: *Saadi*

DANTE

(1265—1321)

Swift Arne, the Tuscan Soil, no more shall beat,
Nor Swan-clad Po run Sweet, nor fame be Just
If Dant forgotten be, or Ariost.

GEORGE DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy*

With frowning brow o'er pontiff-kings elate
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great.

LANDOR: *Additional Poems, XLII.*

When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes. . . .

LANDOR: *Dante*

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore:
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages. . .

BYRON: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV., lvii.*

. . . well we know the hand that brought
And scattered, far as sight can reach,
The seeds of free and living thought
On the broad field of modern speech.

Mid the white hills that round us lie,
We cherish that Great Sower's fame,
And, as we pile the sheaves on high,
With awe we utter Dante's name.

W. C. BRYANT: *Dante*

Dante, the glorious dreamer.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *Stanzas*

. . . Dante searched the triple spheres,
Moulding nature at his will,
So shaped, so coloured, swift or still,
And, sculptor-like, his large design
Etched on Alp and Apennine.

EMERSON: *Solution*

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

LONGFELLOW: *Dante*

Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

LONGFELLOW: *Divina Commedia* (1864)

O star of morning and of liberty !
  O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
  Above the darkness of the Apennines,
  Forerunner of the day that is to be !
The voices of the city and the sea,
  The voices of the mountains and the pines,
  Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
  Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
  Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
  As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
  In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
  And many are amazed and many doubt.

LONGFELLOW : *Divina Commedia* (1866)

. . . Dante stern
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

King, that hast reign'd six hundred years, and grown
In power, and ever growest.

TENNYSON : *To Dante*

. . . with full piano tone
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air.

A. H. HALLAM : *Sonnet*

. . . high,
Austere Dante.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Heine's Grave*

. . . the unpropitious years,
The hate of Guelf, the lordly sneers
Of Della Scala's court, the Roman ban,
  Were but as eddying dust
  To his firm-centred trust ;

For through that air without a star
Burned one unwavering beacon from afar,
That kept him his and ours, the stern, immortal man!

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Goethe*

. . . the loftier rose the song
To touch the secret things of God,
The deeper pierced the hate that trod
On base men's track who wrought the wrong;
Till the soul's effluence came to be
Its own exceeding agony.

D. G. ROSSETTI: *Dante at Verona*

. . . him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love. . .

E. W. GOSSE: *Sestina*

PETRARCH

(1304-1374)

Francis Petrarch, the laureate poet,
. . . whose rhetoric sweet
Illumined all Italy of poetry.

CHAUCER: *Prologue to the Clerk's Tale*

. . . Laura lies
In Petrarch's learned arms, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

CAREW: *A Rapture*

That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires;
That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.

SAMUEL ROGERS: *Italy—The Campagna of Florence*

. . . one whose verse shall live,
When the wave rolls o'er Venice.

ROGERS : *Italy—St. Mark's Place*

Behold what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age :
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

* W. S. LANDOR : *With Petrarca's Sonnets*

. . . the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore.

LORD BYRON : *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto iv., lvii.*

. . . at times the strain
Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse.

FELICIA D. HEMANS : *Genius Singing to Love*

And then to gentle Petrarch changed the theme,
And to Vaucluse's woodland greenery bright—
Laura his daylight idol, and the dream
Of his mild spirit through each watch of night ;
Time purifying still his ardours high,
Till Passion's self became Philosophy.

D. M. MOIR : *The Improvisatrice*

Divinest Petrarch ! he whose lyre,
Like morning light, half dew, half fire,
To Laura and to love was vowed. . .

L. E. LANDON : *The Improvisatrice*

. . . the subtle inter-flowings
Found in Petrarch's sonnets.

E. B. BROWNING: *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

. . . Petrarch pale,
From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each lucid with the name of One.

E. B. BROWNING: *A Vision of Poets*

Petrarch! when we that name repeat,
Its music seems to fall
Like distant bells, soft-voiced and sweet,
But sorrowful withal;—
That broken heart of love!—that life
Of tenderness and tears!
So weak on earth,—in earthly strife,—
So strong in holier spheres!

How in his most of godlike pride,
While emulous nations ran
To kiss his feet, he stept aside,
And wept the woes of man!

RICHARD, LORD HOUGHTON: *To ——, Written at Venice*

That Bard of blessed soul, to whom pure dreams
Ministered ever, and sweet strains of song
Lulled him with holy charm the night-hours through.

ALFORD: *The School of the Heart, Lesson V.*

. . . like flute-tones mingling rare,
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.

A. H. HALLAM: *Sonnet*

Not vainly didst thou sing, thy lifetime long,
Petrarca, of a fair and gentle dame;
And with the winds fan love's enduring flame;
Wandering the hills and the quick streams among;

For Time hath listened to thy passionate song;
Whose years like pilgrims to Valchiusa came;
Sighing thou wentest all thy days; but Fame
Filled her clear trump with thine imagined wrong.

JOHN, LORD HANMER: *Petrarca*

HAFIZ

(Fourteenth Century)

Her passions the shy violet
From Hafiz never hides;
Love-longings of the raptured bird
The bird to him confides.

* EMERSON: *Hafiz.*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

(Circa 1340-1400)

'And greet well Chaucer when ye meet
As my disciple and my Poét;
For in the flower of his youth,
In sundry wise, as he well could,
Of ditties and of songés glad,
The whichè he for my sake made,
The land fulfill'd is over all,
Whereof to him in speciàl,
Above all other, I am most holden.'

JOHN GOWER: *De Confessione Amantis* (*modernized*)

O, master dear and father reverent,
My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
Mirror of fruitful understanding,
O, universal father in science,
Alas! that thou thine excellent prudence
In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeath,
What ailèd Death? alas! why would he slay thee?

O Death ! thou didest not harm singular
In slaughter of him, but all this land it smarteth ;
But natheless yet hast thou no power
His name to slay ; his high virtue escapèd
Unslain from thee, which ay us life-like hearteth,
With books of his ornate inditing,
That is to all this land illumining.

THOMAS OCCLEVE : *De Regimine Principum* (*modernized*)

My master Chaucer, with his fresh comedies,
Is dead, alas ! chief Poet of Britain,
That whilom made full piteous tragedies,
The fall of Princes he did also complain,
As he that was of making sovereign,
Whom all this land should of right prefer
Since of our language he was the lode-star. . . .

This said poet, my master, in his days
Made and compiled full many a fresh ditty,
Complaints, ballades, roundels, virelais,
Full delectable to hear and to see,
For which men should of right and equity,
Since he of English in making was the best,
Pray unto God to give his soul good rest.

JOHN LYDGATE : *Prologue to the Translation of Boccaccio's 'Fall of Princes'* (*modernized*)

And eke my master Chaucer now is grave,
The noble rhetor' poet of Britain,
That worthy was the laurel to have
Of poetry, and the palm attain,
That made first to distil and rain
The gold dew-drops of speech and eloquence
Into our tongue through his excellence.

And found the flowers first of rhetoric
Our rude speech only to illumine,
That in our tongue was never none him like ;
For as the sun doth in heaven shine
In mid-day point down to us by line,

In whose presence no star may appear,
Right so his ditties without any peer.

JOHN LYDGATE : *Praise of the Virgin Mary (modernized)*

Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chivalry.

SPENSER : *The Shepherd's Calendar (February)*

The God of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make ;
He, whilst he livèd, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that been with love ytake ;
Well could he wail his Woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
And while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O ! why should Death on him such outrage show ?)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.

SPENSER : *The Shepherd's Calendar (June)*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

SPENSER : *The Fairy Queen, Book IV., Canto II.*, xxxii.

. . . Chaucer, who yet lives, and yet shall . . .
. . . what a time hath he wrested from Time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime !
That by his means came first adorn'd with Bays ;
Unto the sacred Relics of whose rime,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

S. DANIEL : *Musophilus*

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the muses' treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do ; and by his wond'rous skill,
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Chaucer is dead ; and Gower lies in grave ;
The Earl of Surrey, long ago is gone ;
Sir Philip Sidney's soul, the Heavens have ;
George Gascoigne him before, was tomb'd in stone.
Yet, tho' their Bodies lie full low in ground
(As every thing must die, that erst was born),
Their living fame, no Fortune can confound ;
Nor ever shall their Labours be forlorn.

BARNFIELD : *Sonnet II, Against the Dispraisers of Poetry*

Chaucer his sense can only boast ;
The glory of his numbers lost !
Years have defaced his matchless strain ;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

WALLER : *Of English Verse*

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolved,
Which our dark nation long involved ;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.

DENHAM : *On Mr. Abraham Cowley*

Old Chaucer, who first taught the Use of Verse.

OLDHAM: *A Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*

. . . him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers . . .
. . . his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying . . .
. . . who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

AKENSIDE: *Inscription for a Statue of Chaucer*

Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.

WARTON: *The Triumph of Isis*

. . . old Chaucer's merry page.

COWPER: *Anti-Thelyphthora*

. . . loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision . . .
O great Precursor, genuine morning star.

WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet, Edward VI.*

. . . Father Chaucer! . .
At whose well undefiled I drank in my youth, and was strengthen'd;
With whose mind immortal so oft I have communed, partaking
All its manifold moods, and willingly moved at its pleasure.

SOUTHEY: *The Vision of Judgment*, ix.

Chaucer, O how I wish thou wert
Alive and, as of yore, alert! . . .
The lesser Angels now have smiled
To see thee frolic like a child,
And hear thee, innocent as they,
Provoke them to come down and play.

W. S. LANDOR: *Additional Poems, XIX.*

To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee
I left much prouder company.

LANDOR: *To Wordsworth*

Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
Our morning star of song—that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day.
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died. He group'd and drew
Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

THOMAS CAMPBELL: *Chaucer and Windsor*

. . . in fancy's wayward fit,
I turn to Chaucer's mystic wit;
And in his old, enchanted glass,
See pilgrim, nun, and warrior pass;
Rosy smiles beneath the hood,
Steel-clad bosoms love-subdued,
Tonsured crowns, with roving eye,
All the old-world pageantry!

GEORGE CROLY: *Midnight*

Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye.

LEIGH HUNT: *His Poets* (' *The Examiner,*'
Dec. 24, 1815)

. . . ancient Bard! let not our judgment wrong
Thy rich, spontaneous, many-colour'd song;
True mirror of a bold, ambitious age,
In passion furious, in reflection sage!

H. COLERIDGE: *Chaucer*

This pleasant tale is like a little copse:
The honied lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face,
And by the wandering melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.
Oh! what a power has white Simplicity!

KEATS: *Written at the End of Chaucer's Tale, 'The Floure and the Lefe'*

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

LONGFELLOW: *Chaucer*

. . . Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine;
That mark upon his lip is wine.

E. B. BROWNING: *A Vision of Poets*

. . . the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

TENNYSON: *A Dream of Fair Women*

. . . rich as Chaucer's speech.

SYDNEY DOBELL : *America*

This dark-red Wallflower seemeth well to me
Dan Chaucer's emblem meetest for to be :
So rich it is, yet sturdy in its hue ;
So sweet in scent, yet very wholesome too ;
So freshly thriving in a homely place,
Yet in the rarest knots a welcome grace.

* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM : *Poets and Flowers*

Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse,
'Twas here we drank them. Here for hours we hung
O'er the fine pants and trembles of a line.

ALEXANDER SMITH : *A Life Drama, Sc. IV.*

Five hundred years agone Dan Chaucer went
A-riding through the pleasant lanes of Kent . . .
He and his compagnie of twenty-nine,
Both men and women . . .
This compagnie it was of all degrees,
The high, the low, the midway ; and all these,
Yea, each and all, our Poet doth rehearse
And picture lifelike in his cordial verse ;
As sweet and rath as his own daisy was
'Upon the smalè, softè, swotè gras,'
As rich and free and cheerful as the gush
Of gratulation from a mid-June thrush :
I rede you read him once and twice and thrice,
And over again ; it is my boon advice ; . .

JAMES THOMSON : *Prologue to the Pilgrimage to Saint Nicotine of the Holy Herb*

Ah ! Dan Chaucer !—art thou he,
Morning star of minstrelsy ?

Eldest of the English quire,
Highest hill—touched first with fire.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *Alla Mano Della Mia Donna*

Such was our Chaucer in the early prime
Of English verse, who held to Nature's hand
And walked serenely through its morning land,
Gladsome and hale, brushing its dewy rime.

W. W. STORY: *The Mighty Makers*

Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme . . .
Each year that England clothes herself with May,
She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime
To have spared not thee for very love or shame ;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name . . .
. . . the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.

SWINBURNE: *On a Country Road*

His song was a feast where thought and jest
Like monk and franklin alike found place,
Good Will's Round Table ! There sat as guest
Shakesperian insight with Spenser's grace. . .

In Spring, when the breast of the lime-grove gathers
Its roseate cloud ; when the flushed streams sing,
And the mavis tricks her in gayer feathers ;
Read Chaucer then ; for Chaucer is Spring !

On lonely evenings in dull Novembers
  When rills run choked under skies of lead,
And on forest-hearths the year's last embers
  Wind-heaped and glowing, lie, yellow and red,

Read Chaucer still! In his ivied beaker
  With knights, and wood-gods, and saints embossed
Spring hides her head till the wintry breaker
  Thunders no more on the far-off coast.

AUBREY DE VERE: *Chaucer*

THOMAS OCCLEVE

(Circa 1368—1448)

Well I wot, the man . . .
  . . . did quench his thirst,
Deeply as did ever one,
In the Muse's Helicon.

W. BROWNE: *The Shepherd's Pipe, Eclogue I.*

JAMES I., KING OF SCOTLAND

(1394-1437)

And, 'mid the bards whom Scotia holds to fame,
She boasts, nor vainly boasts, her James's name:
And less, sweet bard! a crown thy glory shows,
Than the fair laurels that adorn thy brows.

GEORGE DYER: *The Balance*

  . . . the nightingale through his prison wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window-pane,
In her bower beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
  Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

D. G. Rossetti : *The King's Tragedy*

PULCI

(1432-1487)

Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way.

Leigh Hunt : *His Poets* ('*The Examiner*,' Dec. 24, 1815)

WILLIAM DUNBAR

(Circa 1460—1520)

Where now Dunbar? The bard has run his race :
But glitters still the Golden Terge on high :
Nor shall the thunder-storm, that sweeps the sky,
Nor lightning's flash the glorious orb deface.

George Dyer : *Ode* xvi.

ARIOSTO

(1474-1533)

In vain the slaves of System would discard
From Glory's classic train this airy Bard ;
Delighted Nature her gay fav'rite crown'd,
And Envy's clamour in her plaudit drown'd.

Severe Morality, to censure mov'd,
His wanton Lyre with juster blame reprov'd ;
But his sweet song her anger so beguil'd,
That, ere she finish'd her reproof, she smil'd.

W. Hayley : *Essay on Epic Poetry, III.*

GAVIN DOUGLAS

(Circa 1474-1522)

Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt
  Within thy sainted wall may sound again,
But thou, as once the muse's favourite haunt,
  Shalt live in Douglas' pure Virgilian strain.

GEORGE DYER: *Ode* xvi.

. . . in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page.

SCOTT: *Marmion, Canto VI.*, xi.

VIDA

(Circa 1480-1566)

Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

(Circa 1490-1555)

. . . in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly,
  Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
  And broke the keys of Rome . .

Still is thy name in high account,
  And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay, of the Mount
  Lord Lyon King-at-arms!

SCOTT: *Marmion, Canto IV.*, vii.

JAMES V., KING OF SCOTLAND

(1512—1542)

. . . wha can match the fifth King James
For sang or jest?

BEATTIE: *To Mr. Alexander Ross*

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

(Circa 1516-1547)

That princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth; with him there came
Wyat; with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our poets. Brian had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems which the title bear
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

DRAYTON: *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

POPE: *Windsor Forest*

Thou, all accomplished Surrey . . .
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as blown!
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone!

ROGERS: *Human Life*

The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name. . .

SCOTT: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI., xiii.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

(Circa 1524-1560)

. . . the happy writ
Of Bellay, here shall live eternally,
Eternizing his name, in his own Wit.

G. DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy*

CAMOENS

(Circa 1524-1579)

Twas thine to blend the Eagle and the Dove,
At once the Bard of Glory and of Love.
Thy thankless Country heard thy varying lyre
To Petrarch's Softness melt, and swell to Homer's Fire!
Boast and lament, ungrateful land, a Name
In life, in death, thy honour and thy shame.

HAYLEY: *Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. III.*

. . . Camoens, with that look he had,
Compelling India's Genius sad
From the wave through the Lusiad,—

The murmurs of the storm-cape ocean
Indrawn in vibrative emotion
Along the verse.

E. B. BROWNING: *A Vision of Poets*

RONSARD

(1524-1585)

Master, I see thee with the locks of grey,
  Crowned by the Muses with the laurel-wreath;
  I see the roses hiding underneath,
Cassandra's gift; she was less dear than they.
Thou, Master, first hast roused the lyric lay,
  The sleeping song that the dead years bequeath,
  Hast sung thine answer to the lays that breathe
Through ages, and through ages far away.

And thou hast heard the pulse of Pindar beat,
  Known Horace by the fount Bandusian!
Their deathless line thy living strains repeat,
  But ah, thy voice is sad, thy roses wan,
But ah, thy honey is not honey-sweet,
  Thy bees have fed on yews Sardinian!

* ANDREW LANG: *Ronsard*

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

(1527-1608)

For pointed Satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

ROCHESTER: *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*

THOMAS CAMPION

(1540-1623)

Thou
That richly cloth'st conceit with well-made words.

PEELE: *The Honour of the Garter* (*Prologue*)

HENRY CHETTLE

(Circa 1540-1604)

. . . Chettle, in whose fresh funereal verse
Weeps Marian yet on Robin's wildwood hearse.

SWINBURNE: *The Many*

DU BARTAS

(1544-1590)

. . . the Muse of that French Eagle . . .
Divine Sir Bartas.

G. DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy*

TASSO

(1544-1595)

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,
The heroic muse employed her Tasso's art! . . .
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the impassioned heart, and wins the harmonious ear!

W. COLLINS: *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, xii.*

His to drink deep of sorrow, and, through life,
To be the scorn of them that knew him not,
Trampling alike the giver and his gift,
The gift a pearl precious, inestimable,

A lay divine, a lay of love and war,
To charm, ennoble, and, from age to age,
Sweeten the labour when the oar was plied
Or on the Adrian or the Tuscan sea.

ROGERS: *Italy—Amalfi*

. . . he, whose song beguiles
The day of half its hours; whose sorcery
Dazzles the sense, turning our forest-glades
To lists that blaze with gorgeous armoury,
Our mountain-caves to regal palaces.

ROGERS: *Italy—Banditti*

Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

BYRON: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV., xxxix.*

There came a bard to Rome; he brought a lyre
Of sounds to peal through Rome's triumphant sky,
To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,
Or greet a conqueror with its war-notes high;
For on each chord had fallen the gift of fire,
The living breath of Power and Victory . . .
. . . one whose thoughts were wings
To bear him o'er creation! and whose mind
Was as an air-harp, wakening to the sway
Of sunny Nature's breathings unconfined,
With all the mystic harmonies that lay
Far in the slumber of its chords enshrined,
Till the light breeze went thrilling on its way.—
There was no sound that wandered through the sky
But told him secrets in its melody.

FELICIA D. HEMANS: *The Release of Tasso*

The proud, undying lay, which pour'd
  Its light on evil years ;
His of the gifted pen and sword,
  The triumph—and the tears. . . .

He was the bard of gifts divine
  To sway the souls of men ;
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
  He of the sword and pen !

FELICIA D. HEMANS : *Tasso and His Sister*

. . . Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry.

FELICIA D. HEMANS : *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*, 1816

. . . Tasso's ardent numbers
  Float along the pleased air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
  Rousing them from Pleasure's lair :—
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

KEATS : *Ode to Apollo*

Of Tasso and his passion deep she told,
  His inspiration, frenzy, and despair.

D. M. MOIR : *The Improvisatrice*

. . the silver Mantuan lyre,
To knightly arms by Tasso tuned anew.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *Milton*

GEORGE PEELE

(Circa 1552-1598)

Peele, from whose hand the sweet white locks of age
Took the mild chaplet woven of honoured hours.

SWINBURNE: *The Many*

EDMUND SPENSER

(1552-1599)

Mournful Muses, Sorrow's minions
Dwelling in Despair's opinions;
Ye that never thought invented
How a heart may be contented;
(But in torments all distressèd,
Hopeless now to be redressèd;
All with howling and with crying,
Live in a continual dying);
 Sing a dirge on Spenser's death,
 Till your souls be out of breath.

Bid the dunces keep their dens,
And the poets break their pens;
Bid the shepherds shed their tears,
And the nymphs go tear their hairs;
Bid the scholars leave their reading,
And prepare their hearts to bleeding;
Bid the valiant and the wise
Full of sorrows fill their eyes;
 All for grief that he is gone,
 Who did grace them every one. . .

Farewell Art of Poetry,
Scorning idle foolery:
Farewell true conceited Reason,
Where was never thought of treason:

Farewell Judgment, with invention
To describe a heart's intention :
Farewell Wit, whose sound and sense
Show a poet's excellence.
Farewell, all in one together,
And with Spenser's garland, wither.

NICHOLAS BRETON : *An Epitaph upon Poet Spenser*

Of me no lines are loved nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH : *Sonnet V.*

Grave moral Spenser . . .
Than whom I am persuaded there was none
Since the blind Bard his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake,
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Live Spenser ever, in thy 'Fairy Queen':
Whose like (for deep Conceit) was never seen :
Crown'd mayst thou be, unto thy more renown,
(As King of Poets) with a Laurel Crown.

BARNFIELD : *A Remembrance of Some English Poets*

Dowland to thee is dear ; whose heavenly touch
Upon the Lute, doth ravish human sense :
Spenser to me ; whose deep Conceit is such,
As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.

BARNFIELD : *Sonnet I., To his Friend R. L.*

Colin . . .
. . . whose well-taught song
Parnassus' self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds' throng.

PHINEAS FLETCHER: *The Purple Island, Canto I., xix.*

. . . his memory yet green,
Lives in his well-tun'd songs, whose leaves immortal been.

Nor can I guess, whether his Muse divine
Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace : . .
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;
There shall our Colin live for ever blest. . .

P. FLETCHER: *The Purple Island, Canto VI., li., lii.*

. . . (like Aurora), Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.

SIR JOHN DENHAM: *On Mr. Abraham Cowley*

. . . Colin Clout began to tune his quill,
With such deep Art, that everyone was given
To think Apollo (newly slid from heav'n)
Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,
Or with the Western Swains for glory strove.
He sung th' heroic Knights of Fairy land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian play'd but half so well,
He had not left Eurydice in hell . . .
Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that Poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.

BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song I.*

Had Colin Clout yet liv'd (but he is gone)
That best on earth could tune a lover's moan,
Whose sadder Tones enforc'd the Rocks to weep,
And laid the greatest griefs in quiet sleep : . . .
Who made the Lasses long to sit down near him ;
And woo'd the Rivers from their Springs to hear him.

BROWNE : *Britannia's Pastorals, Book I., Song III.*

The Shepherd's Boy, best knowen by that name
Colin ; upon his homely oaten Reed
With Roman Tityrus may share in fame ;
But when a higher path he seems to tread,
He is my wonder ; for who yet has seen
So clear a poem as his 'Fairy Queen'?

GEORGE DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands ;
An equal genius was in Spenser found ;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays ;
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise :
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

MATTHEW PRIOR : *An Ode, Humbly Inscribed to the Queen*

Old Spenser . . . warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age ;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.

ADDISON : *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death.
POPE : *Pastorals* (*Summer*)

Nor shall my verse . . . forget
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son ;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
THOMSON : *The Seasons* (*Summer*)

Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe
And happiest art adorn his Attic page ;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn ; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
THOMAS WARTON : *The Pleasures of Melancholy*

. . . on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung.
CHARLES CHURCHILL: *The Author*

. . . Magic Spenser's wildly-warbling lyre.
JAMES BEATTIE : *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

Now gentle Spenser, Fancy's fav'rite Bard,
Awakes my wonder and my fond regard ;
Encircling Fairies bear, in sportive dance,
His adamantine shield and magic lance ;
While Allegory, drest with mystic art,
Appears his Guide ; but, promising to dart
A lambent glory round her list'ning Son,
She hides him in the web herself has spun.

HAYLEY: *Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. III.*

. . . my Spenser, who so well could sing
The passions all, their bearings and their ties ;
Who could in view those shadowy beings bring,
And with bold hand remove each dark disguise,
Wherein love, hatred, scorn, or anger lies. . . .

CRABBE: *The Birth of Flattery*

. . . that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend !

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude, Book III.*

. . . his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy . . .
. . . his magic lay.

SCOTT: *Rokeby, Canto II.*

. . . Spenser, gentlest bard divine. . .

S. T. COLERIDGE: *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*

Spenser, my master dear ; with whom in boyhood I wander'd
Through the regions of Faery land, in forest or garden

Spending delicious hours, or at tilt and tourney rejoicing ;
Yea, by the magic of verse enlarged, and translated in spirit,
In the World of Romance free denizen I. . .

SOUTHEY: *The Vision of Judgment*

. . . the lyre . . .
Among whose wires with light finger playing,
Our elder bard, Spenser, a gentle name,
The lady Muses' dearest darling child,
Elicited the deftest tunes yet heard
In hall or bower. . .

CHARLES LAMB: *To the Poet Cowper*

. . . Spenser, who wraps you, wherever you are
In a bow'r of seclusion beneath a sweet star.

LEIGH HUNT: *To Charles Lamb*

Were I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say . . .
Spenser for luxury, and sweet, sylvan play . . .
But which take with me, could I take but one?
Shakespeare, as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser ;
But did I wish, out of the common sun,
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest
And dream of things far off and healing,—Spenser.

LEIGH HUNT: *His Poets* ('*Examiner*,' *Dec.* 24, 1815)

Sweet was the youth of virgin Poesy,
That virgin sweetness which she gave to thee,
My Spenser, bard of happy innocence! . . .
Thy Faery Knight had all the world in fee,
For all the world was Faeryland to thee.
Thine is no tale, once acted, then forgot ;
Thy creatures never were, and never will be not.

. . . Seek them where
For ever lives the Good, the True, the Fair,
In the eternal silence of the heart.
There Spenser found them ; thence his magic art
Their shades evoked in feature, form and limb,
Real as a human self, and bright as cherubim.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *Spenser*

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still ! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

KEATS : *Ode to Apollo*

. . . Spenser drooped his dreaming head
(With languid sleep-smile you had said
From his own verse engenderëd)
On Ariosto's . . .

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Fair as Spenser's dream.

SYDNEY DOBELL : *America*

One summer noon, all carelessly dispread
Where lush green trails a thickest bower did form,
I gazed on trumpet-blossoms overhead
Dropping with honey sweetness, amber-warm,
Till sleep came softly. Oh, what maiden charm
Flush'd dainty-bright that bower, in vision seen !
What noble knighthood there did swiftly arm
For high emprises of the Faëry Queen !
Murmuring a word, I woke—'twas Spenser's name I ween.

* W. ALLINGHAM : *Flowers and Poets* (*Honeysuckle*)

. . . a Minstrel proud
Rideth high amid the crowd,
Knight of Lady Una he,
And I do him courtesy.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *Alla Mano Della Mia Donna*

The palfrey pace and the glittering grace
Of Spenser's magical song.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *Cloudland*

That song he sang was a life-romance
Woven by Virtues in mystic dance
Where the gods and heroes of Grecian story
Themselves were Virtues in allegory.

True love was in it, but love sublimed,
Occult, high-reason'd, be witch'd, be-rhymed!
The knight was the servant of ends trans-human,
The women were seraphs, the bard half woman.

Time and its tumults, stern shocks, hearts wrung,
To him were mad words to sweet music sung,
History to him an old breviary quaint
Bordered round with gold Angel and sworded Saint.

AUBREY DE VERE: *Spenser*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(1552-1618)

To thee, that art the summer's Nightingale,
Thy sovereign Goddess's most dear delight,
Why do I send this rustic Madrigal,
That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?
Thou only fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bower,
And dainty love learned sweetly to indite.
My rhymes I know unsavoury and sour,

To taste the streams that, like a golden shower,
  Flow from thy fruitful head, of thy love's praise ;
Fitter, perhaps, to thunder Martial stour
  When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise ;
Yet, till that thou thy Poem wilt make known,
Let thy fair Cynthia's praises be thus rudely shown.

* SPENSER : *To Sir Walter Raleigh*

Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his
That can empierce a Prince's mighty heart.

SPENSER : *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*

JOHN LILLY

(Circa 1553-1601)

. . . a goldfinch in a twisted cage
Fed by some gay great lady's pettish page
Till short sweet songs gush clear like short spring showers.

SWINBURNE : *The Many*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

(1554-1586)

. . . whilst the fates afford me vital breath,
  I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, until that timely death
  By heaven's doom do end my earthly days :
  Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire. . . .

Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
  Than thou thy self, thine own self's valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madst the forests ring,
  And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
  And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance

To run thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to hear :
O, happy were those days, thrice happy were !

But now, more happy thou, and wretched we
  Which want the wonted sweetness of thy voice,
Whiles thou, now in Elysian fields so free,
  With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
  Of all that ever did in rhymes rejoice,
Conversest, and dost hear their heavenly lays,
And they hear thine, and thine do better praise.

So there thou livest, singing evermore,
  And here thou livest, being ever sung
Of us, which living lovèd thee afore,
  And now thee worship 'mongst that blessed throng
  Of heavenly Poets and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And every where through excellent desert.

SPENSER : *The Ruins of Time*

. . . he could pipe, and dance, and carol sweet
  Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast ;
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
  The dawning day forth coming from the East.
And lays of love he also could compose :
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

SPENSER : *Astrophel*

Reason's sense and learning's sweeting
Where the Muses had their meeting,
Nature's grace and honour's glory,
Of the world the woful story ;
That with bitter tears be read
Sweet Sir Philip Sidney dead.

Dead ? Oh no ! in heaven he liveth,
Whom the heavens such honour giveth,
That though here his body lie,
Yet his soul shall never die ;

But as fame can perish never,
So his faith shall live for ever.

NICHOLAS BRETON: *Sir Philip Sidney's Epitaph*

. . . great Sidney and our Spenser might . . .
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal Songs (for ever read)
May show what great Eliza's reign hath bred.

SAMUEL DANIEL: *Dedication of Cleopatra*

The noble Sidney . . .
That hero for numbers, and for prose,
That throughly pac'd our language, as to show
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use; . .

DRAYTON: *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

O fading Branches of decaying Bays,
Who now will water your dry-wither'd Arms?
Or where is he that sung the lovely Lays
Of simple Shepherds in their Country-Farms?
Ah! he is dead, the cause of all our harms:
And with him died my joy and sweet delight;
The clear to Clouds, the Day is turn'd to Night.

Sidney, the Syren of this latter Age;
Sidney, the Blazing star of England's glory;
Sidney, the Wonder of the wise and sage;
Sidney, the Subject of true Virtue's story;
This Syren, Star, this Wonder, and this Subject,
Is dumb, dim, gone, and marr'd by Fortune's Object.

BARNFIELD: *The Affectionate Shepherd* (*The Shepherd's Content, xvii., xviii.*)

That England lost, that Learning lov'd, that every mouth commended,
That fame did praise, that Prince did raise, that Country so defended,
Here lies the man : like to the Swan, who, knowing she shall die,
Doth tune her voice unto the Spheres, and scorns Mortality.

BARNFIELD : *An Epitaph upon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney*

The god-like Sidney.

BEN JONSON : *Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland*

Th' admirèd mirror, glory of our Isle,
Thou far-far-more than mortal man, whose style
Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song,
Than Orpheus' Harp, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right), for wit's deep quintessence,
For honour, valour, virtue, excellence,
Be all the Garlands, crown his tomb with Bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.

BROWNE : *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song II.*

The sweet Arcadian Singer first did raise
Our Language Current, and deserved his bays.

GEORGE DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

The noble Sidney, crown'd with living bays.

G. DANIEL : *To Time and Honour*

Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crowned,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.

THOMSON : *The Seasons* (*Summer*)

Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
. . . Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

SOUTHEY: *For a Tablet at Penshurst*

. . . Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot.

SHELLEY: *Adonais, XLV.*

Music bright as the soul of light, for wings an eagle, for notes a dove,
Leaps and shines from the lustrous lines where through thy soul from afar above
Shone and sang till the darkness rang with light whose fire is the fount of love.

Love that led thee alive, and fed thy soul with sorrows and joys and fears,
Love that sped thee, alive and dead, to fame's fair goal with thy peerless peers,
Feeds the flame of thy quenchless name with light that lightens the rayless years.

SWINBURNE: *Astrophel*, ii.

THOMAS LODGE

(Circa 1556-1625)

. . . Lodge, flushed from lyric bowers.

SWINBURNE: *The Many*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

(Circa 1559-1634)

. . reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek ; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That were those poets at this day alive,
To see their books thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had been written in the English tongue.

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus ! but thine,
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine.

What treasure hast thou brought us ! and what store
Still, still dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour and our wealth the more !

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were asked of thy discoveries, they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As now of all men it is called thy trade,
And who make thither else, rob or invade.

*BEN JONSON : *To Master George Chapman*

. . . that learned swain, whose lays
Divinest Homer crown'd with deathless Bays.

BROWNE : *Britannia's Pastorals, Book I., Song V.*

Then in a strain beyond an Oaten Quill
The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill
Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines so worthy life, that I employ

My Reed in vain to overtake his fame.
All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name.
BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song II.*

. . . Chapman, whose Homer's a fine rough old wine.
LEIGH HUNT: *To Charles Lamb*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
*KEATS: *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

Answer ye . . . to my call,
Strong poets of a more unconscious day,
When Nature spake nor sought nice reasons why,
Too much for softer arts forgotten since
That teach our forthright tongue to lisp and mince,
And drown in music the heart's bitter cry!
Lead me some steps in your directer way,
Teach me those words that strike a solid root
Within the ears of men;
Ye chiefly, virile both to think and feel,
Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed Ben. . .
LOWELL: *Agassiz, IV.*

High priest of Homer . . .
Fierce history, molten in thy forging brain,
  Takes form and fire and fashion from thy mind,
  Tormented and transmuted out of kind:
But howsoe'er thou shift thy strenuous strain. . .
Proud still with hoar predominance of brow
  And beardlike foam swept off the broad blown sea,
  Where'er thou go, men's reverence goes with thee.

SWINBURNE: *George Chapman*

WILLIAM WARNER

(1558-1609)

. . . some passages there be
In him which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
As yet they have been equallèd by few.

DRAYTON: *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

NICHOLAS BRETON

(1558-1624)

Thou, that wouldst find the habit of true passion,
  And see a mind attir'd in perfect strains . . .
Look here on Breton's work, the master print:
  Where such perfections to the life do rise.

BEN JONSON: *In Authorem* (*prefacing Breton's 'Melancholic Humours'*)

THOMAS WATSON

(1560-1592)

. . . Watson, worthy many epitaphs
For his sweet poesy, for Amyntas' tears
And joys, so well set down.

PEELE: *The Honour of the Garter* (*Prologue*)

. . . thou, my sweet Amintas, virtuous mind,
Should I forget thy Learning or thy Love,
Well might I be accounted but unkind,
Whose pure affection I so oft did prove ;
Might my poor Plaints hard stones to pity move,
His loss should be lamented of each Creature,
So great his Name, so gentle was his Nature.

BARNFIELD : *The Affectionate Shepherd* (*The Shepherd's Content*, *xix.*)

. . . Tom Watson . . . wrote
Able to make Apollo's self to dote
Upon his Muse ; . .

T. HEYWOOD : *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, iv.*

SIR JOHN HARINGTON

(1561-1612)

. . . Harington, well letter'd and discreet.

PEELE : *The Honour of the Garter* (*Prologue*)

SAMUEL DANIEL

(1562-1619)

. . . Rosamond's trumpeter
Sweet as the nightingale.

PEELE : *The Honour of the Garter* (*Prologue*)

And there is a new shepherd late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass ;
Appearing well in that well-tunèd song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fly,
As daring not too rashly mount on height,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but try
In love's soft lays and looser thoughts' delight.

Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
  And to what course thou please thyself advance :
But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
  In Tragic plaints and passionate mischance.

SPENSER : *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*

His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close, . .

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

And Daniel, praised for thy sweet-chaste Verse :
Whose fame is grav'd on Rosamond's black Hearse,
Still mayst thou live : and still be honorèd,
For that rare Work, 'The White Rose and the Red.'

BARNFIELD : *A Remembrance of some English Poets*

The Sweetest Swan of Avon, to the fair
  And Cruel Delia, passionately Sings ;
Other men's weaknesses and follies are
  Honour and Wit in him ; each Accent brings
    A Sprig, to Crown him Poet, and Contrive
    A Monument, in his own work, to live.

G. DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

. . . Daniel, gentle, bland, and good,
The wisest monitor of womanhood ;
Plain morals utter'd in plain mother tongue,
And flat historic facts he plainly sung,
And yet by earnest faith bestow'd a grace
On bald event and ancient common-place.
The oldest truths to him were ever new ;
No wonder, for he always felt them true.
The bootless battles of the red and white,
Which few can read, he patiently could write.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *Daniel*

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563-1631)

And Drayton, whose well-written Tragedies,
And sweet Epistles, soar thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name is equal with the rest ;
Whose stately Numbers are so well addrest.

BARNFIELD : *A Remembrance of some English Poets*

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name ; whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.—
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name ;
His name, that cannot die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

*BEN JONSON : *Epitaph on Michael Drayton*

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing Muse
That heav'n did e'er in mortal's brain infuse,
All-lovèd Drayton, in soul-raping strains,
A genuine note, of all the nymphish trains
Began to tune ; on it all ears were hung,
As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

W. BROWNE : *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song II.*

. . . if old Time could like the restless Main
Rock himself back into his Spring again,
And on his wings bear this admired Muse,
For Ovid, Virgil, Homer, to peruse,
They would confess, that never happier Pen
Sung of his Loves, the Country, and the Men.

BROWNE : *To My Honour'd Friend Mr. Drayton*

Drayton is sweet and Smooth ; though not exact,
Perhaps, to stricter Eyes ; yet he shall live
Beyond their Malice.

GEORGE DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

Hail to thee, Drayton ! true, pains-taking wight,
So various that 'tis hard to praise thee right ;
For driest fact and finest faery fable
Employ'd thy genius indefatigable.
What bard more zealous of our England's glory,
More deeply versed in all her antique story,
Recorded feat, tradition quaint and hoary ?
What muse like thine so patiently would plod
From shire to shire in pilgrim sandal shod,
Calling to life and voice, and conscious will,
The shifting streamlet and the sluggish hill ?
Great genealogist of earth and water,
The very Plutarch of insensate matter.

*HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *Drayton*

Drayton and Browne, with smiles they drew
From outward nature, still kept new
From their own inward nature true.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poet*

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564-1593)

Marley, the Muses' darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below,
If any wretched souls in passion speak.

PEELE : *The Honour of the Garter* (*Prologue*)

Now . . .
. . . find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood, . .

CHAPMAN : *Hero and Leander, III.*

Neat Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had ; his raptures were
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit, . .

T. HEYWOOD : *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, IV.*

. . . Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows when
The world was worthy of such men.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Crowned, girdled, garbed and shod with light and fire
Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star !
Soul nearest ours of all, that wert most far,
Most far off in the abysm of time, thy lyre
Hung highest above the dawn-enkindled quire
Where all ye sang together, all that are,
And all the starry songs behind thy car
Rang sequence, all our souls acclaim thee sire.

'If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,'
And as with rush of hurtling chariots
The flight of all their spirits were impelled
Toward one great end, thy glory—nay, not then,
Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of men.

*SWINBURNE : *Christopher Marlowe*

For thou, if ever godlike foot there trod
These fields of ours, wert surely like a god.
Who knows what splendour of strange dreams was shed
With sacred shadow and glimmer of gold and red
From hallowed windows, over stone and sod,
On thine unbowed bright insubmissive head?

The shadow stayed not, but the splendour stays,
Our brother, till the last of English days.
No day nor night on English earth shall be
For ever, spring nor summer, Junes nor Mays,
But somewhat as a sound or gleam of thee
Shall come on us like morning from the sea.

SWINBURNE: *In the Bay, XVIII., XIX.*

Marlowe of all our fathers first beheld
  Beyond the tidal ebb and flow of things
The tideless depth and height of souls, impelled
  By thought or passion, borne on waves or wings,
Beyond all flight or sight but song's: and he
First gave our song a sound that matched our sea.

SWINBURNE: *Inscriptions for a Pedestal*

'Tis Marlowe falls! That last lunge rent asunder
  Our lyre of spirit and flesh, wild Marlowe's life,
  Whose chords seemed strung by earth and heav'n at strife,
Yet ever strung to beauty above or under!
Heav'n kens of Man, but still the stars can blunder
  If Fate's hand guided yonder villain's knife
  Through that rare brain, so teeming, daring, rife
With all that makes us sing, our love and wonder.

Or was it Chance?—Shakespeare—who art supreme
  O'er man and men, yet sharest Marlowe's sight
  To pierce the clouds that hide the inhuman height
Where man and men and gods and all that seem
Are Nature's mutterings in her changeful dream—
  Come, read the runes these bloody rivulets write!

*THEODORE WATTS: *The Death of Marlowe*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
  A gentler shepherd may no where be found :
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
  Doth like himself Heroically sound.

SPENSER : *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*

. . . be it said of thee,
Shakespear, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As anyone that traffick'd with the stage.

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man nor Muse, can praise too much. . .
. . . Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses :
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names : but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit. . .
Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion : and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines :
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandisht at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON: *To the Memory of my Beloved Master Shakespeare, etc.*

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

*BEN JONSON: *On the Portrait of Shakespeare; To the Reader*

And Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing Vein,
(Pleasing the World), thy Praises doth obtain.
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweet, and chaste)
Thy Name in fame's immortal Book have plac't.
Live ever you, at least, in Fame live ever:
Well may the Body die, but Fame dies never.

BARNFIELD: *A Remembrance of some English Poets*

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion.

T. HEYWOOD: *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, IV.*

Thy Muse's sugared dainties seem to us
Like the fam'd Apples of old Tantalus:
For we (admiring) see and hear thy strains,
But none I see or hear those sweets attains.

. . . . . .

Thou hast so used thy Pen (or shook thy Spear)
That Poets startle, nor thy wit come near.

THOMAS BANCROFT: *To Shakespeare*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepùlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*MILTON: *On Shakespeare*, 1630

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild, . .

MILTON: *L'Allegro*

The sweat of learnèd Jonson's brain,
And gentle Shakespeare's easier strain, . .

SUCKLING: *Whether these lines do find you out*

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer, and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold Tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until Doomsday, for hardly with a fifth
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,
For whom your Curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,

Under this carvèd marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone ;
Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd Cave,
Possess as Lord, not Tenant, of thy Grave,
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

*WILLIAM BASSE: *To Mr. Wm. Shakespeare*

By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines : . .

SIR JOHN DENHAM : *On Cowley's Death*

To the Scene, and Act
Read Comic Shakespeare ; . .

GEORGE DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

Shakespeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art ;
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw. . .
But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things ;
But Shakespeare's power is sacred as a king's.

DRYDEN : *Prologue to 'The Tempest'*

. . . Shakespeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often failed,
But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevailed?

DRYDEN : *Prologue to 'Mistakes ; or, The False Report'*

To-day we bring old gather'd Herbs, 'tis true,
But such as in sweet Shakespear's Garden grew.

And all his Plants immortal you esteem,
Your Mouths are never out of taste with him.

J. CROWNE: *Prologue to 'Henry the Sixth,' Part I.*

Shakespeare, whose fruitful genius, happy wit,
Was fram'd and finish'd at a lucky hit;
The pride of nature, and the shame of schools,
Born to create, and not to learn from rules, . .

SEDLEY: *Prologue to Higden's 'The Wary Widow'*

Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider Them, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,
Over our Passions still they so prevail,
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd to sleep;
The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: *An Essay on Poetry*

Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,
The happiest Poet of his Time, and best;
A gracious Prince's Favour cheer'd his Muse,
A constant Favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.

OTWAY: *Prologue to 'Caius Marius'*

. . the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone: . .

POPE: *Imitations of Horace, Bk. II., Ep. I.*

Thrice happy could we catch great Shakespeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven; . .

THOMSON: *Prologue to 'Tancred and Sigismunda'*

For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and nature's boast?

THOMSON: *The Seasons* (*Summer*)

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: *Prologue at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre* (1747)

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.'

THOMAS GRAY: *The Progress of Poesy, III., i.*

Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
The unrivalled picture of his early hand.

WILLIAM COLLINS: *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*

Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here, then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: 'This was Shakespeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion, and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.'

AKENSIDE: *Inscription for a Statue of Shakespeare*

. . . while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad,
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.

AKENSIDE: *The Pleasures of Imagination, Book III.*

. . . Shakespeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires,
Mounting aloft he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height. . . .
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL: *The Rosciad*

. . . Nature listening stood whilst Shakespeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made.

CHURCHILL: *The Author*

. . . th' omnipotence of song,
When Shakespeare whirls the throbbing heart along.

BEATTIE: *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

When mighty Shakespeare to thy judging eye
Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round
Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,
And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
Fancy's bright Beings on the charmèd sight—
This chief Enchanter of the willing breast,
Will teach thee all the magic he possest.
Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
Each brilliant Being that he calls to view:
Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design,
The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine.

HAYLEY: *To an Eminent Painter, II.*

In Nature's fostering lap lo! Shakespeare lies, . .
My Shakespeare; whose creative magic hand
Paints shadowy forms, and fancy-colour'd skies,
And all the wilder shapes of fairy-land:
He too, sweet minstrel, knew to touch the key,
Whence breath'd the hidden soul of purest harmony.

G. DYER: *Ode on Genius*

Æschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; . .

BURNS: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

. . let my heart confess
Its holier joy, when I essayed to climb
The lonely heights where Shakespeare sat sublime,
Lord of the mighty spell: around him press
Spirits and fairy-forms. He, ruling wide
His visionary world, bids terror fill
The shivering breast, or softer pity thrill
E'en to the inmost heart.

W. L. BOWLES: *Monody on Dr. Warton*

O Sovereign Master! who with lonely state
  Dost rule as in some isle's enchanted land,
On whom soft airs and shadowy spirits wait,
  Whilst scenes of faerie bloom at thy command,
On thy wild shores forgetful could I lie,
And list, till earth dissolved, to thy sweet minstrelsy!

Called by thy magic from the hoary deep,
  Aërial forms should in bright troops ascend,
And then a wond'rous masque before me sweep;
  Whilst sounds, *that the earth owned not*, seem to blend
Their stealing melodies, that when the strain
Ceased, *I should weep, and would so dream again!* . . .

O Sovereign Master! at whose sole command
  We start with terror, or with pity weep;
O! where is now thy all-creating wand?
  Buried ten thousand thousand fathoms deep.
The staff is broke, the powerful spell is fled,
And never earthly guest shall in thy circle tread.

W. L. BOWLES: *Shakespeare*

. . . immortal Shakspeare's magic wand, . .

SCOTT: *Mr. Kemble's Farewell Address*

Spirit all limitless,
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Spirit of him whose high name we revere,
Come on thy seraph wings,
Come from thy wanderings,
And smile on thy votaries, who sigh for thee here!

Come, O thou spark divine!
Rise from thy hallowed shrine!
Here in the windings of Forth thou shalt see
Hearts true to Nature's call,
Spirits congenial,
Proud of their country, yet bowing to thee!

Here, with rapt heart and tongue,
While our fond minds were young,
Oft thy bold numbers we poured in our mirth ;
Now in our hall for aye
This shall be holiday,
Bard of all Nature ! to honour thy birth.

Whether thou tremblest o'er
Green grave of Elsinore,
Stayest o'er the hill of Dunsinnan to hover,
Bosworth, or Shrewsbury,
Egypt or Phillippi ;
Come from thy roamings the universe over.

HOGG : *To the Genius of Shakspeare*

. . . Shakespeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by Time, nor e'er by another divided.

SOUTHEY : *The Vision of Judgment*

Various were his creations, various speech
Without a Babel he bestow'd on each.
Raleigh and Bacon tower'd above that earth
Which in their day had given our Shakespeare birth,
And neither knew his presence ! they half-blind
Saw not in him the grandest of mankind.

LANDOR : *Additional Poems, XLII.*

The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone ;
One crying out,
All nations spoke thro' me.
The other :
True ; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word ; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man,
Glory ! be Glory ! not to me, to God.

*LANDOR : *Shakespeare and Milton*

Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
The obedient classicks from their marble seat,
And led them thro' dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariner, to palaces
High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.

LANDOR: *To the author of 'Festus'*

In poetry there is but one supreme,
Tho' there are many angels round his throne,
Mighty, and beauteous, while his face is hid.

*LANDOR: *On Shakespeare.*

. . . Humanity's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one. . .

LEIGH HUNT: *Thoughts of the Avon*

Than Shakspeare and Petrarch pray who are more living?
Whose words more delight us? whose touches more *touch?*

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Violets, canto III.*

. . . the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame; . .

BYRON: *Address, spoken at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre*, 1812

. . . divinest Shakespere's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality; . .

SHELLEY: *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*

Like Shakspeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
And call each wayward passion to obey.

F. D. HEMANS: *England and Spain*

Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The Passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

KEATS: *Ode to Apollo*

Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *To Shakespeare*

Shakespeare, what art thou? Could'st thou rise again
To praise thyself, thy praise were old and vain;
Thy highest flight would sink beneath thy due;
Thy own invention would find nothing new. . .
In thee our thoughts find utterance, and combine
Their airy substance with those thoughts of thine.
By thee our feelings all are judged, acquitted,
Reprov'd, condemn'd, with seemly action fitted.

H. COLERIDGE: *Shakespeare*

'. . . An immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnished by the fogs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!'

THOMAS HOOD: *The Midsummer Fairies*

. . . Shakespeare's glowing soul,
Where mightiness and meekness met, . .

D. M. MOIR: *Hymn to the Moon*

. . . matchless Shakspeare, who, undaunted, took
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,
And page by page the wondrous tome explored.

D. M. MOIR: *Stanzas on an Infant*

Kind Shakespeare, our recording angel.

T. L. BEDDOES: *Lines written in Switzerland*

Seethed in mists of Penmanmawr,
Taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power,
England's genius filled all measure
Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,
Gave to the mind its emperor,
And life was larger than before:
Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sun of Shakspeare's wit.
The men who lived with him became
Poets, for the air was fame.

EMERSON: *Solution*

I see all human wits
Are measured but a few,
Unmeasured still my Shakspeare sits,
Lone as the blessed Jew.

*EMERSON: *Shakspeare*

Faith thus dislodged from ancient schools and creeds,
Question to question, doubt to doubt succeeds—
Clouds gathering flame for thunders soon to be,
And glass'd on Shakespeare as upon a sea.
Each guess of others into worlds unknown
Shakespeare revolves, but guards conceal'd his own—
As in the Infinite hangs poised his thought,
Surveying all things, and asserting nought.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON: *St. Stephen's*

Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakespeare sung !
EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *The Souls of Books*

Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye ;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land more his than ours
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain ! O flashing fancy's hues !
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews !
O wit humane and blithe ! O sense sublime
For each dim oracle of mantled Time !
Transcendent Form of Man ! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed !
Amid the expanse of years beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be ;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.
JOHN STERLING : *Shakspere*

. . . the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said ! . . .
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought !
LONGFELLOW : *On Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare*

. . . the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone ;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

LONGFELLOW : *Shakespeare*

A counsellor well fitted to advise
In daily life, and at whose lips no less
Men may inquire or nations, when distress
Of sudden doubtful danger may arise,
Who, though his head be hidden in the skies,
Plants his firm foot upon our common earth,
Dealing with thoughts which everywhere have birth,—
This is the poet, true of heart and wise :
No dweller in a baseless world of dream,
Which is not earth nor heaven : his words have past
Into man's common thought and week-day phrase ;
This is the poet, and his verse will last.
Such was our Shakespeare once, and such doth seem
One who redeems our later gloomier days.

*RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

. . . Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world : O eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time !

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye. . .

TENNYSON : *To William Charles Macready*

We stood upon the tomb of him whose praise
Time, nor oblivious thrift, nor envy chill,
Nor war, nor ocean with her severing space,
Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill;
And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried :
God's works are wonderful—the circling sky,

The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,
Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid eye;
But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,
More than all beautiful and stately things,
Glory to God the mighty Maker brings;
To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know
Of human action, and the secret springs
Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

*HENRY ALFORD: *Stratford-upon-Avon*, 1837

Shakespeare, our Supreme,
Humane, and multiform, and clear,
Exhaustless, blood-red, near and dear.

W. B. SCOTT: *Dante and Beatrice*

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding, what succeeds
Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only: if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own, 'Thou didst create us!' Nought impedes
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

*ROBERT BROWNING

. . . our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare: . .

R. BROWNING: *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XVI.*

. . . like Shakespeare . . .
To reach the popular heart through open ways ;
To speak for all men ; to be wise and true,
Bright as the noon-time, clear as morning dew,
And wholesome in the spirit and the form.

CHARLES MACKAY : *Mist*

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality ;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so !

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

*MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Shakespeare*

Shakespeare ! loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy.

M. ARNOLD : *Heine's Grave*

. . . wide as Shakespeare's soul, . .

SYDNEY DOBELL : *America*

Here, in his right, he stands !
No breadth of earth-dividing seas can bar
The breeze of morning, or the morning star,
From visiting our lands :

His wit, the breeze, his wisdom, as the star,
Shone where our earliest life was set and blew
To freshen hope and plan
In brains American,—
To urge, resist, encourage, and subdue!
He came, a household ghost we could not ban:
He sat, on winter nights, by cabin fires;
His summer fairies linked their hands
Along our yellow sands;
He preached within the shadow of our spires;
And when the certain Fate drew nigh, to cleave
The birth-cord, and a separate being leave,
He, in our ranks of patient-hearted men,
Wrought with the boundless forces of his fame,
Victorious, and became
The Master of our thought, the land's first Citizen!
If, here, his image seem
Of softer scenes and grayer skies to dream,
Thatched cot and rustic tavern, ivied hall,
The cuckoo's April call
And cowslip-meads beside the Avon stream,
He shall not fail that other home to find
We could not leave behind!
The forms of Passion, which his fancy drew,
In us their ancient likenesses beget:
So, from our lives forever born anew,
He stands amid his own creations yet!

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Shakespeare's Statue, Central Park, New York, May, 1872*

. . . careless setter
In Orient gold of perfect amethysts,
Whom men must marvel at, while the great world exists.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Poet's Philosophy*

. . all Castaly flowed crystalline
In gentle Shakspeare's modulated breath.

D. G. ROSSETTI: *On Certain Elizabethan Revivals*

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

*THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: *Gulielmus Rex*

. . . th' accepted King
Of all earthly minstrelling,
Crowned with homely Avon lilies
As his regal way and will is.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *Alla Mano Dello Mia Donna*

A little English earth and breathèd air
Made Shakespeare the divine; so is his verse
The broidered soil of every blossom fair;
So doth his song all sweet bird-songs rehearse.
But tell me, then, what wondrous stuff did fashion
That part of him which took those wilding flights
Among imagined worlds; whence the white passion
That burned three centuries through the days and nights!
Not heaven's four winds could make, nor the round earth,
The soul wherefrom the soul of Hamlet flamed:
Nor anything of merely mortal birth
Could lighten as when Shakespeare's name is named.

How was his body bred we know full well,
But that high soul's engendering who may tell!
*R. W. Gilder: *The Twenty-Third of April*

When he the world's colossal poet came,
And seized the fairy fortress at a stride,
And over every head leapt into fame—
The science of the past was justified.
Man's noblest work had waxed from stage to stage,
Till all was perfect deemed beyond dispute;
When came the man who conquered every age,
And struck the voices of the centuries mute.
T. Gordon Hake: *The New Day, XV.*

With no vain praise we mock the stone-carved name
Stamped once on dust that moved with pulse and breath,
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame
Whose undimmed glories gild the night of death:
We praise not star or sun; in these we see
Thee, Father, only thee!

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:
We read, we reverence on this human soul,—
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,
When o'er his page the effluent splendours poured,
Thine own, 'Thus saith the Lord!'

This player was a prophet from on high,
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,
For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them by;
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened age,
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind
Who taught and shamed mankind.
O. W. Holmes: *Shakespeare, Tercentennial Celebration, April* 13, 1864

Who may inherit next or who shall match
The Swan of Avon and go float with him
Down the long river of life aneath a sun
Not veiled, and high at noon?—the river of life
That as it ran reflected all its lapse
And rippling on the plumage of his breast?

JEAN INGELOW: *Letters on Life and the Morning*

Our Prince of Peace in glory hath gone,
With no spear shaken, no sword drawn,
Without one battle-flag unfurled,
To make his conquest of the world.

For him no martyr-fires have blazed,
No limbs been racked, no scaffolds raised!
For him no blood was ever shed
To dye the Conqueror's raiment red.

And for all time he wears the crown
Of lasting, limitless, renown:
He reigns, whatever Monarchs fall;
His throne is at the heart of all.

*GERALD MASSEY: *Shakespeare*

One keen-cut group, one deed or aim
Athenian Sophocles could show,
And rest content:—but Shakespeare's stage
Must hold the glass to every age,—
A thousand forms and passions glow
Upon the world-wide canvas.

F. T. PALGRAVE: *The Ancient and Modern Muses*

Shakespeare . . . calmly looked creation through, . .

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *The Library*

. . . Shakespeare, by whose light
All poets write :
The star
Whose satellites they are !

F. D. SHERMAN : *The Garland*

Our nearness value lends to trivial things and slight,
But only distance gives to lofty ones their height.

The Pyramids, to those beneath them, look not high,
But as we go from them they tower into the sky.

So thy colossal mind, in time's perspective seen,
Still rises up and up with more majestic mien.

*W. W. STORY : *Shakespeare*

. . . Shakespeare, whose strong soul could climb
Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand
Of Passion's deeps, or over Fancy's strand
Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.
His, too, the power to laugh out full and clear,
With unembittered joyance, and to move
Along the silent, shadowy paths of love
As tenderly as Dante, whose austere,
Stern spirit through the worlds below, above,
Unsmiling strode, to tell their tidings here.

W. W. STORY : *The Mighty Makers, ii.*

With what rapture of creation
Was the soul supernal thrilled,
With what pride of adoration
Was the world's heart fired and filled,
Heaved in heavenward exaltation
Higher than hopes or dreams might build,
Grave with awe not known while he
Was not, mad with glorious glee
As the sun-saluted sea,
When his hour bade Shakespeare be ?

There, clear as night beholds her crowning seven,
The sea beheld his likeness set in heaven.
The shadow of his spirit full in sight
Shone : for the shadow of that soul is light.
Nor heaven alone bore witness : earth avowed
Him present, and acclaimed of storm aloud.
From the arching sky to the ageless hills and sea
The whole world, visible, audible, was he :
Each part of all that wove that wondrous whole
The raiment of the presence of his soul.
The sun that smote and kissed the dark to death
Spake, smiled, and strove, like song's triumphant breath ;
The soundless cloud whose thunderous heart was dumb
Swelled, lowered, and shrank to feel its conqueror come.

SWINBURNE : *An Autumn Vision, October* 31, 1889

Not if men's tongues and angels' all in one
Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea, the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun ?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
Man, woman, child, praise God for him ; but he
Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.
He is ; and, being, beholds his work well done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,
Are his : without him, day were night on earth.
Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.
All stars are angels ; but the sun is God.

*SWINBURNE : *William Shakespeare*

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakspere's ope.
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin !

*WILLIAM WATSON : *After Reading 'Tamburlaine the Great'*

When to the grassy summit I had mounted,
  A yellow cowslip crimson-dropt I found,
Marked with the same five spots Shakspere once counted:
Then thought I, as o'er Cliff and flower I linger,
  All Nature for his head a garland wound,
Who touched things great and small with Truth's own finger.

RICHARD WILTON: *Dover Cliff*

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(*Temp.* Elizabeth—Charles I.)

Small care was thine to assail and overcome
  Time and his child Oblivion: yet of right
  Thy name has part with names of lordlier might
For English love and homely sense of home,
Whose fragrance keeps thy small sweet bayleaf young
  And gives it place aloft among thy peers
  Whence many a wreath once higher strong Time has
    hurled: . .

SWINBURNE: *Thomas Heywood*

JOHN DAY

(*Temp.* James I.)

Day was a full-blown flower in heaven, alive
  With murmuring joy of bees and birds aswarm,
  When in the skies of song yet flushed and warm
With music where all passion seems to strive
For utterance, all things bright and fierce to drive
  Struggling along the splendour of the storm,
  Day for an hour put off his fiery form,
And golden murmurs from a golden hive
Across the strong bright summer wind were heard,
  And laughter soft as smiles from girls at play
  And loud from lips of boys brow-bound with May.
Our mightiest age let fall its gentlest word,
When Song, in semblance of a sweet small bird,
  Lit fluttering on the light swift hand of Day.

*SWINBURNE: *John Day*

. . . thy honey-bees were hived,
John Day, in cells of flower-sweet verse contrived
So well with craft of moulding melodies, . .

SWINBURNE: *On Lamb's Specimens of Dramatic Poets, II.*

SIR JOHN DAVIES

(1569 1626)

Davies and Wither, by whose Muse's power
A natural day to me seems but an hour,
And could I ever hear their learned lays,
Ages would turn to artificial days.

BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song II.*

THOMAS DECKER

(*Circa* 1570-1641)

O sweetest heart of all thy time save one,
Star seen for love's sake nearest to the sun,
Hung lamplike o'er a dense and doleful city,
Not Shakespeare's very spirit, howe'er more great,
Than thine toward man was more compassionate,
Nor gave Christ praise from lips more sweet with pity.

SWINBURNE: *Thomas Decker*

JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet:
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give!

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife ;
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;
But leave, because I cannot as I should !

*BEN JONSON : *To John Donne*

The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee ; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted ; thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age. . .
. . . whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy. . . .
. . . to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
Thy giant fancy.

CAREW : *An Elegy upon the Death of Doctor Donne*

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofti'st flights, that is, like Thee
Or t' have had too much merit, is not safe ;
For such excesses find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy Elegies. . . .
But at Thine, Poem, or Inscription
(Rich soul of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed, a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.

HENRY KING : *To the Memory of My Ever desired Friend Doctor Donne*

Is Donne, great Donne, deceased ? then, England, say
Thou hast lost a man where language chose to stay
And show its graceful power. I would not praise

That and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud) but as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his mind: where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, . .

Izaak Walton: *An Elegy upon Dr. Donne*

. . . all the softnesses,
The Shadow, Light, the Air, and Life, of Love;
The Sharpness of all Wit; ev'n bitterness
Makes Satire Sweet; all wit did God improve,
'Twas flamed in him, 'Twas but warm upon
His Embers; He was more; and it is Donne.

George Daniel: *A Vindication of Poesy*

. . . Donne . . .
Of stubborn thoughts a garland thought to twine;
To his fair maid brought cabalistic posies,
And sung quaint ditties of metempsychosis;
Twists iron pokers into true love-knots,
Coining hard words, not found in polyglots.

Hartley Coleridge: *Donne*

BEN JONSON

(*Circa* 1573-1637)

So thy chaste muse, by virtuous self-mistrust,
Which is a true mark of the truest merit,
In virgin fear of men's illiterate lust
Shut her soft wings, and durst not show her spirit;
Till, nobly cherish'd, now thou lett'st her fly,
Singing the sable orgies of the Muses,
And in the highest pitch of Tragedy,
Makest her command all things thy ground produces.

Chapman: *In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni*

. . . learned Jonson . . .
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,

Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theatre,
Who in opinion made our learn'st to stick,
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.

DRAYTON: *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

. . . famous Jonson, . . . his learned Pen
Be dipt in Castaly, . .

T. HEYWOOD: *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, IV.*

Thy labours shall outlive thee; and, like gold
Stampt for continuance, shall be current where
There is a sun, a people, or a year.

JOHN FLETCHER: *To My Worthy Friend, Ben Jonson, on his 'Catiline'*

Thou great refiner of our poesy,
Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead;
Then with that pure elixir raised the dead!
Nine sisters who (for all the poets' lies)
Had been deemed mortal, did not Jonson rise
And with celestial sparks (not stol'n) revive
Those who could erst keep wingèd fame alive:
'Twas he that found (placed) in the seat of wit,
Dull grinning ignorance, and banished it;
He on the prostituted stage appears
To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears;
Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
So that who could in Jonson's lines be high
Needed not honours, or a riband, buy;
But vice he only showed us in a glass,
Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;

So, he observed the like decorum, when
He whipt the vices, and yet spared the men : . .

Sir John Beaumont : *To the Memory of one who can never be Forgotten, Master Benjamin Jonson*

. . . the art which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered with the grace
Of comic style, which only, is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.

Francis Beaumont : *To My Dear Friend, Master Ben Jonson, on his 'Fox'*

Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read ;
The loss is ours ; now hope of life is dead.
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all :
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
Is vowed to heaven ; as having with fair glory,
Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.
The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
Our Poet first in merit, as in love :
Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his Works, and know him there.

John Ford : *On the Best of English Poets, Ben Jonson*

Let others glut on the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after days ;
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours. . .
. . . let this suffice—

The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

CAREW: *To Ben Jonson*

Jonson whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One, so judicious; so well-knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth prefer
To able censure; for the Theatre
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the Bays.

W. BROWNE: *Britannia's Pastorals, Book II., Song II.*

. . . that spring
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
Thy comic sock induced such purgèd sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence. . .
. . . in what low earth, or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrewed
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renewed,
Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrined in thine own sheets wilt lie,
A Relic famed by all posterity.

HENRY KING: *To the Memory of My Friend, Ben Jonson*

Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wits' great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

*ROBERT HERRICK: *An Ode for Him*

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone.
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

*HERRICK: *Upon Ben Jonson*

After the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.

HERRICK: *On M. Ben. Jonson*

. . . henceforth our poets shall implore
Thy aid, which lends them more
Than can their tired Apollo, or the Nine
She wits, or mighty wine.
The deities are bankrupts, and must be
Glad to beg art of thee.
Some they might once perchance on thee bestow :
But now to thee they owe :
Who dost in daily bounty more wit spend
Than they could ever lend.

BARTON HOLYDAY : *To Ben Jonson*

. . . when we hear but once of Jonson's name,
Whose mention shall make proud the breath of fame,
We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
A justice unto him the poets' king.
But he is dead : time, envious of that bliss
Which we possess'd in that great brain of his,
By putting out this light, hath darken'd all
The sphere of poesy, . .

SHIRLEY : *Prologue to 'The Alchemist'*

Great Jonson, king of English poetry. . .
. . . English poetry is dead with thee ;
Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composèd piece of thine ;
Or show what judgment, art, and wit did join
To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honoured Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was linked so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see ;
And if in thy expressions aught seemed scant,
Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY : *An Elegy upon Benjamin Jonson*

. . . no posterity
Can add to thy works ; they had their whole growth then
When first born, and came agèd from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoyedst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray : . .

JASPER MAYNE: *To the Memory of Ben Jonson*

I have no title to Parnassus Hill
Nor any Acre of it by the will
Of a dead Ancestor, nor could I be
Ought but a tenant unto Poetry.
But thy Adoption quits me of all fear,
And makes me challenge a child's portion there.
I am akin to Heroes, being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine,
Orpheus, Musæus, Homer too, beside
Thy Brothers by the Roman Mother's side ;
As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latin lyre,
That is so like thee, Horace ; the whole Quire
Of Poets are, by thy Adoption, all
My Uncles ; thou hast given me power to call
Phœbus himself my Grandsire ; by this grant
Each Sister of the Nine is made my Aunt.

T. RANDOLPH : *To M. Ben. Jonson for his adopting of him to be his Son*

Look up ! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb ! Doth not your eye,
Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale ? 'Tis Jonson. . .

W. HABINGTON : *Upon the Death of Ben Jonson*

Mirror of poets ! mirror of our age !
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,

Pleased, and displeased, with her own faults, endures
A remedy like those whom music cures.
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
So tracèd with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has imposed on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all that see, or read, thy comedies:
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots returned, or graces, of his mind:
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.
Narcissus cozened by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deformed estate
Of his fond mind, preserved himself with hate;
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embraced
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none could render thine, which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;
Who was nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

*WALLER: *Upon Ben Jonson*

. . . Jonson's learned sock . . .

MILTON: *L'Allegro*

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present and show man unto man,

That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so showing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee? . . .
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT: *To the Memory of the Most Worthy Benjamin Jonson*

The Muse's fairest Light in no dark time,
The Wonder of a Learned age; the Line
Which none can pass, the most proportion'd Wit
To Nature, the best Judge of what was fit:
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest Pen;
The Voice most echo'd by consenting Men;
The Soul which answer'd best to all, well said
By others, and which most requital made:
Tun'd to the highest Key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her Music with his own:
In whom with Nature, Study claim'd a Part,
Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art:
Here lies Ben Jonson, every Age will look
With Sorrow here, with Wonder on his Book.

*JOHN CLEVELAND: *Epitaph on Ben Jonson*

Great Flame of English Poets gone! how shall
We show our flowers at thy Funeral?
. . . What Monument but were
Too narrow to Contain Thee! or what State
But were beneath the honour of thy fate? . . .
Great Lord of Arts, and Father of the Age!
The first and best Informer of the Stage!
How shall we speak of him? . . .

I will leave
Only this little : Judgment shall Allow,
(When Men have Eyes to see and wit to know
Who merit most) the greatest Eulogie,
For Language, Art, and all Dexterity
Of Wit, to Him : and haply were the flame
Extinct, we might recover 't in his Name.
A Charm so strong, Who ever shall rehearse
Ben Jonson, cannot choose but make a verse.

G. DANIEL : *To the Memory of the Best Dramatic English Poet, Ben Jonson*

Whose inspirations, if great Rome had had,
Her good things had been bettered, and her bad
Undone ; the first for joy, the last for fear,
That such a Muse should spread them to our ear.
But woe to us then ! for thy laureat brow
If Rome enjoyed had, we had wanted now. . .
Each subject thou, still thee each subject raises,
And whosoe'er thy book, himself dispraises.

NATHANIEL FIELD : *To his Worthy and Beloved Friend, Master Ben Jonson, on his 'Catiline'*

Sober, and grave, was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No tawdry, careless, slattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal, with Affectedness,
Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion, of the Court, and Town ;
But neat, agreeable, and jaunty 'twas,
Well fitted, it sate close in ev'ry Place,
And all became, with an uncommon Air and Grace :
Rich, costly, and substantial was the Stuff,
Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsely rough ;
No Refuse, ill-patched Shreds o' th' Schools,
The motley Wear of read, and learnèd Fools ;
No French Commodity, which now so much does take
And our own better Manufacture spoil ;
Nor was it ought of foreign Soil,
But staple all and all, of English growth and make :

What Flowers soe'er, of Art, it had, were found
No tinsel, slight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

OLDHAM: *Upon the Works of Ben Jonson*

. . . in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd;
Correctly pruned each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spared a glorious fault:
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And traced each passion to its proper source;
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view:
The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

CHURCHILL: *The Rosciad*

JOHN MARSTON

(1579-1634)

Too faint the phrase for thee that only saith
Scorn bitterer than the bitterness of death
Pervades the sullen splendour of thy soul,
Where hate and pain make war on force and fraud
And all the strengths of tyrants; whence unflawed
It keeps this noble heart of hatred whole.

SWINBURNE: *John Marston*

JOHN FLETCHER

(1579-1625)

Fletcher! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but all those other too;
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, formed by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.

WALLER: *On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays*

'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound,
His muse so steer'd, that something still was found;
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known:
Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, list'ning to them, wish they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit
Durst yet produce; that is, what Fletcher writ!

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT: *Upon the Dramatical Poems of Master John Fletcher, I.*

Thou knew'st the air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry, which gives a poem grace.
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Show thou hadst wit, and mathematics, too:
Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,
And didst beget just comedies from thence: . .
Jonson had writ things lasting, and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow; . .

W. CARTWRIGHT: *Upon the Dramatical Poems of Master John Fletcher, II.*

He did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget *wit*, or manage it ; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,
Or steal, some jests to foist into a scene :
He scorn'd those shifts. . .
His *scenes* were *acts*, and every *act* a *play*.
I knew him in his strength ; even then, when he,
That was the master of his art and me,
Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him *son*),
In friendly envy swore he had outdone
His very self.

RICHARD BROME : *To the Memory of Mr. John Fletcher*

. . . what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say, Here nature ends and art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, . .

SIR JOHN DENHAM : *On Mr. John Fletcher's Works*

Fair star, ascend ! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight !
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)
We, bowing, sing ; and whilst we praise, we pray. . .

RICHARD LOVELACE : *To Fletcher Revived*

. . . he affections could or raise or lay ;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey ;
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new ;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

T. STANLEY : *On the Edition*

That innocence and beauty, which did smile
In Fletcher, . .

DRYDEN: *Prologue to 'The Tempest'*

In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, . .

DRYDEN: *To my Dear Friend, Mr. Congreve*

With pleased attention, 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.

WILLIAM COLLINS: *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

(Circa 1580-1640)

. . . his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind, was his clear poesy.

DRAYTON: *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

Thy Phœnix-Muse still wing'd with wonders flies,
Praise of our brooks, stain to old Pindus' springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with stars heavens Orpheus' harp enroll,
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

W. DRUMMOND: *To Sir W. Alexander*

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

(1581-1613)

The noble Overbury's Quill has left
A better Wife, than he could ever find. . . .
. . . Strange power of womankind,
To raise, and ruin ; for all he will claim
Is from that Sex : his Birth, his Death, his Fame.

G. DANIEL : *A Vindication of Poesy*

And as the Hebrews in an obscure pit
Their holy Fire hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chain,
Found it, to fire their sacrifice again :
So lay thy Worth some while, but, being found,
The Muses' altars plentifully crown'd
With sweet perfumes by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy dear Memory.
Nor have we lost thee long : thou art not gone,
Nor canst descend into Oblivion.
But twice the Sun went round since thy soul fled,
And only that time men shall term thee dead :
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt have
An antidote against the silent Grave.

W. BROWNE : *An Elegy on Sir Thomas Overbury, etc.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER

(1582-1650)

If . . . these dull times
Should want the present strength to prize thy rhymes,
The time-instructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margent and admire the text ;
Whose well-read lines will teach them how to be
The happy knowers of themselves and thee.

QUARLES : *To the Spenser of this Age*

PHILIP MASSINGER

(1583-circa 1639)

Grave and great-hearted Massinger, thy face
High melancholy lights with loftier grace
  Than gilds the brows of revel : sad and wise,
The spirit of thought that moved thy deeper song,
Sorrow serene in soft calm scorn of wrong,
  Speaks patience yet from thy majestic eyes.

SWINBURNE : *Philip Massinger*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

(1585-1649)

. . my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud I was to know
His poesy, . .

DRAYTON : *Elegies of Poets and Poesy*

. . . Drummond, the historian and the bard,
The noble and enlightened, . .

D. M. MOIR : *Hawthornden*

JOHN WEBSTER

(16th—17th Cent.)

Thunder : the flesh quails, and the soul bows down.
  Night : east, west, south, and northward, very night.
  Star upon struggling star strives into sight,
Star after shuddering star the deep storms drown.
The very throne of night, her very crown,
  A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.
  Song from the highest of heaven's imperious height
Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing crime,
Make monstrous all the murderous face of Time
  Shown in the spheral orbit of a glass

Revolving. Earth cries out from all her graves.
Frail, on frail rafts, across wide-wallowing waves,
Shapes here and there of child and mother pass.

*SWINBURNE: *John Webster*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(Circa 1586-1616)

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

*BEN JONSON: *To Francis Beaumont*

Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
Of the rar'st wits, . .

T. HEYWOOD: *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*

. . . if you would give
Praise to a Just Desert, crowning the Stage,
See Beaumont, once the honour of his Age.

G. DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy*

There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined stage.

WORDSWORTH: *Inscription for a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

. . . crowned with sacred bays
And flatt'ring ivy . . .
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like sirens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne ; . .

HERRICK : *The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium*

So long as Sock or Buskin treads the Stage,
Beaumont and Fletcher shall enrich the Age ;
Or Should the Malice of hot mouths proceed
To Silence Theatres, let even Wit bleed
To death in Catarrhs, and the raging fire
Of Envy Swallow truth ; when they expire.

G. DANIEL : *To the Memory of F. Beaumont and J. Fletcher*

. . . here's a *magazine* of purest sense,
Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence :
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet high strains.
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it
Does say, 'twas writ b' a *gemini* of wit.

ALEXANDER BROME : *On the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*

The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath,
Grown in king's gardens, plucked from pastoral heath,
Wrought with all flowers for all men's heart's delight.

SWINBURNE : *In the Bay*, xxiv.

JOHN FORD

(1586-circa 1639)

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,
I bring one grain to thy 'Love's Sacrifice';
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile.

SHIRLEY: *To my Friend Master John Ford*

Hew hard the marble from the mountain's heart
Where hardest night holds fast in iron gloom
Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,
That his Memnonian likeness thence may start
Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art
Carved night, and chiselled shadow: be the tomb
That speaks him famous graven with signs of doom
Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow
His record of rebellion. Not the day
Shall strike forth music from so stern a chord,
Touching this marble: darkness, none knows how,
And stars impenetrable of midnight, may.
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

*SWINBURNE: *John Ford*

THOMAS CAREW

(1589-1639)

Carew, whose numerous language did before
Steer every genial soul, must be no more
The oracle of love; . .

SHIRLEY: *To Thomas Stanley*

. . . thy verses are as smooth, and high,
As Glory, Love, or wine, from wit can raise; . .

DAVENANT: *To Thomas Carew*

WILLIAM BROWNE

(1591-1643)

Pipe on, sweet Swain, till Joy, in Bliss, sleep waking ;
  Hermes, it seems, to thee, of all the Swains,
Hath lent his Pipe and Art ; For thou art making
  With sweet Notes (noted) heav'n of Hills and Plains ! . . .
. . . sith in thee the Past'ral spirit doth reign,
  On such Wits-Treasures let it sit abrood :
Till it hath hatch'd such Numbers as may buy
  The rarest Fame that e'er enrichèd Air ;
Or fann'd the Way fair, to Eternity,
  To which, unsoil'd, thy Glory shall repair !
Where (with the Gods that in fair Stars do dwell,
  When thou shalt, blazing, in a Star abide)
Thou shalt be styl'd the Shepherds'-Star, to tell
  Them many Mysteries ; and be their Guide.

JOHN DAVIES (of Hereford) : *To my Browne*

. . . though but early in these paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read. . .
. . . see that thou,
By offering not more sureties than enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke ; which is so good
Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I would
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but the how well.

BEN JONSON : *To My Truly Beloved Friend Master Browne, on his Pastorals*

'Tis known I scorn to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my Friend ;
Which by my censure should now more appear,
Were this not full as good as thou art dear :
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartial humour show
By finding fault ; Nor one of these friends tell
How to show love so ill, that I as well

Might paint out mine : I feel an envious touch,
And tell thee Swain : that at thy fame I grutch,
Wishing the Art that makes this Poem shine,
And this thy Work (wert not thou wrongèd) mine.
For when Detraction shall forgotten be,
This will continue to eternize thee ;
And if hereafter any busy wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise : here he shall see,
'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd than he.

*GEORGE WITHER : *To the Author* (*of the Pastorals*)

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

None ever touched with so fine a finger
  The delicate lyre of English rhyme ;
He loved amid fresh flowers to linger,
  And he made their fragrance last through time :
And the daffodil growing in Spring's soft track
  Has a beauty mystic and esoteric,
Since its brief bright life, two centuries back,
  Was done into verse by our Devonshire Herrick.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *Herrick*

Hayrick some do spell thy name,
And thy verse approves the same ;
For 'tis like fresh-scented hay,—
With country lasses in 't at play.

*W. ALLINGHAM : *To the Author of 'Hesperides'*

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be :
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odours from the Orient ;

Indian vessels deep with spice ;
Star-showers from the Norland ice ;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold ;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with the wine of happy thought ;
Bridal measures, vain regrets,
Laburnum buds and violets ;
Hopeful as the break of day ;
Clear as crystal ; new as May ;
Musical as brooks that run
O'er yellow shallows in the sun ;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eyelids of thy fragrant maids ;
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star.

*T. B. ALDRICH : *Hesperides*

Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks
And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say,—
Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff,—
Thorns of sweet briar ;
His benediction is a laugh,
Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
Unction distils ;
He hath a nimbus round his head
Of daffodils.

*E. W. GOSSE : *With a Copy of Herrick*

Herrick . . .
Whose lyrics came
Like birds
To sing his happy words.

F. D. SHERMAN : *The Garland*

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1632)

. . . of Lyrics, He, the utmost fame
Has gain'd ; and now they vail, to hear Him Sing ;
Bocace in voice, and Casimire in wing.

G. DANIEL : *An Ode upon 'The Temple'*

Herbert, thy bright and busy life was spent
In heavenly service, every day inditing
Some holy canticle, and most delighting
To offer God the talent which He lent :
Thou mad'st His House thy home and monument,
Wreathing its roof with flowers—with warm love lighting
Its dimmer aisles, and on its grey walls writing
Some pious record, or some good intent.
Two centuries have vanished since thy day,
And yet that venerable Temple stands
Untouched by time, impervious to decay :
But thou, blest builder, livest in other lands—
In other mansions, fashioned not of clay,
Or man's device—thy 'house not made with hands.'

GEORGE MORINE : *George Herbert's 'Temple'*

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596-1666)

Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains,
That will inform, and not confound, our brains.
Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream, doth flow,
While others with disturbed channels go. . .

When thy intelligence on the Cockpit stage
Gives it a soul from her immortal rage,
I hear the Muses' birds with full delight
Sing where the birds of Mars were wont to fight.

T. RANDOLPH: *To Master James Shirley*

. . . into dying Poetry, thy Muse
Doth full perfection and new life infuse:
Each line deserves a laurel, and thy praise
Asks not a garland, but a grove of bays; . .

T. STANLEY: *To my Worthy Friend, Mr. James Shirley*

The dusk of day's decline was hard on dark
When evening trembled round thy glowworm lamp
That shone across her shades and dewy damp
A small clear beacon whose benignant spark
Was gracious yet for loiterers' eyes to mark,
Though changed the watchword of our English camp
Since the outposts rang round Marlowe's lion ramp,
When thy steed's pace went ambling round Hyde Park.

SWINBURNE: *James Shirley*

THOMAS RANDOLPH

(1605-1635)

Sons born of many a loyal Muse to Ben,
All true-begotten. . .
Prince Randolph, nighest his throne of all his men,
Being highest in spirit and heart who hailed him then
King, nor might other spread so blithe a sail: . .

SWINBURNE: *The Tribe of Benjamin*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

(Circa 1605-1668)

I crowded 'mongst the first to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled ; where each scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience lean
To th' passion of thy pen. . . .
But others, who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit ;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor, in comedy.

CAREW : *To my Friend, Will. D'Avenant*

. . . thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new stamped coin made out of Angel gold ;
Such truth in love as the antique world did know,
In such a style as courts may boast of now ;
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme ; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.

WALLER : *To Sir William Davenant* (on '*Gondibert*')

Thou hast redeem'd us, Will., and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit : since the great lord of it
(Donne) parted hence, no man has ever writ
So near him in 's own way : I would commend
Particulars ; but then, how should I end
Without a volume ? every line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

SUCKLING : *To my Friend, Will. Davenant*

Methinks Heroic Poesy till now
Like some fantastic Fairy-land did show,
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants' race,
And all but Man, in Man's chief work had place.
Thou, like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms
Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms,
Instead of those dost Men and Manners plant,
The things which that rich Soil did chiefly want.
Yet even thy Mortals do their Gods excell,
Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Love so well.

COWLEY: *To Sir William Davenant, upon his Two First Books of 'Gondibert'*

. . . thy ample song
Spun from thy own rich store. . .
. . . all confess thee—as they ought to do—
The prince of Poets, and of lovers too.

H. VAUGHAN: *To Sir William Davenant upon his 'Gondibert'*

EDMUND WALLER

(1605-1687)

Waller not wants the glory of his verse;
And meets a noble praise, in every Line; . .

GEORGE DANIEL: *A Vindication of Poesy*

Long did the untun'd world in ignorance stray,
Producing nothing that was great and gay,
Till taught by thee the true poetic way;
Rough were the tracks before, dull and obscure,
Nor pleasure nor instruction could procure;
Their thoughtless labours could no passion move
Sure, in that age, the poets knew not love.
That charming god, like apparitions, then,
Was only talked on, but ne'er seen by men.
Darkness was o'er the Muses' land displayed,
And even the chosen tribe unguided strayed,

Till, by thee rescued from the Egyptian night,
They now look up and view the god of light,
That taught them how to love, and how to write.

APHRA BEHN: *On the Death of Waller*

Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
With Force and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
In Panegyric, does excel Mankind.

ROCHESTER: *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*

Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace, Book IV., Ode* ix.

Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, . .
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.

ADDISON: *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

CHURCHILL: *The Apology*

. . . Waller of the silvery tongue, . .

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON: *St. Stephen's, Part I.*

CORNEILLE

(1606-1684)

. . . the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage.

THOMSON: *Liberty, Part V.*

. . . Corneille, with Lucan's spirit fired,
Breathed the free strain, as Rome and he inspired: . . .

WILLIAM COLLINS: *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*

Scarce two hundred years are gone, and the world is past away
As a noise of brawling wind, as a flash of breaking foam,
That beheld the singer born who raised up the dead of Rome; . .

SWINBURNE: *On the Bicentenary of Corneille*

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

MARVELL: *On Paradise Lost*

Milton, whose Muse with such a daring Flight,
Led out the warring Seraphims to fight : . .

OLDHAM : *A Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*

. . . Milton . . with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks ;
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage ;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See ! see, he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

ADDISON : *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

. . . daring Milton sits sublime ; . .

POPE : *Imitation of Horace, Book IV., Ode* ix.

Is not each great, each amiable muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.

THOMSON : *The Seasons* (*Summer*)

. . . He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,

He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

THOMAS GRAY: *The Progress of Poesy, III.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan Swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes;
Ennobling every region that he chose,
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose,
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.

COWPER: *Table Talk*

Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna.

COWPER: *The Task* (*The Garden*)

Ordained to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

COWPER: *Stanzas*

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives.

BURNS: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

. . . Milton stood before him,
Gazing with reverent awe—Milton, his guest . . .
. . . Little then
Did Galileo think whom he received;
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay, greater.

ROGERS: *Italy* (*The Campagna of Florence*)

And dart, like Milton, an unerring eye
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

ROGERS: *Human Life*

And Milton's self (at that thrice-honoured name
Well may we glow—as men, we share his fame)
And Milton's self, apart with beaming eye,
Planning he knows not what—that shall not die!

ROGERS: *Human Life*

. . . still and charm'd I sate,
Great Milton's solemn harmonies to hear,
That swell from the full chord, and strong and clear,
(Beyond the tuneless couplets' weak control)
Their long-commingling diapason roll,
In numerous sweetness.

W. L. BOWLES: *Monody on the Death of Dr. Warton*

. . . One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—'that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.'

WORDSWORTH: *Latitudinarianism*

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH: *London*, 1802

Scorn not the Sonnet ; . .
. . . when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

WORDSWORTH : *Scorn not the Sonnet*

. . . that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.

WORDSWORTH : *The Excursion, Book I.*

. . . Milton, to the fountain-head
Of glory by Urania led !

WORDSWORTH : *Written on a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's 'Ossian'*

Milton's severer shade I saw, and in reverence humbled
Gazed on that soul sublime.

SOUTHEY : *The Vision of Judgment*

. . . the lyre . . . . . .
To the immortal sounding of whose strings
Did Milton frame the stately pacèd verse ; . .

CHARLES LAMB : *To the Poet Cowper*

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the sign.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro' his angels, to impart.

LANDOR : *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, xxix.

Milton in might and majesty surpast
The triple world, and far his shade was cast.
On earth he sang among the Angelic host,
And Paradise to him was never lost.

LANDOR : *Additional Poems*, xiii.

The mighty man who open'd Paradise,
Harmonious far above Homerick song,
Or any song that human ears shall hear, . .

LANDOR: *To the Author of Festus*

. . . Milton sits above the clouds,
Above the stars, his fixt abode,
And points to men their way to God.

LANDOR: *Additional Poems*, cxiv.

The sonnet's might is mightier than it seems:
Witness the bard of Eden lost and found,
Who gave this lute a clarion's battle sound.

E. ELLIOTT: *Powers of the Sonnet*

Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high; . .

LEIGH HUNT: *His Poets* (' *The Examiner*,' Dec. 24, 1815)

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
. . . .
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
'Of man's first disobedience and the fruit'
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, Heaven, and Hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—light;
And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.

BYRON: *Hints from Horace*

He, tho' he dwelt in seeming night,
Scattered imperishable light
Around, and to the regions of the day
Sent his wingèd thoughts away,
And bade them search the ways on high
For the bright flame of Poetry . . .
He saw the burning fire that keeps,
In the unfathomable deeps,
Its powers for ever, and made a sign
To the Morning Prince divine,
Who came across the sulphurous flood
Obedient to that master call,
And, in Angel beauty, stood
Proud on his star-lit pedestal.
Then the mighty limner drew,
And tincted with a skiey hue
(The king of all the damned : the same
Who headlong from the Empyrean came),
With all his fiery cherubim,
Blasted, and millions fell with him.

He saw the dreary regions where
Eternal Chaos sate, and there
Learnt secrets of the whispering gloom,
And faced the father of the tomb,
Orcus ; and many an awful thing
That comes in wild dreams hovering,
Tumult, and Chance, and Discord, Fame,
And heard and saw the 'dreaded name
Of Demogorgon,' and his soul
Felt the shadowy darkness roll
From night's throne, and then he told
To man those signs and wonders old.

B. W. Procter : *Lines Written under an Engraving of Milton*

He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,

Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons of light.

SHELLEY : *Adonais, IV.*

I dreamed that Milton's spirit rose, and took
From life's green tree his Uranian lute ;
And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and shook
All human things built in contempt of man,—
And sanguine thrones and impious altars quaked,
Prisons and citadels. . .

SHELLEY : *Fragment : Milton's Spirit*

Chief of organic numbers !
  Old Scholar of the Spheres !
Thy spirit never slumbers,
  But rolls about our ears,
For ever, and for ever !
O what a mad endeavour
          Worketh he,
Who to thy sacred and ennobled hearse
Would offer a burnt sacrifice of verse
          And melody.

How heavenward thou soundest,
  Live Temple of sweet noise,
And Discord unconfoundest,
  Giving Delight new joys,
And Pleasure nobler pinions !
  O, where are thy dominions ?

KEATS : *On a Lock of Milton's Hair*

Far from this visible diurnal sphere,
Immortal Spirit, it was thine to stray,
And, bending towards the sun thy proud career,
Dip thy white plumage in the font of day ;
Time, marvelling at thy course, beheld thee leave
His confines—overlook, with steadfast eye,

The ungirdled regions of Eternity—
And through the waste wide Empyrean cleave—
Darting with sheer descent the caves amid
Of Night chaotic, downwards to the abyss
Of Death and Darkness, where the Furies hiss,
And Hope from wretched souls is ever hid ;—
Heaven, Hell, and Earth thy theme—

D. M. MOIR : *To the Muse of Milton*

Wise Milton's odes of pensive pleasure, . .

EMERSON : *The Harp*

I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides !
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave, superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

*LONGFELLOW : *Milton*

. . . the mighty harp of him who sung
The loss of Eden ; . .

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER : *Goddard and Lycidas*

The new world honours him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

WHITTIER : *On the Memorial Window in St. Margaret's, Westminster*

. . . Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim :
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them, and granted him
God for sole vision.

E. B. Browning : *A Vision of Poets*

Hail ! greatest of the modern scribes, whose pen
Was dropped with everlasting dew—whose tongue
By prayer was purified what time it sung
The noblest vision lent to human ken !
Small was thy guerdon 'mongst thy fellow-men ;
But on thine ear the far-off pæan rung
Which heaven-ward from an after age upsprung, . .

George Morine : *Milton*

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages ; . .

Tennyson : *Milton*

. . . Milton fills, supreme, alone,
The Poet-patriot's shrine and throne,
With renown each year increased ; . .

Alfred Domett : *Cripplegate*

Blind, glorious, aged martyr, saint, and sage !
The poet's mission God reveal'd to thee,
To lift men's souls to Him—to make them free ;—
With tyranny and grossness war to wage—
A worshipper of truth and love to be—
To reckon all things nought but these alone ;—
To nought but mind and truth to bow the knee—
To make the soul a love-exalted throne !
Man of the noble spirit !—Milton, thou
All this didst do ! A living type thou wert

Of what the soul of man to be may grow—
  The pure perfection of the love-fraught heart!
Milton! from God's right hand, look down and see
For these, how men adore and honour thee!

*ROBERT NICOLL: *Milton*

Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme, . .

SYDNEY DOBELL: *America*

. . . all he saw,
Or felt, or learned, or dreamt, were as the winds
That swelled the sails of his majestic soul;

. . . .

. . . as a river in its hidden course,
Mighty and secret thro' his spirit flow'd
The inspirations none but God might see,
The cave the channel, and the rock their source,
But rolling on to Immortality.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON: *Milton, I., IV.*

Beyond the grave's black portals
Can the grand eye of Milton *see* the glory he sang to [mortals?

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *To David in Heaven*

. . . the spiritual gleam and the cloudy dream
Of Milton's majestical tale; . .

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *Cloudland.*

He left the upland lawns and serene air
  Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
  And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare
Of his young brow amid the tumult there
  Grew dim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
  Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew

The signs of his life's day-spring, calm and fair.
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

*ERNEST MYERS: *Milton*

. . . no later song
Has soar'd, as wide-wing'd, to the diadem'd thrones
That, in their inmost heaven, the Muses high
Set for the sons of immortality.

F. T. PALGRAVE: *The Poet's Euthanasia*

. . . high the chant of Paradise and Hell
Rose, when the soul of Milton gave it wings ; . .

SWINBURNE: *A New Year's Ode to Victor Hugo*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609-1642)

O Suckling, O gallant Sir John,
Thou gentleman poet, first plume of the *ton;* . .
Fresh painter of 'Weddings,' great author of rare
'Poet Sessions.' . .
O *facile princeps* of 'wit about town,' . .

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Violets, Canto III.*

The blithest throat that ever carolled love
In music made of morning's merriest heart,
Glad Suckling, . .

SWINBURNE: *James Shirley*

. . . thou, whom Muses crowned with every gift,
While yet a boy—tho' in achievement man
And monarch—young in years yet ripe in fame, . .
. . . .

Tender and great, true poet, dauntless heart,
We cannot see with eyes as clear as thine.
A sordid time dwarfs down the race of men.
They may not touch the lute or draw the sword
As thou didst, half immortal.

JOHN, LORD DE TABLEY: *On a Portrait of Sir John Suckling*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

(Circa 1611-1643)

Thy matchless genius, in all thou didst write
Like the sun, wrought with such staid heat, and light
That not a line—to the most critic he—
Offends with flashes, or obscurity. . .
Thus, thou thy thoughts hast drest in such a strain
As doth not only speak, but rule and reign.

H. VAUGHAN: *Upon the Poems and Plays of Mr. William Cartwright*

Cartwright, a soul pent in with narrower pale,
Praised of thy sire for manful might of pen : . .

SWINBURNE: *The Tribe of Benjamin*

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612-1680)

. . . he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue ;
His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach.

PRIOR: *Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind, Canto II.*

Unrivall'd Butler! Blest with happy skill
To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
By Wit's strong lashes Reason's light dispense,
And laugh a frantic nation into sense!

HAYLEY: *Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. III*

. . . matchless Hudibras!

LORD BYRON: *Hints from Horace*

Even after Milton's thorough-bass
I bear the rhymes of Hudibras,
And find more solid wisdom there
Than pads professor's easy chair; . .

LANDOR: *Apology for Gebir*

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(1615-1669)

. . . I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excel
Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
But since I'm call'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee;
The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine
Less by their own gems than those beams of thine.

HERRICK: *To M. Denham on his Prospective Poem*

. . . he, whose Song rais'd Cooper's Hill so high,
As made its Glory with Parnassus vie; . .

OLDHAM: *A Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

ADDISON: *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

RICHARD CRASHAW

(*Circa* 1616-1650)

Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred Names of Earth and Heaven. . . .
Ah wretched We ! Poets of Earth ! but Thou
Wert Living, the same Poet which thou 'rt Now.
Whilst Angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And Joy in an applause so great as thine ;
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou needst not make new Songs, but say the Old.
And they (kind Spirits !) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they, Exalted Man may be. . .
And when my Muse soars with so strong a Wing,
'Twill learn of things Divine, and first of Thee to sing.

COWLEY: *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*

Among earth's poets certain known of few
Pass into deathlessness o'er death's frontiers,
Unpraised, unprized, unlaurell'd of their peers.
Yet in time's patient light their work shows true :
The far-off generations find it new.
In happy mornings of immortal years
Immortal is the colour that it wears.
Great poets greatly borrow of its blue,
Or pass into the heights that few attain,
Humming some bars of it 'neath brows star-crown'd.
O Poet of the poets ! so with thee.
With tints of thine did Pope his marble stain,
And Milton's spirit in thy music found
Majestic swell, soft fall of infinite sea.

Sensuous, some say, a very amourist
In spiritual spheres of mystic sweets—
Drowsy with incense-fumes, a feebler Keats
Who made the realm of prayer his own acquist.

Nay ! (let us hail thee palmer, harmonist,
Young heart of fire, whose life-consuming beats
Panted it dead, longing for bless'd retreats.
They must love thee who love the love of Christ. . . .

In our tongue's youth something he strongly wrought
With the intricacies of the octave rhyme.
Sweetness was his, and awe, a manifold chime
Of church bells, and a wealth of sacred thought. . . .

BISHOP ALEXANDER : *Crashaw's Poems*

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618-1667)

. . . cursèd be the fatal hour,
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw ! . .
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share ;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ; . .

DENHAM : *On Mr. Abraham Cowley*

. . . Cowley blossomed soon, yet flourished long ; . .

DRYDEN : *Epilogue to 'Tamerlane the Great'*

What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre :
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain ?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

ADDISON : *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

Sacred soul! harmonious swan!
Whose sweetest notes long before death began!
And the long tuneful race, unwearied, ran,
Long, before death, began the song; and still the song improv'd,
  And still new strings, and still new pleasure mov'd!
How, mighty muse! didst thou, and thou alone
(For the gigantic task was all thy own),
Find means to draw such unexhausted store
  From springs which were so poor,
From fountains chok'd with blood and made by dust impure?
  How, 'midst an iron age,
The dreadful and the over-acted stage,
Of undistinguish'd scenes of rage,
Where striving merit, struck by mis'ry, fell,
And all that learning then could teach, was how to suffer well—
  How, in this toilsome age,
Didst thou, immortal man! when arts were overthrown,
  When all the muses' garden was o'ergrown,
    And whole Parnassus tumbled down,
  Stand on its ruins, and erect a new one of thy own?

AARON HILL: *On Mr. Cowley's Introducing Pindaric Verse*

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his Epic, nay Pindaric Art;
But still I love the language of his heart.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace* (*The First Epistle of the Second Book*)

Thee too, enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last
With transports such as favoured lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and though now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools; . .

COWPER: *The Task—The Winter Evening*

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1678)

. . . in those worst of times,
The hardy poet raised his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek ;
Bade Power turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not law.

CHURCHILL : *The Author*

. . . Marvell, wit, patriot, and poet, who knew
How to give, both at once, Charles and Cromwell their due.

LEIGH HUNT : *To Charles Lamb*

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1621-1695)

Sweet Swan of Usk! few know how clear and pure
Are thy unheeded lays.

One poet shall become a household name
Into the nation's heart ingrown ;
One more than equal miss the meed of fame,
And live and die unknown.

So thou, surviving in thy lonely age
All but thy own undying love,
Didst pour upon the sympathetic page,
Words which all hearts can move—

So quaintly fashioned as to add a grace
To the sweet fancies which they bear,
Even as a bronze delved from some ancient place
For very rust shows fair.

'They all are gone into the world of light !'
It is thy widowed muse that sings,
And then mounts upward from our dazzled sight
On heavenward soaring wings.

LEWIS MORRIS : *To an Unknown Poet*

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

(1624-1673)

. . . Newcastle's Duchess, fantastic but rare ; . .
LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Violets, Canto III.*

THOMAS STANLEY

(1625-1678)

Thou early miracle of wit and art,
That hath prodigiously so got the start
Of ages in thy study ! Time must be
Old once again in overtaking thee. . .
Thy numbers carry height, yet clear, and terse,
And innocent, as becomes the soul of verse : . .
SHIRLEY: *To His Honoured Friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq.*

KATHERINE PHILIPS ('ORINDA')

(1631-1664)

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise ;
Where'er I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high :
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical ;
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet ;
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.
COWLEY: *On Orinda's Poems*

. . . soft Orinda, whose bright shining Name
Stands next great Sappho's in the Ranks of Fame : . .
OLDHAM: *A Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester*

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

. . . to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
His Excellencies more than Faults abound :
Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear.

ROCHESTER : *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*

The Laureat here may justly claim our Praise,
Crown'd by MacFlecknoe with immortal Lays ; . .

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE : *An Essay on Poetry*

Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling Breast inspires,
The God of Music, and Poetic Fires. . .
. . . You, Apollo's darling Priest. . .

CONGREVE : *To Mr. Dryden on his Translation of Persius*

How long, great Poet, shall thy sacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise?
Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetic Heat, and quench thy Rage? . .
  Prevailing Warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second Youth is kindled in thy breast ;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own ;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Homer wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Style ;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his Satire, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.

ADDISON : *To Mr. Dryden*

. . . artful Dryden . . .
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
. . . whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in Comic sounds or Tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If Satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her Hero pleases and her Satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

ADDISON: *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

. . . Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace* (*First Epistle of Second Book*)

The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

POPE: *Essay on Criticism*

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.

THOMAS GRAY: *The Progress of Poesy, III.* 2

Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

CHURCHILL: *The Apology*

. . . Dryden, with imperial grace,
Gives to th' obedient lyre his rapid laws;
Tones yet unheard, with touch divine, he draws,
The melting fall, the rising swell sublime,
And all the magic of melodious rhyme.

HAYLEY: *Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. III.*

. . . Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport; . .
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

SCOTT: *Marmion, Introduction to Canto I.*

Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crosst our mystic sea
More richly stored with thought than he;
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with and conquers Time.

LANDOR: *To Wordsworth*

Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse and round,
Profuse, and nothing *plattery* in the sound.

LANDOR: *Miscellaneous Poems*, cxvi.

. . . Dryden came, a mind of giant mould,
Like the north wind, impetuous, keen, and cold;
Born to effect what Waller but essay'd,
In rank and file his numbers he array'd,
Compact as troops exact in battle's trade.
Firm by constraint, and regularly strong,
His vigorous lines resistless march along,
By martial music order'd and inspired,
Like glowing wheels by their own motion fired . . .
. . . Dryden nobly earn'd the poet's name,
And won new honours from the gift of fame.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Dryden*

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON

(1633-1684)

The Muses' empire is restored again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finished Poem an Essay;
For all the needful rules are scattered here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe . . .
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.

DRYDEN: *To the Earl of Roscommon, on his Excellent Essay on Translated Verse*

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.

ADDISON: *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*

In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ; . .

POPE : *Imitations of Horace* (*First Epistle of the Second Book*)

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

(1636-1694)

The standard of thy style let Etherege be ; . .

DRYDEN : *To Mr. Southern*

Shakespear and Jonson . . .
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himself a sheer Original.

ROCHESTER : *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

(1637-1706)

In Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
And little loves confess their am'rous fire.

GARTH : *The Dispensary, Canto IV.*

The Muse's Darling, Confidant and Friend.

HALIFAX : *An Epistle to Charles, Earl of Dorset*

Dorset, the Grace of the Courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State :
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay ;
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satirist ! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

POPE : *On Charles, Earl of Dorset*

RACINE

(1639-1699)

Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.

POPE : *Imitations of Horace* (*First Epistle of Second Book*)

In elegant Racine
How the more powerful though more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed
The whole awakened heart.

THOMSON : *Liberty, Part V.*

. . . classic judgment gained to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

WILLIAM COLLINS : *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

(1640-1715)

. . . Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains ;
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains :
He frequently excels ; and at the least,
Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.

ROCHESTER : *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*

In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vig'rous turns of fancy shine !
In th' other, sirens warble in each line.

GARTH : *The Dispensary, Canto IV.*

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!

POPE: *Pastorals (Autumn)*

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1647-1680)

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aspire to reach thy matchless Strain?
Who is there, after thee, that dares pretend,
Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in Hand?
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every Ear,
And give us all Delight, and all Despair:
Pleas'd Echo still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling Reeds their Sounds repeat, . .

OLDHAM: *A Pastoral bewailing the Death of the Earl of Rochester*

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

(1649-1721)

When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little loves rejoice and clap their wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain, . .

GAY: *To Bernard Lintott*

THOMAS OTWAY

(1651-1685)

. . . soft Otway's tender woe, . .

THOMSON: *Prologue to 'Tancred and Sigismunda'*

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Ilissus' distant side,
  Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun, too, has heard thy strains,
And echo, 'midst thy native plains,
  Been soothed by pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
  To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoiled by art,
  Thy turtles mixed their own.

W. COLLINS: *Ode to Pity*

And every charm of Otway's melting page.

HANNAH MORE: *The Search After Happiness*

. . . gentle Otway's magic name, . .

KIRKE WHITE: *Genius*

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653-1683)

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould as mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike. . .
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell! farewell, thou young,
But ah! too short, Marcellus of our tongue!

DRYDEN: *To the Memory of Mr. Oldham*

NATHANIEL LEE

(1655-1692)

Your beauteous images must be allowed
By all but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dauber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

DRYDEN: *To Mr. Lee, on his 'Alexander'*

CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX

(1661-1715)

For ev'ry Grace of every Muse is thine;
In thee their various Fires united shine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!

CONGREVE: *The Birth of the Muse*

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664-1721)

. . . he merited much for his wit and his breeding.

SWIFT: *News from Parnassus*

'While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He towr'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?'

ALLAN RAMSAY: *A Pastoral on the Death of M. Prior*

Let Prior's muse with soft'ning accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;

Prior th' admiring reader entertains,
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.

GAY : *To Bernard Lintott*

That Matthew's numbers run with ease
Each man of common-sense agrees ; . .
'Matthew,' says Fame, 'with endless pains
Smoothed and refined the meanest strains,
Nor suffered one ill-chosen rhyme
To escape him at the idlest time ;
And thus o'er all a lustre cast,
That while the language lives shall last.'

COWPER : *An Epistle to Robert Lloyd, Esq.*

GEORGE GRANVILLE, VISCOUNT LANSDOWNE

(1667-1735)

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star !

POPE : *Windsor Forest*

Waller in Granville lives ; when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

GAY : *To Bernard Lintott*

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
With droll sobriety they raised a smile
At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.

COWPER: *Table Talk*

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass,
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras!

BYRON: *Hints from Horace*

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670-1729)

Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age,
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved; . .

DRYDEN: *To My Dear Friend, Mr. Congreve*

As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the list'ning fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.

GARTH: *The Dispensary, Canto IV.*

. . . never did poetic mind before
Produce a richer vein, or cleaner ore; .

SWIFT: *To Mr. Congreve*

Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run, . .

YOUNG: *Love of Fame, Satire I.*

. . . pens,
Powerful like thine in every grace, and skilled
To win the listening soul with virtuous charms.

THOMSON: *To the Memory of Mr. Congreve*

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side; . .
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt—
For nature then an English audience felt.

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

AMBROSE PHILIPS

(1671-1749)

With Philips shall the peaceful valleys ring,
And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.

T. TICKELL: *On the Prospect of Peace*

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.

GARTH: *The Dispensary, Canto IV.*

Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;

To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled, for you.

YOUNG: *To Mr. Addison, on the Tragedy of 'Cato'*

Great monarch of the British lays! . . .
Unrivall'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name!
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre!

T. TICKELL: *To Mr. Addison*

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats;
His muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's 'Iliad' shines in his 'Campaign.'

GAY: *To Bernard Lintott*

No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.

POPE: *Imitations of Horace* (*First Epistle of Second Book*)

With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance: . .

WARTON: *The Triumph of Isis*

In him
Humour, in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and Attic taste combined,
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.

COWPER: *Table Talk*

Exquisite Genius, to whose chisell'd line
The ivory's polish lends the ivory's shine—

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON: *St. Stephen's*

NICHOLAS ROWE

(1674-1718)

The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.

THOMSON: *Prologue to 'Tancred and Sigismunda'*

JOHN PHILIPS

(1676-1708)

Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels, whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard whilst he with honour can,
Equals the poet and excels the man.

T. TICKELL: *Oxford*

. . . in thy numbers, Philips, shines for aye
The solitary Shilling.

COWPER: *The Task* (*The Garden*)

WILLIAM SOMERVILE

(1677-1742)

Like Mat and Swift ye sing with ease,
And can be Waller when you please.

ALLAN RAMSAY: *Answer to Epistle from William Somervile*

Near Avon's banks, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave; . .
. . . smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree,
To taste the beauties of his melting lay, . .

SHENSTONE: *Eleg. XVIII.*

THOMAS PARNELL

(1679-1717)

. . . admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest Arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!

· POPE: *Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford*

What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

GOLDSMITH: *Epitaph on Thomas Parnell*

A gentle wit was pure, polite Parnell,
By many praised, for many loved him well.
His muse glides on 'with gentle swimming walk,'
And e'en while singing only seems to talk.
In fact, she is an English gentlewoman,
Whom no one would believe a thing uncommon,
Till, by experience taught, we find how rare
Such truly English gentlewomen are.

*HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Parnell*

EDWARD YOUNG

(1684-1765)

What Young, satiric and sublime, has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.

SAVAGE: *The Wanderer, Canto I.*

. . . to crown the hoary bard of night,
The Muses and the Virtues all unite.

BEATTIE: *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

. . . the Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars, . .

WORDSWORTH : *The Prelude, Book VII.*

AARON HILL

(1685-1750)

In Hill is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To virtue and the muse for ever dear : . .

SAVAGE : *The Wanderer, Canto I.*

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1686-1758)

Hail, Caledonian bard ! whose rural strains
Delight the listening hills, and cheer the plains !
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine ? . . .
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way, and taught the Stagirite. . . .
By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

SOMERVILE : *To Allan Ramsay*

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherds' lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits; but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

BURNS: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

JOHN GAY

(1688-1732)

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain
The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

*GARTH: *To Mr. Gay on his Poems*

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.

SWIFT: *On the Death of Dr. Swift*

Now, lend thy lug, and tent me, Gay,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in May,
Fresh, flourishing, and lasting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never shake.

Come, show your loof.—Ay, there's the line
Foretells thy verse shall ever shine,
Dowted, whilst living, by the nine,
And a' the best,
And be, when past the mortal line,
Of fame possest.

Immortal Pope, and skilfu' John,
The learned Leech from Caledon,
With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very fon',
And sound your fame.

ALLAN RAMSAY : *Epistle to Mr. John Gay*

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild ;
In Wit, a Man ; Simplicity, a Child :
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.

POPE : *On Mr. Gay*

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1744)

. . . to this Genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry Part,
Poets are bound a loud Applause to pay ;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

BUCKINGHAM : *On Mr. Pope and his Poems*

In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine ;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six ;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Pox take him and his wit !'

SWIFT : *On the Death of Dr. Swift*

A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit : . .

SWIFT : *A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret*

O might thy genius in my bosom shine !
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. . .

Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream ;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair.
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sang before. . .

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat. . .
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

PARNELL : *To Mr. Pope*

Thou great arch-angel of wit's heav'n ! . .
Of voice melodious, and of force divine, . .

AARON HILL : *Advice to the Poets*

Three times I've read your Iliad o'er ;
The first time pleas'd me well ;
New beauties, unobserv'd before,
Next pleas'd me better still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,
Examin'd ilka line ;
The third time pleas'd me best of a',
The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,
On dazzling rays to stare,
Lest I shou'd tine dear self-conceit,
And read and write nae mair.

ALLAN RAMSAY: *To Mr. Pope*

When Pope's harmonious muse with pleasure roves,
Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleased to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out-shoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

GAY: *To Bernard Lintott*

. . . thee, whose happy style conveys
The purest morals in the softest lays, . .

SOMERVILE: *To the Author of the 'Essay on Man'*

. . . Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Tho' gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as pow'r elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his muse.

SAVAGE: *The Wanderer, Canto I.*

In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?

CHURCHILL: *The Apology*

. . . Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse well-disciplined, complete, compact,
Gave virtue and morality a grace
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Even on the fools that trampled on their laws.
But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler has his tune by heart.

COWPER : *Table Talk*

. . . Pope, with energy divine,
In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine ;
Whose verse, by Truth in Virtue's triumph borne,
Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn ;
Yet pure in manners, and in thought refined,
Whose life and lays adorned and blessed mankind.

BEATTIE : *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

'Tis Pope who sweetly wakes the silver lyre
To melting notes, more musically clear
Than Ariel whisper'd in Belinda's ear.

HAYLEY : *Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. III.*

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame ; . .

BURNS : *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

Pope pleas'd alike the playful and severe.

LANDOR : *Miscellaneous Poems, CXVI.*

. . . a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.

BYRON : *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

RICHARD SAVAGE

(1698-1743)

Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's fire.

JOHN DYER: *To Mr. Savage*

JAMES THOMSON

(1700-1748)

Poets like you their own protectors stand,
Plac'd above aid from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a lord's unlasting name,
Shall lend her soundless depth to float your fame: . .

AARON HILL: *To Mr. James Thomson*

. . . Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see;
The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.

SAVAGE: *The Wanderer, Canto I.*

. . . the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON: *Prologue to Thomson's 'Coriolanus'*

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well. . .

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
  Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
  Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

SHENSTONE: *Verses to William Lyttelton, Esq.*

In yonder grave a druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave. . .

And see—the fairy valleys fade;
  Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek nature's child, again adieu! . .

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales, and wild woods! shall he say,
  In yonder grave your druid lies!

W. COLLINS: *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson*

The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song; . .

COWPER: *Retirement*

To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; . .

BURNS: *The Vision*, ii.

. . . sweet Poet of the year, . .

BURNS: *Address to the Shade of Thomson, etc.*

The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons. . .

WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet, June*, 1820

. . . the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung; . .

SCOTT: *Introduction to 'Harold the Dauntless'*

. . . as sweet a bard
(Theocritus and Maro blent in one)
As ever graced the name. . .

The truthful, soul-subduing lays of him
Whose fame is with his country's being blent,
And cannot die ; . .

Of him who sang the Seasons as they roll,
With all a Hesiod's truth, a Homer's power,
And the pure feeling of Simonides.

D. M. MOIR : *Thomson's Birthplace*

JOHN DYER

(Circa 1700-1758)

Oh could my soul thro' depths of knowledge see,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the shocks of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humblest state.

SAVAGE : *An Epistle to Mr. John Dyer*

Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright ;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled ;'
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste ;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill !

*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : *To the Poet, John Dyer*

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON

(1709-1773)

. . . with sure taste refined,
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

JAMES THOMSON: *The Seasons (Spring)*

. . . the lyres of Littleton and Young,
And this a Grace, and that a Seraph, strung.

HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784)

Here Johnson lies, a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine, and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man, immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies!

*COWPER: *Epitaph on Dr. Johnson*

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, . .

BYRON: *Don Juan, Canto XIII.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714-1763)

Nor, Shenstone, thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades,
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.

W. MASON: *The English Garden, Book I.*

Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art ; . .

BURNS : *The Vision*, ii.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings ;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings !—
While slowly-pacing thro' the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings ;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd :
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
No, bard divine ! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

*THOMAS WARTON : *To Mr. Gray*

. . . Gray's unlaboured art
Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart ;
While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
In simple majesty of manly woe ;
Or while, sublime, on eagle pinion driven,
He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of heaven.

BEATTIE : *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

To give immortal Mind its finest tone,
O Sensibility ! is all thy own.
'Tis this that makes the pensive strains of Gray
Win to the open heart their easy way ; . .

HANNAH MORE : *Sensibility*

Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

BURNS: *The Vision*, ii.

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721-1759)

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrow more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

*WORDSWORTH: *Remembrance of Collins*

. . . Collins' verse of tender pain, . .

EMERSON: *The Harp*

In Sussex here, by shingle and by sand,
Flat fields and farmsteads in their wind-blown trees,
The shallow tide-wave courses to the land,
And all along the down a fringe one sees
Of ducal woods. That 'dim discover'd spire'
Is Chichester, where Collins felt a fire
Touch his sad lips: thatch'd Felpham roofs are these,
Where happy Blake found Heav'n more close at hand.

Goodwood and Arundel possess their lords,
Successive in the towers and groves, which stay;
These two poor men, by some right of their own,
Possess'd the earth and sea, the sun and moon,
The inner sweet of life; and put in words
A personal force that doth not pass away.

*William Allingham: *Places and Men*

MARK AKENSIDE

(1721-1770)

. . . . Akenside displays
The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days.
Like the rapt Sage, in genius as in theme,
Whose hallowed strain renowned Illyssus' stream; . .

Beattie: *On the Report of a Monument, etc.*

JANE ELLIOTT

(1727-1805)

. . . Elliott, sweet Jane,
Who made the lone dairies mourn Flodden again; . .

Leigh Hunt: *The Feast of the Violets, Canto III.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774)

Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth . .
Two only are eternal . . thou and Truth.

Who walks not with thee thro' the dim Churchyard ?
Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard ?
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon his knee the shyest child ?
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

LANDOR : *Goldsmith and Gray*

. . . Goldsmith . . .
Whose verse shall live in every British mind,
Though sweet, yet strong ; though nervous, yet refined; .

HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *Young and his Contemporaries*

Child, *thou*, sweet bard of Auburn !—Child ! what then ?
A child inspired, and worth a world of men.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON : *St. Stephen's, Part II.*

THOMAS WARTON

(1728-1790)

Nor, amid the quire
Of pealing minstrelsy, was thy own lyre,
Warton, unheard ;—as Fancy pour'd the song,
The measur'd music flow'd along,
Till all the heart and all the sense
Felt her divinest influence, . .

BEATTIE : *Monody on the Death of Dr. Warton*

What pleasing themes thy page adorn,
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime !
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever lovely lines.

KIRKE WHITE : *Lines on Reading the Poems of Warton*

JOHN SCOTT

(1730-1783)

In childhood's dawn, in boyhood's later days,
Dear to my heart the Bard of Amwell's lays ; . .
Whate'er the theme—truth, tenderness in all
Their echo woke, and held my heart in thrall. . .
And, even now, in health and strength's decay. . .
Now, in my heart of hearts, I cherish still
The lingering throb, the unextinguish'd thrill,
Woke by the magic of his verse of yore,
When new to me the Muse's gentle lore ; . .

BERNARD BARTON : *Scott of Amwell*

CHARLES CHURCHILL

(1731-1764)

Contemporaries all surpassed, see one,
Short his career, indeed, but ably run. . .
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.

COWPER : *Table Talk*

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731-1800)

. . . in pensive mood,
I pore delighted o'er thy varied page,
And trace the pure effusions of thy wit,
Flowing in numbers musically sweet,
Easy and smooth as thy own winding Ouse,
And fraught with sentiments sublimer still ;
Skill'd, or to soothe with mild persuasive art,
With manly nervous eloquence to please,
Or temper with a just severity
Thy moral strain ; . .

HAYLEY : *A Tribute to the Memory of Cowper*

Sweet bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
  And Shakespeare, from high Fancy's sphere,
  Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love ; . .

W. L. BOWLES : *On the Harp, and Despair, of Cowper*

Cowper, thy lovely spirit was there, by death disenchanted
From that heavy spell which had bound it in sorrow and darkness,
Thou wert there, in the kingdom of peace and of light everlasting.

SOUTHEY : *The Vision of Judgment*, x.

Cowper, of England's Bards the wisest and the best.

CHARLES LAMB : *To the Poet Cowper*

Tenderest of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest ! such, O Cowper ! such wert thou, . .
Young was I, when from Latin lore and Greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task,
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seem'd so precious ; . .

LANDOR : *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, xxxvii.

With that pure Spirit his pure spirit loved,
In thorny paths the pensive Cowper trod.
But angels prompted, and the word was God.

LANDOR : *Miscellaneous Poems*, cxvi.

Didactic, earnest Cowper, grave and gay ; . .

EBENEZER ELLIOTT : *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless
 singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was
 clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye
 were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his
 story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,—

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath
 taken.

E. B. Browning: *Cowper's Grave*

. Sweet are thy strains, celestial Bard;
 And oft, in childhood's years,
I've read them o'er and o'er again,
 With floods of silent tears. . .

Is He the source of every good,
 The spring of purity?
Then in thine hours of deepest woe
 Thy God was still with thee.

How else, when every hope was fled,
 Couldst thou so fondly cling
To holy things and holy men?
 And how so sweetly sing

Of things that God alone could teach?
 And whence that purity,
That hatred of all sinful ways—
 That gentle charity?

Anne Brontë: *To Cowper*

WILLIAM FALCONER

(1732-1769)

Farewell, poor Falconer! when the dark Sea
Bursts like despair, I shall remember thee;
Nor ever from the sounding beach depart
Without thy music stealing on my heart,
And thinking still I hear dread Ocean say,
Thou hast declared my might, be thou my prey!

*W. L. Bowles

With two alone of all his clan,
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a shipwreck'd man!

Say, then, what Muse inspired these genial strains,
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of gratitude! remembrances of friend,
Or absent or no more! shades of the Past,
Which love makes substance!

S. T. Coleridge: *To a Lady, with Falconer's 'Shipwreck'*

Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!

Thomas Campbell: *Pleasures of Hope, Part II.*

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735-1803)

Nor tremble lest the tuneful art expire,
While Beattie strikes anew old Spenser's lyre;
He best to paint the genuine minstrel knew,
Who from himself the living portrait drew.

Hannah More: *Sensibility*

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
  The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
  In Edwin's simple tale.

BURNS: *To Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems*

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

(1743-1825)

Nor, Barbauld, shall my glowing heart refuse
Its tribute to thy virtues, or thy Muse:
This humble merit shall at least be mine,
The Poet's chaplet for thy brow to twine;
My verse thy talents to the world shall teach,
And praise the genius it despairs to reach.

HANNAH MORE: *Sensibility*

In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
  Even Sappho's flame.

BURNS: *Poem on Pastoral Poetry*

WILLIAM HAYLEY

(1745-1820)

For high in Fame's bright fane has Judgment placed
  The laurel wreath Serena's poet won,
Which, woven with myrtles by the hands of Taste,
  The Muse decreed for this her favourite son.
And those immortal leaves his temples shade,
Whose fair, eternal verdure—shall not fade!

CHARLOTTE SMITH: *To Mr. Hayley*

JOHN LOGAN

(1748-1788)

Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand: . .

JAMES HOGG: *The Queen's Wake* (*Conclusion*)

GOETHE

(1749-1832)

Goethe, raised o'er joy and strife,
Drew the firm lines of Fate and Life,
And brought Olympian wisdom down
To court and mart, to gown and town;
Stooping, his finger wrote in clay
The open secret of to-day.

EMERSON: *Solution*

. . . Goethe, with that reaching eye
His soul reached out from, far and high,
And fell from inner entity.

E. B. BROWNING: *A Vision of Poets*

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Memorial Verses, April*, 1850

. . . he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man.

Strong was he, with a spirit free
From mists, and sane, and clear; . .

M. ARNOLD: *Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'*

. . . nobly perfect, in our day
Of haste, half-work, and disarray,

Profound yet touching, sweet yet strong,
Hath risen Goethe's, Wordsworth's song ; . .

M. ARNOLD : *Epilogue to Lessing's 'Laocoön'*

Whose voice shall so invade the spheres
That, ere it die, the Master hears ?
Whose arm is now so strong
To fling the votive garland of a song,
That some fresh odour of a world he knew
With large enjoyment, and may yet
Not utterly forget,
Shall reach his place, and whisper whence it grew ?
Dare we invoke him, and he pause
On trails divine of unimagined laws,
And bend the luminous eyes
Experience could not dim, nor Fate surprise,
On these late honours, where we fondly seem,
Him thus exalting, like him to aspire,
And reach, in our desire,
The triumph of his toil, the beauty of his dream ! . . .

Caressing Love and Pleasure,
He let not go the imperishable treasure :
He thought, and sported ; carolled free, and toiled :
He stretched wide arms to clasp the joy of Earth,
But delved in every field
Of knowledge, conquering all clear worth
Of action, that ennobles through the sense
Of wholly used intelligence :
From loftiest pinnacles, that shone revealed
In pure poetic ether, he could bend
To win the little store
Of humblest Labour's lore,
And give each face of Life the greeting of a friend

Faced by fulfilled Ideals, he aspired
To win the perished secret of their grace,—
To dower the earnest children of a race
Toil never tamed, nor acquisition tired,

With Freedom born of Beauty !—and for them
His Titan soul combined
The passions of the mind,
Which blood and time so long had held apart,
Till the white blossom of the Grecian Art
The world saw shine once more, upon a Gothic stem !

BAYARD TAYLOR : *Goethe* (*New York, August,* 1875), i. v.

And quiet Weimar, hush'd of look and staid,
As if she knew the passing stranger came,
Drawn to her by the splendour and the fame
Of her two mighty sons, whose dust is laid
Within her bosom side by side. And she
Covers their ashes still with flowers that bind
Mortals to all the high Immortals. He,
Goethe—a sea without one waft of wind ;
Schiller—the river yearning for that sea,
High, pure and restless, with an upward mind.
So let her keep their sacred dust. For through
The march of ages as they sweep along,
Will rise the potent voices of these two—
The ocean and the river of her song.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON : *Sonnets to a Friend*, v.

ROBERT FERGUSSON

(1750-1774)

. . . dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can show.

BURNS : *Inscription on Tombstone erected to the Memory of Fergusson*

THOMAS CHATTERTON

(1752-1770)

'Oh, ill-starr'd Youth, whom Nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign !
O dread example of what pangs await
Young Genius struggling with malignant fate !'

HAYLEY : *Essay on Epic Poetry, IV.*

. . . Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride ; . .
WORDSWORTH : *Resolution and Independence*, vii.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire ?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre ?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre, the power to Genius gave,
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes ;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite ;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.
JAMES MONTGOMERY : *Chatterton*

Sweet Flower of Hope ! free Nature's genial child !
That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume ! . .

O Spirit blest !
Whether the Eternal's throne around,
Amidst the blaze of Seraphim,
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn ;
Or soaring thro' the blest domain
Enrapturest Angels with thy strain,—
Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound,
Like thee with fire divine to glow ; . .

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive! . .
. . . we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Would hang, enraptured, on thy stately song,
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly mask'd as hoar Antiquity. . .

Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!

S. T. COLERIDGE: *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*

Marvellous boy, whose antique songs and unhappy story
Shall, by gentle hearts, be in mournful memory cherish'd
Long as thy ancient towers endure, and the rocks of St. Vincent,
Bristol! my birthplace dear.

SOUTHEY: *The Vision of Judgment*, xi.

O Chatterton! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius mildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers! Oh! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

*KEATS: *To Chatterton*

Oh! cruel night, that closed those questioning eyes,—
Nay, kindly say, stars shine in darkening skies.

Oh! cruel night, that stopped those wondering ears,—
Nay, kindly say, who knows what now he hears?

*W. B. SCOTT: *Chatterton*

With Shakspeare's manhood at a boy's wild heart,—
Through Hamlet's doubt to Shakspeare near allied,
And kin to Milton through his Satan's pride,—
At Death's sole door he stooped, and craved a dart;
And to the dear new bower of England's art,—
Even to that shrine Time else had deified,
The unuttered heart that soared against his side,—
Drove the fell point, and smote life's seals apart.

D. G. Rossetti: *Thomas Chatterton*

Think you, no fond creatures
Draw comfort from the features
Of Chatterton, pale Phäethon, hurled down to sunless soil?
Scorch'd with sunlight lying,
Eyes of sunlight hollow,
But, see! upon the lips a gleam of the chrism of Apollo!

Robert Buchanan: *To David in Heaven*

GEORGE CRABBE

(1754-1832)

True bard!—and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They 're children, near, though gods, afar.

. . . the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery:—

Thomas Moore: *Verses to the Poet Crabbe's Inkstand*

Crabbe, whose dark gold is richer than it seems; . .

Ebenezer Elliott: *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

Give Crabbe, dear Helen, on your shelf,
A place by Wordsworth's mightier self;
In token that your taste, self-wrought
From mines of independent thought,
And shaped to no exclusive rule
Of whim or fashion, sect or school,
Can honour Genius, whatsoe'er
The garb it chance or choose to wear.

Nor deem, dear Helen, unallied
The bards we station side by side;
Different their harps,—to each his own;
But both are true and pure of tone.
Brethren, methinks, in times like ours
Of misused gifts, perverted powers,—
Brethren are they, whose kindred song
Nor hides the Right, nor gilds the Wrong.

W. M. PRAED: *To Helen, with Crabbe's Poems*

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1828)

He came to the desert of London town
Grey miles long;
He wandered up and he wandered down,
Singing a quiet song. . .

At length the good hour came; he died
As he had lived, alone:
He was not missed from the desert wide,
Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

JAMES THOMSON: *William Blake*

The Artist of the Visions clepèd Blake,
Who also sang delightful young-world songs,
Soaring aloof from all our old-world wrongs, . .

We touch not him, for he was grand and wild ;
We leave this giant who became a child.

J. THOMSON : *Prologue to the Pilgrimage to Saint Nicotine of the Holy Herb*

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1796)

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
  Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
  And wave thy heaths with blossoms red ;
But, ah ! what poet now shall tread
  Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest bard is dead
  That ever breathed the soothing strain ? . .

What though thy vigorous offspring rise,
  In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
  And health in every feature, dwell ;
Yet who shall now their praises tell,
  In strains impassioned, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
  To love, and liberty, and thee ?

WILLIAM ROSCOE : *Monody on the Death of Burns*

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand
    We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
    Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
    With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
    The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause
And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen ;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives :
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

WORDSWORTH : *Thoughts Suggested near the Poet's Residence*

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

WORDSWORTH : *At the Grave of Burns*

. . . Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side

WORDSWORTH : *Resolution and Independence*

What bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change ;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
  When flow'd his moral lay ;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
  Capriciously at play :

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
  Inhaling heavenly balm ;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom ;
  The Halcyon, in the calm :

In 'auld Kirk Alloway,' the Owl,
  At witching time of night ;
By 'bonnie Doon,' the earliest Fowl
  That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
  When in his homely vein ;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
  With thunder in his train :

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
  The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
  Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
  Contemplative and still ;
But roused,—no Falcon in the chase
  Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
  In tenderness the Dove ;
But more than all beside was he
  The Nightingale in love.

Oh ! had he never stooped to shame,
  Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
  That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
  Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
  The Phœnix of them all.

*JAMES MONTGOMERY : *Robert Burns*

. . . Nature's own beloved bard, . .
S. T. COLERIDGE: *To a Friend*

Yes, Burns, 'thou dear departed shade'!
When rolling centuries have fled,
Thy name shall still survive the wreck of time,
Shall rouse the genius of thy native clime;
Bards yet unborn, and patriots shall come,
And catch fresh ardour at thy hallow'd tomb—
There's not a cairn-built cottage on our hills,
Nor rural hamlet on our fertile plains,
But echoes to the magic of his strains,
While every heart with highest transport thrills.
Our country's melodies shall perish never,
For, Burns, thy songs shall live for ever.
TANNAHILL: *Ode for the Celebration of the Birthday of Burns* (1807)

. . . he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd. . .

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch. . .

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,

Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

THOMAS CAMPBELL : *Ode to the Memory of Burns*

. . . none could sing, in hall or bower,
Like him, thy Bard of Love.
Who dipp'd his words in lightning? Who
With thunder arm'd his stormy rhyme?
Who made his music tender, true,
Terse, terrible, sublime? . .
Who gave the child of toil a lyre,
With living sunbeams wildly strung?
And taught his soul of living fire
Truth's universal tongue?
God. But with torture Faction fill'd
The cup he drain'd in gloomy pride:
What marvel, if the poison kill'd?
What marvel, if he died?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT : *Scotsmen to Scotland*

. . . he whose art
Of pleasing was all life and heart, . .
Think how he made kind natures glad,
And only brutes and bigots sad, . .

LEIGH HUNT: *Burns and Tullochgorum*

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death:
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
  In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
  Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
  The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
  O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
  O'er Reason's dark cold hours ; . .

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
  Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
  The birds of fame have flown.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK : *Burns*

My pulse is warm with thine own Barley-bree,
My head is light with pledging a great soul. . .
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind,—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame !

KEATS: *Written in the Cottage where Burns was born*

On, exulting in his magic,
  Swept the gifted peasant on—
Though his feet were on the greensward,
  Light from Heaven around him shone ;
At his conjuration, demons
  Issued from their darkness drear ;
Hovering round on silver pinions,
  Angels stoop'd his songs to hear ;

Bow'd the Passions to his bidding,
  Terror gaunt, and Pity calm ;
Like the organ pour'd his thunder,
  Like the lute his fairy psalm.

Lo ! when clover-swathes lay round him,
  Or his feet the furrow press'd,
He could mourn the sever'd daisy,
  Or the mouse's ruin'd nest ;
Woven of gloom and glory, visions
  Haunting throng'd his twilight hour ;
Birds enthrall'd him with sweet music,
  Tempests with their tones of power ;
Eagle-wing'd, his mounting spirit
  Custom's rusty fetters spurn'd ;
Tasso-like, for Jean he melted,
  Wallace-like, for Scotland burn'd !

D. M. Moir : *Stanzas for the Burns Festival*, iii., iv.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
        Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
        Nor care to ask. . .

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed
        Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
        The brighter seem. . .

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong ;
        Its master-chords
Are manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,
Its discords but an interlude
        Between the words. . .

. . . Now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth ; his hand
        Guides every plough ;

He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

LONGFELLOW : *Robert Burns*

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render,—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So 'Bonnie Doon' but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!

WHITTIER : *Burns*

. . . Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes: deep lyric springs
Are of the fire-mount's issuings.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

'Tis true this man could sing,
Like laik in early spring,
Or tender nightingale, deep hidden in the bowers;—
'Tis true that he was wise,
And that his heavenward eyes
Saw far beyond the clouds that dim this world of ours;
But is it yours, when dead,
To rake his narrow bed,
And peer into his heart for flaws, and spots, and stains?

And all because his voice
Bade multitudes rejoice,
And cheer'd Humanity amid its griefs and pains?

CHARLES MACKAY: *At the Grave of Robert Burns*

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard. . .

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

J. R. LOWELL: *An Incident in a Railroad Car*

'If scant his service at the kirk,
He *paters* heard and *aves*
From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk,
From blackbird and from mavis;
The cowering mouse, poor unroofed thing,
In him found Mercy's angel;
The daisy's ring brought every spring
To him Love's fresh evangel!'

LOWELL: *At the Burns Centennial* (*January*, 1859)

In whomsoe'er, since Poesy began,
A Poet most of all men we may scan,
Burns of all poets is the most a Man.

*D. G. ROSSETTI: *On Burns*

. . . fearless, stalwart, erect and free,
He gave to his fellows right royally
His strength, his heart, his brains;
For proud and fiery and swift and bold—
Wine of life from heart of gold,
The blood of his heathen manhood rolled
Full-billowed through his veins.

JAMES THOMSON: *Robert Burns*

. . . another Scot, strong fiery-souled, . .
Whose soulful song with swelling virtue rolled
From heart to heart to each remotest land,
And every Grace bowed low, and Phœbus smiled
Where unschooled Nature led her lusty child.

J. S. BLACKIE: *Robert Burns*

We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender;
We love him, even in his wrong,—
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine,—
His Muse was born of woman,—
His manhood breathes in every line,—
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature! . .

The waning suns, the wasting globe,
  Shall spare the minstrel's story,—
The centuries weave his purple robe,
  The mountain-mist of glory !

O. W. Holmes : *For the Burns Centennial Celebration* (*January*, 1859)

The lark of Scotia's morning sky !
  Whose voice may sing his praises ?
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
  He walked among the daisies,
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
  He soared to fields of glory ;
But left his land her sweetest song
  And earth her saddest story.

O. W. Holmes : *For the Meeting of the Burns Club*, 1856

To Nature's feast,—
  Who knew the noblest guest
  And entertained him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
  She draped with crimson and with gold,
  And poured her pure joy-wines
    For him the poet-souled.
    For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
  Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

Isa Craig Knox : *Ode on the Centenary of Burns*

. . . he learned the touch that speeds
  Right to the natural heart of things ;
Struck rootage down to where Life feeds
  At the eternal Springs : . .

He caught them, Witch and Warlock, ere
  They vanished ; all the revelry
Of wizard wonder, we must wear
  The mask of Sleep to see !

Droll Humours came for him to paint
  Their pictures ; straight his merry eye
Had taken them, so queer, so quaint,
    We laugh until we cry. . .

He knew the Sorrows of poor folk,
  He felt for all their patient pain ;
And from his clouded soul he shook
  Lark-like the music-rain. . .

Auld Scotland's Music waited long,
  And wandered wailing through the land,
Divinely yearning in her wrong,
  And sorrowfully grand ;

And many touched responsive chords,
  But could not tell what She would say ;
Till Robin wed her with his words,
  And they were One for aye. . .

. . . now we recognize in him,
  One of the high and shining race ;
All gone the mortal mists that dim
  The fair immortal face.

GERALD MASSEY : *Robert Burns*

There where the simple daisy grew
Sae bonnie sweet, and modest, too,
Thy liltin' filled its wee head fu'
    O' sic a grace,
It aye is weepin' tears of dew
    Wi' droopit face.

Frae where the heather bluebells fling
Their sangs o' fragrance to the Spring,
To where the lavrock soars to sing,
    Still lives thy strain,
For a' the birds are twittering
    Sangs like thine ain.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY : *To Robert Burns*

SCHILLER

(1759-1805)

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry;
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood;
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

*S. T. Coleridge: *To the Author of 'The Robbers'*

. . . Schiller, with heroic front
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon't,
Too large for wreath of modern wont.

E. B. Browning: *A Vision of Poets*

This is Goethe, with a forehead
  Like the fabled front of Jove;
In its massive lines the tokens
  More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,
  With their passionate calm regard,
We behold the true ideal
  Of the high heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling
  And the outward world of sense
To the endless labour summon,
  And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,
From whose living lips have rung
Words to be remembered ever
In the noble German tongue ;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling
Into loftiest speech or song,
Still through all the listening ages
Pours its torrent swift and strong.

W. ALLEN BUTLER : *The Busts of Goethe and Schiller*

JOANNA BAILLIE

(1762-1851)

'. . . if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
When she, the bold enchantress came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame !
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montford's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again !'

SCOTT : *Marmion, Introduction to Canto III.*

. . . tragic Baillie stole from Nature's side
The mantle left by Shakspeare, when he died.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT : *Love, Book I.*

Lady revered, our Island's Tragic Queen ; . .

HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *To Joanna Baillie*

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

(1762-1850)

My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles ! for those soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring ;
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Through youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went :
And when the mightier throes of life began,
And drove me forth, a thought-bewildered man,
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, such as a pang consign'd
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd,
Bidding a strange mysterious pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As the great Spirit erst with plastic sweep
Moved on the darkness of the unform'd deep.

*S. T. Coleridge : *To Bowles*

SAMUEL ROGERS

(1763-1855)

Absent or present, still to thee,
  My friend, what magic spells belong !
As all can tell, who share, like me,
  In turn thy converse and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
  By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And 'Memory' o'er her Druid's tomb
  Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
  Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
  Her name immortally with *thine !*

*Byron : *Lines written on a Blank Leaf of 'The Pleasures of Memory'*

And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past ;
Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre ;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.

BYRON : *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

JAMES GRAHAME

(1765-1811)

O Bard of sinless life and holiest song ! . .

. . . Thou didst despise
To win the ear of this degenerate age
By gorgeous epithets, all idly heaped
On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
By tinkling measures and unchastened lays,
Warbled to pleasure and her syren-train,
Profaning the best name of poesy.
With loftier aspirations, and an aim
More worthy man's immortal nature, Thou
That holiest spirit that still loves to dwell
In the upright heart and pure, at noon of night
Didst fervently invoke, and, led by her
Above the Aonian mount, sent from the stars
Of heaven such soul-subduing melody
As Bethlehem-shepherds heard when Christ was born.

JOHN WILSON : *Lines Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. James Grahame*

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

(1766-1823)

How wise, how noble, was thy choice,
To be the Bard of simple swains ;
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains ;

To sing with feeling in thy strains
  The simple subjects they discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
  Our own more chaste Theocritus!

BERNARD BARTON: *To the Memory of Robert Bloomfield*

Bloomfield, thy happy omened name
Ensures continuance to thy fame;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
While fields shall bloom, thy name shall live!

*KIRKE WHITE: *Epigram on Robert Bloomfield*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme,
Feelings ineffably sublime,
And sympathies unknown;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthrall,
His Genius shall possess us all,
His thoughts become our own,
And, strangely pleased, we start to find
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

JAMES MONTGOMERY: *A Theme for a Poet*

Friend of the wise! and teacher of the good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of a Human Spirit, thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind,
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!— . .

Then (last strain)
Of duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
Action and joy!—An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred roll than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame,
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!

S. T. COLERIDGE: *To William Wordsworth. Composed on the Night after his Recitation of 'The Prelude'*

This be the meed, that thy song creates a thousand-fold echo!
Sweet as the warble of woods, that awakes at the gale of the morning!
List! the Hearts of the Pure, like caves in the ancient mountains
Deep, deep *in* the Bosom, and *from* the Bosom resound it,
Each with a different tone, complete or in musical fragments—
All have welcomed thy Voice, and receive and retain and prolong it!

S. T. COLERIDGE: *Ad Vilmum Axiologum* (*To William Wordsworth*)

Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side; . .
Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.

Large lumps of precious metal lie engulpht
In gravely beds, whence you must delve them out
And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve,
Well shall the labour be (though hard) repaid.

LANDOR: *To the Author of 'Festus'*

His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the woodland
Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path. . .
Equable was he and plain; but wand'ring a little in wisdom, . .
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's
Furniture looked rather scant in a whitewashed and homely apartment;
If in his moral designs there is sameness and tameness; if often
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and pointing;
Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.
There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit,
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the palace.

LANDOR: *English Hexameters*

Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by Grasmere's springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.

LANDOR: *To Joseph Ablett*

Wordsworth, whose thoughts acquaint us with our own; . .

EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

. . . my Wordsworth! whose inspirèd song
Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner shrine. . .
The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine!

JOHN WILSON: *The Angler's Tent*

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return :
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :
Thou hast like a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude :
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

*SHELLEY : *To Wordsworth*

True bard and holy !—thou art e'en as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie ;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free.

F. D. HEMANS : *To Wordsworth*

Yes, mighty Poet, we have read thy lines,
And felt our hearts the better for the reading.
A friendly spirit, from thy soul proceeding,
Unites our souls ; the light from thee that shines
Like the first break of morn, dissolves, combines
All creatures with a living flood of beauty.
For thou hast proved that purest joy is duty,
And love a fondling, that the trunk entwines
Of sternest fortitude. Oh, what must be
Thy glory here, and what the huge reward
In that blest region of thy poesy ?
For long as man exists, immortal Bard,
Friends, husbands, wives, in sadness or in glee,
Shall love each other more for loving thee.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE : *To William Wordswor*

. . . thou mighty Seer !
'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
Where most she works when we perceive her least.

H. COLERIDGE : *To Wordsworth*

What have the bards of other realms and years
Fabled of innocence or golden age,
But, graven on the tablet of thy page,
And of thy life, in majesty appears ?
What marvel that the men of cities, they
Whose fate or choice compels them to endure
The sight of things unholy or impure,
Feel not the moonlight softness of thy lay ?
But thou hast fought—hast conquer'd, and decay
Flies far from thee, whose great reward is sure !

D. M. MOIR : *To Wordsworth*

Great poet, if I dare to throw
My homage at thy feet,
'Tis thankfulness for hours which thou
Hast made serene and sweet ;
As wayfarers have incense thrown
Upon some mighty altar-stone
Unworthy, and yet meet,
The human spirit longs to prove
The truth of its uplooking love.

Until thy hand unlocked its store,
What glorious music slept !
Music that can be hushed no more
Was from our knowledge kept.
But the great Mother gave to thee
The poet's universal key,
And forth the fountains swept—
A gushing melody for ever,
The witness of thy high endeavour. . .

Eternal as the hills thy name,
  Eternal as thy strain;
So long as ministers of Fame
  Shall Love and Hope remain.
The crowded city in its streets,
The valley, in its green retreats,
  Alike thy words retain.
What need hast thou of sculptured stone?—
Thy temple is thy name alone.

L. E. LANDON: *On Wordsworth's Cottage*

. . . Wordsworth, Pan's recording voice,—

EMERSON: *The Harp*

Man in his simple grandeur, which can take
  From Power but poor increase; the Truth which lies
Upshining in 'the Well of homely Life';
  The Winds, the Waters, and their Mysteries—
The Morn and moted Noon, the Stars which make
  Their mirror in the heart; the Earth all rife
With warnings and with wisdom; the deep lore
  Which floateth air-like over lonely places—
These made thy study and thy theme; and o'er
  The Beauty of thy Soul no Paphian Graces,
But a religious and a reverent Awe,
  Breathed Sanctity and Music—inspiration,
Not from the dark Obscure of priestly law,
  But that which burns—the Centre of Creation—
A Love, a Mystery, and a Fear—the unseen
Source of all worship since the world hath been!

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON: *To Wordsworth*

How welcome to our ears, long pained
  By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
  Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

WHITTIER : *Wordsworth*

He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the higher Heavens.

E. B. BROWNING : *On a Portrait of Wordsworth by B. R. Haydon*

. . . Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl, . .

E. B. BROWNING : *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

. . . that serenest height.
Where Wordsworth stands, feeding the multitudes.

RICHARD, LORD HOUGHTON : *To a Certain Poet*

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base ; . .

TENNYSON : *To the Queen*

. . . that reverend Priest of Poesy,
Whose presence shines upon these twilight times,
Hath, in 'the Churchyard in the Mountains,' done
One sacrifice whose scent shall fill the world ; . .

ALFORD : *The School of the Heart*, v.

I spake of Wordsworth, of that lofty mind,
Enthronised in a little monarchy
Of hills and waters, where no one thing is,
Lifeless, or pulsing fresh with mountain strength,
But pays a tribute to his shaping spirit!

ARTHUR H. HALLAM: *Meditative Fragments*, vi.

Earth! through whom we come and go,
Mother of Prometheus! fair
Thy temples rose in warmer air,
Thou many-breasted, ever young,
To sounding cymbals wast thou sung
  Two thousand years ago;
    Yet here again
The wisest man of many men,
The truest bard of latest days
Has made his life thy hymn of praise.

*WILLIAM BELL SCOTT: *Wordsworth*

A poet travelling homeward who was still
A poet every day, with common tread
Who walked on common shoes up Life's high hill
  Self-center'd, God-directed, till the light
Of this world and the next met round his head.

W. BELL SCOTT: *Wordsworth*, i.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.

He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round ;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease ;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah ! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel ;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah ! who, will make us feel ?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by ?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave !
Sing him thy best ! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Memorial Verses*

Well may we mourn, when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more !
The complaining millions of men
Darken in labour and pain ;
But he was a priest to us all

Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *The Youth of Nature*

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.

M. ARNOLD: *In Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'*

Gone from earth; and the voice is fled,
Heard in the Saxon Island long,
Which awoke the faith that was dying or dead,
And made the lovers of Loyalty strong.

Eighty years—till the Century's noon—
Prophet-like in our midst he dwelt;
And wherever the Saxon race is strewn,
The mighty truth of his song was felt.

M. COLLINS: *William Wordsworth*

. . . as a mother leads with winning speech
The footsteps of her child, so he who still
Remains the poet priest of stream and hill,
Led us away into the higher reach
Where spirit touches spirit, till we saw
A newer meaning on the very grass,
Whose freshness was the colour of his art,
A glory in mute things, a sacred awe
Of some high end in all that is and was,
And still he kept his hand upon our heart.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON: *Dedication to A. C. Corbett*

Your songs sincere our hearts compel
To feel the thing you felt. . .

Your sacred music still is heard,
When notes profane have died;

Like some familiar home-bred word,
You in our lives abide.
And when with trackless feet we rove
By meadow, mountain, mere, or grove,
We feel you at our side.

ALFRED AUSTIN: *Wordsworth at Dove Cottage*

Great poet of the quiet lakes and hills,
Who with the gentle peace of nature stills
The fever of our lives. A peaceful place
God gave him 'mongst our toils, so the great race
He sprang from, 'mid their labours, cares and ills,
With the calm blessedness he felt, he fills,
With love of wisdom, beauty, good, and grace.

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet XXXVIII.*

Lone in far mountains Wordsworth strolls
And hums a thoughtful lay,
As a deep river slowly rolls
Through beds of fruitful clay.

J. S. BLACKIE: *Introduction to Lays and Legends*

. . . none with a more liberal scope
Survey'd the sphere of human things;
None with such manliness of hope.

Others, perchance, as keenly felt,
As musically sang as he;
To Nature as devoutly knelt,
Or toil'd to serve humanity:
But none with those ethereal notes,
That star-like sweep of self-control;
The insight into worlds unseen,
The lucid sanity of soul.

The fever of our fretful life,
The autumn poison of the air,
The soul with its own self at strife,
He saw and felt, but could not share:

With eye made clear by pureness, pierced
The life of Man and Nature through ;
And read the heart of common things,
Till new seem'd old, and old was new.

F. T. PALGRAVE : *William Wordsworth*

The last great man by manlier times bequeathed
To these our noisy and self-boasting days
In this green valley rested, trod these ways,
With deep calm breast this air inspiring breathed :
True bard, because true man, his brow he wreathed
With wild-flowers only, singing Nature's praise ;
But Nature turned, and crowned him with her bays,
And said, 'Be thou *my* Laureate.' Wisdom sheathed
In song love-humble ; contemplations high,
That built like larks their nests upon the ground :
Insight and vision ; sympathies profound
That spanned the total of humanity ;
These were the gifts which God poured forth at large
On men through him ; and he was faithful to his charge.

*AUBREY DE VERE : *Wordsworth ; Composed at Rydal*, i.

So long as Duddon 'twixt his cloud-girt walls
Thridding the woody chambers of the hills
Warbles from vaulted grot and pebbled halls
Welcome or farewell to the meadow rills ; . .
So long, last poet of the great old race,
Shall thy broad song through England's bosom roll,
A river singing anthems in its place,
And be to later England as a soul.
Glory to Him Who made thee, and increase,
To them that hear thy word, of love and peace !

AUBREY DE VERE : *Wordsworth, on Visiting the Duddon*, ii.

Wordsworth ! the autumn of our English song
Art thou : 'twas thine our vesper psalms to sing :

Chaucer sang matins ; sweet his note and strong ;
His singing robe the green, white garb of Spring :
Thou like the dying year art rightly stoled ;
Pontific purple and dark harvest gold.

AUBREY DE VERE : *Wordsworth, on Visiting the Duddon*, iii.

. . . above all vocal sons of men,
Since him whose sightless eyes saw hell and heaven,
To Wordsworth be my homage, thanks, and love.
Yet dear is Keats, a lucid presence, great
With somewhat of a glorious soullessness.
And dear, and great with an excess of soul,
Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth,
Lacking such human moisture as bedews
His not less starward stem of song, who, rapt
Not less in glowing vision, yet retained
His clasp of the prehensible, retained
The warm touch of the world that lies to hand,
Not in vague dreams of man forgetting men,
Nor in vast morrows losing the to-day ;
Who trusted nature, trusted fate, nor found
An Ogre, sovereign on the throne of things ;
Who felt the incumbence of the unknown, yet bore
Without resentment the Divine reserve ;
Who suffered not his spirit to dash itself
Against the crags and wavelike break in spray,
But 'midst the infinite tranquillities
Moved tranquil, and henceforth, by Rotha stream
And Rydal's mountain-mirror, and where flows
Yarrow thrice sung or Duddon to the sea,
And wheresoe'er man's heart is thrilled by tones
Struck from man's lyric heartstrings, shall survive.

WILLIAM WATSON : *To Edward Dowden*

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
  From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
  Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
  There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
  Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

WILLIAM WATSON: *Wordsworth's Grave*, ii.

JAMES HOGG

(1770-1835)

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes: . .

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

WORDSWORTH: *Upon the Death of James Hogg*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771-1832)

The day arrived—blest be the day,
Walter the Abbot came that way! . .
Then poured the numbers bold and free,
The ancient magic melody.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that lone had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away,
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen,
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

HOGG: *The Queen's Wake* (*conclusion*)

Blessed be the act of sovereign grace
That raised thee 'bove the rhyming race; . .
Bootless the waste of empty words,
Thy pen is worth ten thousands swords.

HOGG: *Lines to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

. . . Thou, upon a hundred streams,
  By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
  Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
  Wherever they invite Thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
  With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
  Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
  When first I gazed upon her;

Beheld what I had feared to see,
  Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
  The holy and the tender.

WORDSWORTH : *Yarrow Revisited*

Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight
To chant the Lady and the Knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deed without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame ;
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world on high,
The lake that seems a downward sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY : *A Theme for a Poet*

Scott wander'd at large over Scotland ;
Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted.
Marmion mounted his horse with a shout such as rose under Ilion :
Venus, who sprang from the sea, had envied the *Lake and its Lady*.
Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerily sounded,
Never did monarch bestow such glorious meed upon knighthood,
Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.

LANDOR : *English Hexameters*

The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
The God-built walls of Ilion ; yet what shout
Of the Achaians swells the heart so high ?
Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
From *Hohenlinden* to the *Baltick* strand.

LANDOR : *To the Author of 'Festus*

Scott, whose invention is a magic loom ; . .

E. ELLIOTT : *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

. . . thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine. . .
Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give :
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before ;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

BYRON : *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

. . . the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

BYRON : *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.*

And he is silent !—he, whose flexile lips
Were but unsealed, and lo ! a thousand forms,
From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
In glowing life upsprang,—vassal and chief,
Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
Fast-rushing through the brightly troubled air,
Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And still they live,
To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
And, from the mountain-mist still flashing by,
Startle the wanderer who hath listened there
To the seer's voice : phantoms of coloured thought,
Surviving him who raised. O eloquence !
O power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead ! . .
And who shall be his mourners ? Youth and age,

For each hath felt his magic—love and grief,
For he hath communed with the heart of each :
Yes—the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for to him
Its mysteries have been tributary things,
And all its accents known.

FELICIA D. HEMANS : *The Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott*

The past was his—his generous song
Went back to other days,
With filial feeling, which still sees
Something to love and praise,
And closer drew the ties which bind
Man with his country and his kind.

It rang throughout his native land,
A bold and stirring song,
As the merle's hymn at matin sweet,
And as the trumpet strong :
A touch there was of each degree,
Half minstrel and half knight was he.

L. E. LANDON : *Sir Walter Scott*

Of all that bloom in field or fell,
O Scott of Scots, how passing well
The Scottish flow'r, the wild Bluebell,
May be assign'd to you.
On breezy heath it nods to greet
The happy rover's bounding feet,
Whose eye with welcome laughs to meet
The glance of kindly blue ;
Or on some mouldering donjon tow'r
Waves in the wind its slender flow'r
Where 'scutcheon'd banners flew—
A bright existence, springing gay
From time's despoil and power's decay.

*W. ALLINGHAM : *Poets and Flowers*

Like a fair country stretching wide
With woods on woods in leafy pride
  And fields of golden grain,
And moors with purple heather glowing,
And healthful breezes bravely blowing,
  Spreads Scott his vast domain.

J. S. BLACKIE: *Introduction to Lays and Legends*

Lost the Homeric swing and trot,
  Jingle of spur and beam of blade,
Of that moss-trooper, Walter Scott,
  Riding upon his border raid,
And pricking south with all his power
To capture Shakespeare's feudal tower!

R. BUCHANAN: *The Outcast, Canto II.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834)

O capacious Soul!
Placed on this earth to love and understand,
And from thy presence shed the light of love, . .

WORDSWORTH: *The Prelude, Book XIV.*

. . . dreamy Coleridge, of the wizard lay! . .

E. ELLIOTT: *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

. . . Coleridge, whose poetry 's poetry's self.

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Poets*

. . . Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,

Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.—

SHELLEY : *Letter to Maria Gisborne*

Spirit ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring
High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
And oft, a diver through the deeps of mind,
Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;
And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
Awhile that freshness left in Paradise ;
Say, of these glorious wanderings what the goal ?
What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul
From wealth of thine bequeathed ?—Oh, strong and high,
And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confessed
Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest
One lesson breathing thence profound humility !

*F. D. HEMANS : *On Reading Coleridge's Epitaph, Written by Himself*

O ! Heart that like a fount with freshness ran,
O ! Thought beyond the stature given to man,
Although thy page had blots on many a line,
Yet Faith remedial made the tale divine.
With all the poet's fusing, kindling blaze,
And sage's skill to thread each tangled maze,
Thy fair expressive image meets the view,
Bearing the sunlike torch, and subtle clew ; . .

JOHN STERLING : *Coleridge*

. . . visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings with cadence up the Blue.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

Like desert pools that show the stars
Once in long leagues,—even such the scarce-snatched hours
Which deepening pain left to his lordliest powers :—
Heaven lost through spider-trammelled prison-bars.
Six years, from sixty saved ! Yet kindling skies
Own them, a beacon to our centuries.

D. G. ROSSETTI : *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

. . . lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
And lo, the glaciers found at length a tongue,
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung !

O. W. HOLMES : *A Rhymed Lesson*

His eye saw all things in the symmetry
Of true and just proportion ; and his ear
That inner tone could hear
Which flows beneath the outer : therefore he
Was as a mighty shell, fashioning all
The winds to one rich sound, ample and musical. . .

No loftier, purer soul than his hath ever
With awe revolved the planetary page,
From infancy to age,
Of Knowledge ; sedulous and proud to give her
The whole of his great heart for her own sake ;
For what she is ; not what she does, or what can make.

And mighty Voices from afar came to him :
Converse of trumpets held by cloudy forms,
And speech of choral storms :
Spirits of night and noontide bent to woo him :
He stood the while, lonely and desolate
As Adam, when he ruled the world, yet found no mate.

AUBREY DE VERE : *Coleridge*

I see thee pine like her in golden story
  Who, in her prison, woke and saw, one day,
  The gates thrown open—saw the sunbeams play,
With only a web 'tween her and summer's glory;
Who, when that web—so frail, so transitory
  It broke before her breath—had fallen away,
  Saw other webs and others rise for aye
Which kept her prisoned till her hair was hoary.

Those songs half-sung that yet were all-divine—
  That woke Romance, the queen, to reign afresh—
Had been but preludes from that lyre of thine,
  Could thy rare spirit's wings have pierced the mesh
  Spun by the wizard who compels the flesh,
But lets the poet see how heav'n can shine.

*THEODORE WATTS: *Coleridge*

MARY TIGHE

(1773-1810)

Tell me the witching tale again
  For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
  So pure to feel, so sweet to hear. . .

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
  The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
  An echo of her own, in heaven.

THOMAS MOORE: *To Mrs. Henry Tighe, on Reading her 'Psyche'*

. . . Tighe, her own Psyche: . .

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Violets, Canto III.*

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found
And joy the poet's eye.

FELICIA D. HEMANS: *The Grave of a Poetess*

ROBERT SOUTHEY

(1774-1843)

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.

WORDSWORTH: *Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church*

Rare architect of many a wondrous tale
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain! .

LANDOR: *To Southey*, 1833

Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions
Near and remote: his command was absolute; every subject,
Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy,
Richer than all his compeers, . .

LANDOR: *English Hexameters*

Classick in every feature was my friend
The genial Southey: none who ruled around
Held in such order such a wide domain. . .

LANDOR: *To the Author of 'Festus'*

Farewell, great heart! how great shall they
  Who love true greatness truly know,
Though from thy grave the popinjay
  Cry 'tear him' to the carrion crow.

Farewell, pure Spirit! o'er thy tomb,
  Write canker'd critics what they please,
A temple rises, and the womb
  Of Time is big with devotees.

*SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *To Robert Southey, after reading certain criticisms of 'His Life and Correspondence'*

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

. . . genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.

WORDSWORTH: *Written after the Death of Charles Lamb*

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie; and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,

Stedfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And washed and sanctified to Poesy.

S. T. COLERIDGE: *To a Friend who had declared his intention of writing no more Poetry*

Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul!
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

LANDOR: *Miscellaneous Poems*, cclxxxvi.

Thee I would think one of the many Wise,
Who in Eliza's time sat eminent,
To our now world, his Purgatory, sent
To teach us what true English Poets prize.
Pasquilant froth and foreign galliardize
Are none of thine; but, when of gay intent,
Thou usest staid old English merriment,
Mannerly mirth, which no one dare despise.
The scoffs and girds of our poor critic rout
Must move thy pity, as amidst their mime,
Monk of Truth's Order, from thy memories
Thou dost updraw sublime simplicities,
Grand Thoughts that never can be wearied out,
Showing the unreality of Time.

*RICHARD, LORD HOUGHTON: *To Charles Lamb*

Beloved beyond all names of English birth,
More dear than mightier memories; gentlest name
That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet fame,
Or linked itself with loftiest names of old
By right and might of loving; . .

SWINBURNE: *On Lamb's Specimens of Dramatic Poets*, i.

JOHN LEYDEN

(1775-1811)

. . . Leyden came from Border land
With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marred the symphony
Between, the glowing measure stole
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
Sad were those strains, when hymned afar,
On the green vales of Malabar:
O'er seas beneath the golden morn,
They travelled on the monsoon borne,
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,
Beneath the wild banana's shade.

HOGG: *The Queen's Wake (conclusion)*

And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
    And lonely Colonsay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
    And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
    Has Leyden's cold remains!

SCOTT: *The Lord of the Isles, Canto IV.*, xi.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

(1775-1864)

O, old man eloquent, your place is sure,
  Your place, how high, amid thought's sceptred kings.

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet XIX.*

. . . we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,
Of Landor.

AUSTIN DOBSON : *Jocosa Lyra*

High from his throne in heaven Simonides,
Crowned with wild aureole of memorial tears
That the everlasting sun of all time sees
All golden, molten from the forge of years,
Smiled, as the gift was laid upon his knees
Of songs that hang like pearls in mourners' ears,
Mild as the murmuring of Hymettian bees
And honeyed as their harvest, that endears
The toil of flowery days ;
And smiling perfect praise
Hailed his one brother mateless else of peers : . .

The mightiest heart since Milton's leapt,
The gentlest since the gentlest heart of Shakespeare slept. . .

All sweet, all sacred, all heroic things,
All generous names and loyal, and all wise,
With all his heart in all its wayfarings
He sought, and worshipped, seeing them with his eyes
In very present glory, clothed with wings
Of words and deeds and dreams immortal, rise
Visible more than living slaves and kings,
Audible more than actual vows and lies : . .

SWINBURNE : *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor*, 15, 22, 34

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before ;
The youngest to the eldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend. . .

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

SWINBURNE: *In Memory of Walter Savage Landor*

THOMAS CAMPBELL

(1777-1844)

Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy and woe;
Hope's morning dreams display,
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild,
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day;
And still in each new form appear
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

JAMES MONTGOMERY: *A Theme for a Poet*

When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings; . .

LANDOR: *To a Lady*

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?
'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?

HORACE SMITH: *Campbell's Funeral*

Campbell, whom Freedom's deathless Hope endears; . .

E. ELLIOTT: *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

. . . Campbell, for Hope and fine war-songs renown'd,
With a wail underneath them of tenderer sound ; . .

LEIGH HUNT : *The Feast of the Poets*

In yon Minster's hallow'd corner, where the bards and sages rest,
Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another guest. . .
Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears they be,
Which on manly eyes may gather,—tears 'twere never shame to see ;
Tears that water lofty purpose ; tears of welcome to the fame
Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN *The Interment of Thomas Campbell*

HORACE SMITH

(1779-1849)

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge ; all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith.—

SHELLEY : *Letter to Maria Gisborne*

THOMAS MOORE

(1779-1852)

. . . caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.

LANDOR : *To a Lady*

. . . from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

SHELLEY : *Adonais*, XXX.

The falling of fountains—the slight summer rain—
The voice of the dove, were less sweet than thy strain;
Till stirred with delight, would her exquisite wings
Beat time on the west wind, to echo thy strings. . .

Thy song has its sunshine—perhaps to that sun
It owes half the loveliest wreaths it has won.
It still lofty hopes and sad thoughts has betrayed—
Where on earth is the sunshine that flingeth no shade?

L. E. Landon: *Thomas Moore, Esq.*

. . . those airs of love
That ravished mortal ears!

Holmes: *After a Lecture on Moore*

BÉRANGER

(1780-1857)

The King of Song is dead;
  People, upon that throne
Whose words all hearts obey'd,
  To-day death sits alone!
Yes; he who, like to death,
  From kings rent throne and crown,
To-day yields up his breath,
  Himself by death struck down.
    People, no tear need start;
      By France his songs are sung:
    He lives in every heart;
      He speaks from every tongue.

No—no; he cannot die;
  Still lives that matchless voice,
With sorrow still to sigh,
  With laughter to rejoice.
Poor girl, the needle ply,
  His voice your work shall cheer;
Workman, your long hours fly,
  His kindly words you hear.

People, no tear need start;
  By France his songs are sung;
He lives in every heart;
  He speaks from every tongue.

W. C. BENNETT: *Pierre Jean de Béranger, July 18, 1857*

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

(1781-1849)

I may not live to hear another voice,
Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
Dense multitudes; another none may see
Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
And where the trumpet with defiant blast
Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.

LANDOR: *On the Statue of Ebenezer Elliott*

On these pale lips, the smothered thought
  Which England's millions feel,
A fierce and fearful splendour caught,
  As from his forge the steel.
Strong-armed as Thor,—a shower of fire
  His smitten anvil flung;
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire,—
  He gave them all a tongue!

WHITTIER: *Elliott*

REGINALD HEBER

(1783-1826)

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
  Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light from this world taken, while it shone
  Yet kindling onward to the perfect day —
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O thou of many gifts! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
  And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word
  Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to shower?
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned—
Of heaven they were, and thither have returned.

FELICIA D. HEMANS: *To the Memory of Heber*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

(1784-1842)

. . . long by Nith the maidens young
Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.
At ewe-bught, or at evening fold,
When resting on the daisied wold,
Combing their locks of waving gold,
Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name
Their lost, their darling Cunninghame;
His was a song beloved in youth,—
A tale of weir—a tale of truth.

JAMES HOGG: *The Queen's Wake*

Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills,
And yonder Solway shores; a poet thou, . .

SOUTHEY: *Epistle to Allan Cunningham*

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

(1784-1859)

What though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,
  Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
  In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
  Think you he nought but prison-walls did see,
  Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key?

Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
  Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
  To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?

*KEATS: *Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt Left Prison*

Leigh Hunt, the bloom I name for thine
Is pretty, pointed Eglantine;
Flusht with the gentlest garden hue,
Yet with a wilding freshness too;
With fragrant breath in fine flower-lips,
And fragrance to green finger-tips;
And all its sweetness sweeter yet,
With dews or showery droppings wet.
For not in blossom books alone
Thy Poetry and Love are shown;
And tearful trials of this earth
But draw their richest essence forth.

*WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: *Poets and Flowers*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

(1785-1806)

. . . not alone of the Muses
But by the Virtues loved, his soul in its youthful aspirings
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloa's waters.

SOUTHEY: *Vision of Judgment*, xi.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!

Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low : . .

Byron : *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

JOHN WILSON

(1785-1854)

O thou great Scotsman, with the meteor-pen !
Come from thy Trosachs, Wilson, come, and paint
Yon monarch of our Alps ! that little men
May feel thy Titan soul in theirs, and faint
Almost with inspiration ; from the taint
Of worldly vileness freed, as by a spell ;
And made, at once, half-prophet and half-saint,
When reading thee to town-sick hearts, they tell
Of scenes few love like thee, and none can paint so well.

E. Elliott : *Win-Hill*

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(1785-1866)

. . . his fine wit
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it ;
A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots ; let his page
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for the serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation.—

Shelley : *Letter to Maria Gisborne*

UHLAND

(1787-1862)

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong ;
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see naught,
Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of Thought.

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavour,
He sings of Love (O crown of Poesy !),
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever
The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine ;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief, or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

W. Allen Butler : *Uhland*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(1787-1874)

No cause hast thou to blush for thy sweet task.
' Marcian Colonna' is a dainty book ;
And thy ' Sicilian Tale' may boldly pass ;
Thy ' Dream' 'bove all, in which, as in a glass,
On the great world's antique glories we may look.
No longer then, as ' lowly substitute,
Factor, or Proctor, for another's gains,'
Suffer the admiring world to be deceived ;
Lest thou thyself, by self of fame bereaved,

Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,
And heavenly tunes piped through an alien flute.

CHARLES LAMB: *To the Author of Poems, Published under the name of Barry Cornwall* (1820)

But, Barry Cornwall! by what right
Wring you my breast and dim my sight,
And make me wish at every touch
My poor old hand could do as much?
No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent rhymes. . .
You, placed afar from each extreme,
Nor dully drowse nor wildly dream,
But, ever flowing with good-humour,
Are bright as spring and warm as summer.

LANDOR: *To Barry Cornwall*

. . . Procter, whose songs
Have made such sweet air of life's raptures and wrongs, . .

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Poets* (*Postscript*)

Your Muse is younger in her soul than mine:
O feed her still on woman's smiles and wine,
And give the world a tender song once more;
For all the good can love and can adore
What's human, fair, and gentle. Few, I know,
Can bear to sit at my board, when I show
The wretchedness and folly of man's all,
And laugh myself right heartily. Your call
Is higher and more human: I will do
Unsociably my part, and still be true
To my own soul; but e'er admire you,
And own that you have nature's kindest trust,
Her weak and dear to nourish,—that I must.
Then fare, as you deserve it, well, and live
In the calm feelings you to others give.

T. L. BEDDOES: *Letter to B. W. Procter, Esq.*, 1836

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
  Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
  To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
  As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song;
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
  For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long;
By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
  That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
  Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

SWINBURNE: *In Memory of Barry Cornwall*

LORD BYRON

(1788-1824)

. . . 'tis thy bold and native energy;
Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,
Ranging through Nature on erratic wing—
These do I honour—and would fondly try
With thee a wild aerial strain to sing: . .

HOGG: *To the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron*

Let Byron, with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot and fiery brand,
Lit at the flames of hell,

Go down and search the human heart,
Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell :
Then let him fling the torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY : *A Theme for a Poet*

In Satire's narrow strait he swam the best,
Scattering the foam that hist about his breast.

LANDOR : *Miscellaneous Poems*, cxvi.

. . . may not Byron, dark and grand, compete
With him who sung Belinda's ravish'd tress?
Chaste is the muse of Pope, and passing sweet ;
But Byron is all fervour, rivalless
In might and passion. Woman's tenderness—
When woman is most tender, most deplored—
Moves not like his ; and still, when least divine,
He is a god, whose shrines shall be restored—
Apollo, self-dethroned. His mind a mine
Where night-born gems in cherish'd darkness shine,
He—thrice a Ford, twice an Euripides,
And half a Schiller—hath a Milton's power,
But not a Shakespeare's ; strength, and fire, and ease,
And almost grace ; though gloomy as the tower
Around whose dangerous brow storms love to lower,
His world is all within, . .

E. ELLIOTT : *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

. . . Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror : . .
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs ; . .

As the love from Petrarch's urn,
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly ;—so thou art,
Mighty spirit—

SHELLEY: *Lines written Among the Euganean Hills*

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow ; . .

SHELLEY: *Adonais*, xxx.

. . . your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.

SHELLEY: *Sonnet to Byron*

Byron ! how sweetly sad thy melody !
Attuning still the soul to tenderness,
As if soft Pity, with unusual stress,
Had touch'd her plaintive lute, and thou, being by,
Hadst caught the tones, nor suffer'd them to die.
O'ershading sorrow doth not make thee less
Delightful : thou thy griefs dost dress
With a bright halo, shining beamily,
As when a cloud the golden moon doth veil,
Its sides are ting'd with a resplendent glow,
Through the dark robe oft amber rays prevail,
And like fair veins in sable marble flow ;
Still warble, dying swan ! still tell the tale,
The enchanting tale, the tale of pleasing woe.

*KEATS: *Sonnet to Byron*

. . . Byron's clarion of disdain.

EMERSON: *The Harp*

. . . poor, proud Byron, sad as grave
And salt as life ; forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

E. B. Browning : *A Vision of Poets*

. . . What though monkeys and macaques
Gibber 'Byron'? Byron's ivy rears a branch beyond the crew,
Green for ever, no deciduous trash macaques and monkeys chew !

. . . Byron prime in poet's power, . .

Browning : *La Saisiaz*

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little ; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law ;
And yet with reverential awe
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

Matthew Arnold : *Memorial Verses. April*, 1850

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart ?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own ?

M. Arnold : *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*

. . . his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan-agony ; . .

M. Arnold : *A Picture at Newstead*

That world-famed son of fire—

M. ARNOLD: *Haworth Churchyard*

Wordsworth was great, you tell me. Yes, of course ;
But Byron was an elemental force—
Not an Apollo, such as Stratford sees,
But a fierce dauntless fighting Hercules ;
English in brain and fibre, power and pique—
(Browning's Italian, and the Laureate Greek).
English that epic in the octave rhyme,
On whose wide canvas he has sketched the time :
English the wild eccentric course he ran—
He was a poet . . . ay, and more, a man.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Letter to the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.*

His volleyed thunder Byron pours
With lurid flash between ; . .

J. S. BLACKIE: *Introduction to Lays and Legends*

He was a prince of song, though sorrow's slave.
He ask'd for tears,—and they were tinged with fire ;
He ask'd for love, and love was sold to him
He look'd for solace at the goblet's brim,
And found it not ; then wept upon his lyre.
He sang the songs of all the world's desire,—
He wears the wreath no rivalry can dim !

ERIC MACKAY: *Byron*

No narrow church in precincts cold and grey
Confines the plume, that loved to breast the day :
Thy self-consuming, scathing heart of flame
Was quenched to feed no silent coffin's shame !
A fierce, glad fire in buoyant hearts art thou,
A radiance in auroral spirits now ;
A stormy wind, an ever-sounding ocean,
A life, a power, a never-wearying motion ! . .

And thou, Don Juan, Harold, Manfred, Cain,
Song-crowned within the world's young heart shalt reign!
Whene'er we hear embroiled lashed ocean roar,
Or thunder echoing among heights all hoar,
Brother! thy mighty measure heightens theirs,
While Freedom on her rent red banner bears
The deathless names of many a victory won,
Inspired by thy death-shattering clarion!
In Love's immortal firmament are set
Twin stars of Romeo and Juliet,
And their companions young eyes discover
In Cycladean Haidee with her lover.

RODEN NOEL: *Byron's Grave*

More than the froth and flotsam of the Seine,
More than your Hugo-flare against the night,
And more than Weimar's proud elaborate calm,
One flash of Byron's lightning, Wordsworth's light.

WILLIAM WATSON: *On Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion*

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

(1788-1846)

Alone, among thy books, once more I sit;
No sound there stirs except the flapping fire:
Strange shadows of old times about me flit
As sinks the midnight lamp or flickers higher:
I see thee pace the room: with eye thought-lit
Back, back, thou com'st once more to my desire:
Low-toned thou read'st once more the verse new-writ,
Too deep, too pure for worldlings to admire.
That brow all honour, that all-gracious hand,
That cordial smile, and clear voice musical,
That noble bearing, mien of high command,
Yet void of pride—to-night I have them all.
Ah, phantoms vain of thought! The Christmas air
Is white with flying flakes. Where art thou—where?

AUBREY DE VERE: *Sonnet III.* (*Christmas*, 1860)

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(1790-1867)

He toiled and sang; and year by year
  Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
  Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greeks' wild onset Wall Street knew;
  The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
  From Palisades to Bay. . .

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
  Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
  The flower he culled for Burns. . .

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
  New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
  The lines of Halleck's name.

WHITTIER: *Fitz-Greene Halleck. At the Unveiling of His Statue*

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after eyes
The stone with 'Here he lies';
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets shine
That wear his name inwrought with many a golden line!

O. W. HOLMES: *Poem—At the Dedication of the Halleck Monument* (*July* 8, 1869)

THEODORE KÖRNER

(1791-1813)

A song for the death-day of the brave—
    A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
    With the sword, his bride. . .

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
    Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
    And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
    In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
    To chain its flow. . .

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays
    To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after-days,
    Like a watch-fire's light. . .

And a name and fame above the blight
    Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
    In life and death!

FELICIA D. HEMANS: *The Death-Day of Körner*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
  And they who heard his music heard not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
  From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

LANDOR: *To the Nightingale*

Shelley! whose song so sweet was sweetest here, . .

LANDOR: *To Shelley*

Ill-fated Shelley, vainly great and brave ; . .

E. ELLIOTT : *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*

Write it in gold—A spirit of the sun,
An intellect a-blaze with heavenly thoughts,
A soul with all the dews of pathos shining,
Odorous with love, and sweet to silent woe
With the dark glories of concentrate song,
Was sphered in mortal earth. Angelic sounds
Alive with panting thoughts sunned the dim world.
The bright creations of an human heart
Wrought magic in the bosoms of mankind.
A flooding summer burst on poetry ;
Of which the crowning sun, the night of beauty,
The dancing showers, the birds, whose anthems wild
Note after note unbind the enchanted leaves
Of breaking buds, eve, and the flow of dawn,
Were centred and condensed in his one name
As in a providence,—and that was Shelley.

*T. L. BEDDOES : *Lines Written in a Blank Leaf of the 'Prometheus Unbound.'*

. . . Shelley's dazzling spirit,
Quivering like dagger on the breast of night,—

T. L. BEDDOES : *Lines Written in Switzerland*

. . . Shelley, in his white ideal,
All statue-blind.

E. B. BROWNING : *A Vision of Poets*

An earthless garden grew
Around him, aromatic laurel boughs
Waved twining there :
Flowers of Arcadian nature strengthened there,
Transplanted from the wizard's world of dream,
Yea, the old wizard's wand itself did shoot

Like the high priest's, and gave strange blossoming,
And fruit intoxicating mightily.
And a bright rainbow'd shower fell glitteringly
From the most holy font of his clear soul,
    Upon this gardened plain
    Where Fancy held her reign. . .

. . . few of the busy world
Can go up to the realms where he did go ;
Or breathe the atmosphere he breathed ; or cast
The old shell off, and come forth cleansed as he ;
    Few, few have striven
    To make earth heaven !

W. B. SCOTT : *To the Memory of Shelley*

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever !
Thou art gone from us ; years go by and spring
Gladdens and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not, other bards arise,
But none like thee : they stand, thy majesties,
Like mighty works which tell some spirit there
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
And left us, never to return, and all
Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain. . .
But thou art still for me who have adored
Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name
Which I believed a spell to me alone,
Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men !

ROBERT BROWNING : *Pauline*

What boots it, Shelley ! that the breeze
Carried thy lovely wail away,
Musical through Italian trees
Which fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay ?
Inheritors of thy distress
Have restless hearts one throb the less ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse*

That wild free song which will not wear a fetter,
  Such as was mastered well by loving Shelley
  (Pure poet, down-ridden in the world's *mêlée*, . .
MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Poet's Philosophy*

Shelley, Song's orient sun, . .
D. G. ROSSETTI: *Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Two of great England's singers, lying each
  By each; one rose up wroth at human wrong,
  And hung half-way to heaven in his song,
Till the heart burst in his desire to teach
The melody he heard from where he was.
  The other wander'd to the early past,
  Yearning with a boy's ardour to recast
Its mythologic utterances. But as
The sun takes dews, so did their beauty him;
  He pass'd, leaving behind sweet words that must
For ever keep him here. The other, too,
  Left melody that still will float and swim;
Aerial mist with heaven shining through,
  And here a little space divides their dust.
ALEX. ANDERSON: *In Rome, XXII.*

On flaming chariot Shelley soars
  Through starry realms serene; . .
J. S. BLACKIE: *Introduction to Lays and Legends*

  Thy voice is heard above the silent tomb,
And shall be heard until the end of days,
While Freedom lives, and whatsoever things
Are good and lovely—still thy spirit sings,
  And by thy grave to-day fresh violets bloom,
But on thy head imperishable bays.
WALTER CRANE: *At Shelley's Grave*

Nature baptized him in ethereal fire,
And Death shall crown him with a wreath of flame.
O. W. HOLMES : *After a Lecture on Shelley*

Oh, not like ours that life was born,
No mortal mother Shelley knew,
But kindled by some starry morn
Lit like a snow-flake from the blue ;
Saw on some peak the lightnings gleam,
The lingering soft auroras play ;
Then foamlike on a leaping stream
Sped downwards to the earthly day.

So keen a wish had winged his flight—
His heart was faint with such desire—
To bear from that supernal light
A Promethean fount of fire :
His quivering thyrsus flashed with flame,
He sang the spell long learnt above ;
With ardent eyes one only name
He named ; the mountains echoed ' Love !'
F. W. H. MYERS : *Stanzas on Shelley*

He with the gleaming eyes
And glances gentle and wild,
The angel eternal child ;
His heart could not throb with ours,
He could not see with our eyes
Dimm'd with the dulness of earth,
Blind with the bondage of hours ;
Yet none with diviner mirth
Hail'd what was noble and sweet ;
The blood-track'd journey of life,
The way-sore feet
None have watch'd with more human eyes.
PALGRAVE : *Two Graves at Rome*

And art thou still what Shelley was erewhile,—
A feeling borne of music's restlessness—
A child's swift smile
Between its sobs—a wandering mist that rose
At dawn—a cloud that hung
The Euganéan hills among ;
Thy voice, a wind-harp's strain in some enchanted close ? . .

The slaves of air and light obeyed afar
Thy summons, Ariel ; their elf-horns wound
Strange notes which all uncapturable are
Of broken sound.
That music thou alone couldst rightly hear
(O rare impressionist !)
And mimic. Therefore still we list
To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

Be then the poet's poet still ! for none
Of them whose minstrelsy the stars have blessed
Has from expression's wonderland so won
The unexpressed,—
So wrought the charm of its elusive note
On us, who yearn in vain
To mock the pæan and the plain
Of tides that rise and fall with sweet mysterious rote.

E. C. STEDMAN : *Ariel. In Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Now a hundred years agone among us came
Down from some diviner sphere of purer flame,
Clothed in flesh to suffer, maimed of wings to soar,
One whom hate once hailed as now love hails by name,
Chosen of love as chosen of hatred. Now no more
Ear of man may hear or heart of man deplore
Aught of dissonance or doubt that mars the strain
Raised at last of love where love sat mute of yore.

SWINBURNE : *The Centenary of Shelley*

Shelley, lyric lord of England's lordliest singers, here first heard
Ring from lips of poets crowned and dead the Promethean word
Whence his soul took fire, and power to outsoar the sunward-soaring bird.

SWINBURNE: *Eton: An Ode*

Through cloud and wave and star his insight keen
Shone clear, and traced a God in each disguise,
Protean, boundless. Like the buskined scene
All Nature rapt him into ecstasies:
In him, alas! had Reverence equal been
With Admiration, those resplendent eyes
Had wandered not through all her range sublime
To miss the one great marvel of all time.

AUBREY DE VERE: *Lines Composed near Shelley's House at Lerici*

. . . in this world of worldlings, where
Souls rust in apathy, and ne'er
A great emotion shakes the air,
And life flags tame,
And rare is noble impulse, rare
The impassioned aim,

'Tis no mean fortune to have heard
A singer who, if errors blurred
His sight, had yet a spirit stirred
By vast desire,
And ardour fledging the swift word
With plumes of fire.

A creature of impetuous breath,
Our torpor deadlier than death
He knew not; whatsoe'er he saith
Flashes with life:
He spurreth men, he quickeneth
To splendid strife.

And in his gusts of song he brings
Wild odours shaken from strange wings,
And unfamiliar whisperings
From far lips blown,
While all the rapturous heart of things
Throbs through his own,—

WILLIAM WATSON: *Shelley's Centenary* (*August* 4, 1892)

In Christ's own town did fools of old condemn
A sinless maid to burn in felon's fire;
She looked above; she spake from out the pyre
To skies that made a star for Bethlehem,
When, lo! the flames touching her garment's hem
Blossom'd to roses—warbled like a lyre—
Made every fagot-twig a scented brier,
And crowned her with a rose-bud diadem!

Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong:
Our Heart of Hearts hath conquered—conquered those
Once fain to work the world and Shelley wrong:
Their pyre of hate now bourgeons with the rose—
Their every fagot, now a sweet-brier, throws
Love's breath upon the breeze of Shelley's song!

*THEODORE WATTS: *For the Shelley Centenary*

. . . when Keats died the Muses still had left
One silver voice to sing his threnody,
But ah! too soon of it we were bereft
When on that riven night and stormy sea
Panthea claimed her singer as her own,
And slew the mouth that praised her; . .

OSCAR WILDE: *The Garden of Eros*

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

(1793-1835)

. . . that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep; . .

WORDSWORTH: *Extempore Effusion Upon the Death of James Hogg*

Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*, she who cast
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others.

LANDOR: *The Heroines of England*

Much do I owe thee for the passing gleams
Of verse, along my weary pathway thrown:
Musical verse, that came like sounds of streams
Heard from afar, and in whose silver tone
My soul the happy melodies could own
That gladden'd childhood—like the softest breeze
Breathing at eve from leafy copses lone,
Mix'd with the song of birds, and hum of bees,
With deeper notes between like sounds of mighty seas.

*BERNARD BARTON: *To Felicia Hemans*

Thy song around our daily path
Flung beauty born of dreams,
And scattered o'er the actual world
The spirit's sunny gleams.
Mysterious influence, that to earth
Brings down the heaven above,
And fills the universal heart
With universal love.

Such gifts were thine,—as from the block,
The unformed and the cold,
The sculptor calls to breathing life
Some shape of perfect mould,
So thou from common thoughts and things
Didst call a charmèd song,
Which on a sweet and swelling tide
Bore the full soul along.

L. E. LANDON: *Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans*

Nor mourn, O living One, because her part in life was mourning:
Would she have lost the poet's fire for anguish of the burning?
The minstrel harp, for the strained string? the tripod, for the afflated
Woe? or the vision, for those tears in which it shone dilated?

Perhaps she shuddered while the world's cold hand her brow was wreathing,
But never wronged that mystic breath which breathed in all her breathing,
Which drew from rocky earth and man, abstractions high and moving,
Beauty, if not the beautiful, and love, if not the loving. . .

Be happy, crowned and living One! and as thy dust decayeth
May thine own England say for thee what now for Her it sayeth—
'Albeit softly in our ears her silver song was ringing,
The foot-fall of her parting soul is softer than her singing.'

E. B. Browning: *Felicia Hemans.* (*To L. E. L.*)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794-1878)

The voices of the hills did his obey;
The torrents flashed and tumbled in his song;
He brought our native fields from far away,
Or set us 'mid the innumerable throng
Of dateless woods, or where we heard the calm
Old homestead's evening psalm.

But now he sang of faith to things unseen,
Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust;
And words of doughty cheer he spoke between,
That made all earthly fortune seem as dust,
Matched with that duty, old as Time and new,
Of being brave and true. . .

In our dark hours he manned our guns again ;
  Remanned ourselves from his own manhood's store ;
Pride, honour, country, throbbed through all his strain ;
  And shall we praise ? God's praise was his before ;
And on our futile laurels he looks down,
    Himself our bravest crown.

J. R. Lowell : *On Board the* '76

'. . . Deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him ;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,
Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities. . .
He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose ;
If he sometimes falls short, he is too wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by going too far ;' . .

Lowell : *A Fable for Critics*

  Say, who shall mourn him first,
Who sang in days for Song so evil-starred,
Shielding from adverse winds the flame he nursed,—
    Our Country's earliest Bard ?
    For all he sang survives
In stream, and tree, and bird, and mountain-crest,
And consecration of uplifted lives
    To Duty's stern behest ;
Till, like an echo falling late and far
As unto Earth the answer from a star,
Along his thought's so nigh unnoted track
    Our people's heart o'ertakes
His pure design, and hears him, and awakes
    To breathe its music back ! . .

    Chill, beautiful Undines
  That flash white hands behind your thicket-screens,
  And charm the wildwood and the cloven flumes
    To hide you in their glooms !

But he hath kissed you, and his lips betray
Your coyest secrets. . .
Strong Winds and mighty Mountains, sovereign Sea
What shall your dirges be? . .

The pulse of the endless Wave
Beauty and breadth to his strophes gave;
The Winds with their hands unseen
Held him poised at a height serene;
And the world that wooed him, he smiled to o'ercome it;
Whose being the Mountains made so strong,—
Whose forehead arose like a sunlighted summit
Over eyes that were fountains of thought and song!

BAYARD TAYLOR: *Epicedium—William Cullen Bryant*, i., iii., iv.

. . . Bryant, who by Wordsworth's side has place
For solemn thoughts and tones and fancies fair,
Blessings, how priceless to our world of care!

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet VII.*

How can we praise the verse whose music flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue
So to his youth his manly years were true,
All dyed in royal purple through and through!

O. W. HOLMES: *Bryant's Seventieth Birthday* (Nov. 3, 1864)

JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

Poesy breath'd over *him*, breath'd constantly, tenderly, freshly; . .

LANDOR: *English Hexameters*

Where is the youth, for deeds immortal born,
Who loved to whisper to th' embattled corn,
And cluster'd woodbines, breathing o'er the stream,
Endymion's beauteous passion for a dream?
Why did he drop the harp from fingers cold,
And sleep so soon with demigods of old?
Oh, who so well could sing Love's joys and pains?
He lived in melody, as if his veins
Pour'd music: from his lips came words of fire,
The voice of Greece, the tones of Homer's lyre.

E. ELLIOTT: *The Letter*

Keats, that sad name, which time shall write in tears; . .

E. ELLIOTT: *The Village Patriarch, Book IV.*, ii.

One of the inmost dwellers in the core
Of the old woods, when Nymphs and Graces liv'd, . .

LEIGH HUNT: *Our Cottage*

Keats, the Gods' own young historian of Gods; . .

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Poets, (Postscript)*

'. . . till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity! . .

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above. . .

. . . burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.'

SHELLEY: *Adonais*, l., xlii., lv.

. . . the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But, turning grandly on his central self,
Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years
And died, not young (the life of a long life
Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn
For ever ;). . .

E. B. Browning : *Aurora Leigh, Book I.*

. . . Keats the real
Adonis with the hymeneal

Fresh vernal buds half sunk between
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen
In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

E. B. Browning : *A Vision of Poets*

No one regards the poet's quivering string,
Since thine was hushed, who brought the myrtle here
From perfect Arcadie, whose verse
Young earth's freshness could rehearse. . .

No eventide was thine,
But like the young athlete from the bath,
For one brief hour,
You stood in the arena yet uncrowned,
Doubtful, although beyond all venturers strong :
Yes, strong to guide Hyperion's coursers round
The love-inscribèd zodiac of all time :
Thou youth, who in the gardens Athenine,
The noblest sage had leant upon with pride,
And called thee Musagætes, and thy lyre
Wreathed with the bay
Of the god of day.

W. B. Scott : *To the Memory of Keats*

Great soul, thou sittest with me in my room,
Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,
On whose full orbs, with kindly lustre, lies
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-gloom :
Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring sudden bloom
Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries,
Wrestling with the young poet's agonies,
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom :
Yes ! the few words which, like great thunder-drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

*LOWELL : *To the Spirit of Keats*

O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverberant lips
And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse,—
  Thou whom the daisies glory in growing o'er,—
Their fragrance clings around thy name, not writ
But rumour'd in water, while the fame of it
  Along Time's flood goes echoing evermore.

D. G. ROSSETTI : *John Keats*

. . . the fading glory
  Of mighty Rome's long triumph is around,
  But cannot come anear or pierce the bound
Of this our laurell'd sleeper, whose pale story
Takes fresher lustre with the years that fly.
  But Roman dust upon an English heart
  Is naught, yet this is Keats's, and a part
Of England's spirit. With a weary sigh
  I turn from sacred ground, and all the way
  Two spirits were with me—Keats and David Gray.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON : *In Rome*, xxv.

While I sit in silence,
Comes from mile on mile hence,
From English Keats's Roman grave, a voice that sweetens toil!

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *To David in Heaven*, xvi.

'Whose name was writ in water!' What large laughter
Among the immortals when that word was brought!
Then when his fiery spirit rose flaming after
High toward the topmost heaven of heavens up-caught!
'All hail! our younger brother!' Shakespeare said,
And Dante nodded his imperial head.

R. W. GILDER: *Keats*

. . . him
Who sang the song of Rapture and Despair;
Who to the Nightingale was kin; aware
Of all the Night's enamouring—the dim
Strange ecstasy of light at the moon's rim;
The unheard melodies that subtly snare
The listening soul—Pan's wayward pipes that dare
To conjure shapes now beautiful, now grim.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *The Life-Mask of Keats*

No richer more equable eye,
No tongue of more musical art
Conversed with the Gods on high,
Among all the minstrels who made
Sweetness 'tween Etna and Alp:
Nor was any laid
With such music and tears in the tomb.

F. T. PALGRAVE: *Two Graves at Rome*

. . . Keats, whose jewel rhyme
Shines for all time,
To tell
Of him the gods loved well.

F. D. SHERMAN: *The Garland*

Peace, peace, or mourn the living! Ye but hold
A shadow to your bosoms. He hath quaffed
Glory and Death in one immortal draught;
Surely among the undying men of old
Numbered art thou, great Heart; in heaven enrolled
Among the eternal Splendours that rain forth
Love, light, and peace on our unquiet earth,
O latest radiance of the starry fold.
Below, thou liv'st, a consecrated name;
Above, with naked feet unscorched and hair
Unsinged thou walkest through that fierce white fire
Which mantles like a robe of golden air
Homer and Shakespeare, and the burning choir,
Rejoicing in the fulness of thy fame.

*AUBREY DE VERE: *To Keats*

O sweetest lips since those of Mitylene!
O poet-painter of our English Land!
Thy name was writ in water—it shall stand:
And tears like mine will keep thy memory green,
As Isabella did her Basil-tree.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Grave of Keats*

Those gardens, sunned by limbs of gods at play—
Those bowers whose flowers are fruits, Hesperian sweets
That light with heav'n the soul of him who eats
And lend his veins Olympian blood of day—
Were only leased; and, since thou couldst not stay,
Better to die than wake in sorrow, Keats,
Where ev'n the Sirens' song no longer cheats,
In Truth's true land, 'neath Truth's true skies of grey.

Better to nestle here in arms of Flora,
Ere Youth, the king of Earth and Beauty's heir,
Drinking such breath from meadows of Aurora
As bards of Morning drank, Ægean air,
Wake in these modern 'Caverns of Ellora'—
Wake to these gods of Gloom in dim despair!

*THEODORE WATTS: *At Keats's Grave*

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

(1797-1835)

Ever approvingly
Ever most lovingly
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet. . .

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line ; . .

WILLIAM KENNEDY: *Written after a Visit to the Grave of Motherwell*

. . . one who, though small, has the art that is nature,
One who brims to your eyes all the sweet tears that tell
How next but to Burns is the Scotch Motherwell, . .

W. C. BENNETT: *Verdicts*

THOMAS HOOD

(1798-1845)

. . . strange glad and sad brain,
Whose mirth, you may notice, turns all upon pain.
His puns are such breeders of puns, in and in,
Our laughter becomes a like manifold din :
Yet a right poet also was Hood, and could vary
His jokes with deep fancies of Centaur and Fairy ;
And aye on his fame will a tear be attending,
Who wrote the starv'd song, with its burden unending.

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Poets* (*Postscript*)

O Love Divine, that claspest our tired earth,
And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what thou art ! . .

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-glooms
With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting place :—

'Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor.'

J. R. LOWELL : *To the Memory of Hood*

Thou by whom equal humour and pathos were shown,
Thou heart, with a tenderness all woman's own,
Thou finest of spirits thy thronged age has known ! . .
Thou wert not a mere marshaller of couplets and rhymes,
Like so many of those who have brightened our times ;
No—thy pages were cries from the crushed and down-trod,
And therefore wert thou a true prophet from God ;
And therefore we hail thee, all pure and all good,
One for love and high reverence, thou fine-hearted Hood.

W. C. BENNETT : *Verdicts*

The world may never know the wealth it lost,
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,
So mighty in his undeveloped force !
With all his crowding unaccomplished hopes—
Th' unuttered wealth and glory of his soul—
And all the music ringing round his life,
And poems stirring in his dying brain.
But blessings on him for the songs he sang—
Which yearned about the world till then for birth !
How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And poured his heart in music for the Poor ;
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And grope through darkness, for the hand of Help.
And trampled Manhood heard, and claimed its crown ;
And trampled Womanhood sprang up ennobled !
The human soul looked radiantly through rags !
And there was melting of cold hearts, as when

The ripening sunlight fingers frozen flowers.
O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang !
When all the stars of happy thought had set
In many a mind, his spirit walked the gloom
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal Moon
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.
Our Champion ! with his heart too big to beat
In bonds,—our Poet in his pride of power !
Aye, we'll remember him who fought our fight,
And chose the Martyr's robe of flame, and spurned
The gold and purple of the glistering slave.

GERALD MASSEY : *Hood*

HEINRICH HEINE

(1799-1856)

No small boast, for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinn'd by the thunder, to rear
His bolt-scathed front to the stars ;
And, undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul. . .

But was it thou—I think
Surely it was !—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love ; . .

Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet ! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit—
Not by the thunder of scorn ! . .

Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold !
Therefore triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul. . .

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!—for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled ; now 'tis pass'd away.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : *Heine's Grave*

The moonlight witchery of Heine's song.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON : *Sonnets to a Friend*, ii.

This was a singer, a poet bold,
Compact of Fire and Rainbow Gold :
Compact of Rainbow Gold and of Fire,
Of sorrow and sin and of heart's desire—
Of good and of evil and things unknown,
A merciless poet who cut to the bone.
He sounded the depths of our grief and our gladness,
He laughed at our mirth and he wept at our madness ;
He knew all the joy of the world, all the strife,
He knew, and he knew not, the meaning of life.

*WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK : *Heinrich Heine*

LORD MACAULAY

(1800-1859)

The dreary rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more ;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of woman-kind,
Who win their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead :

He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

*LANDOR: *To Macaulay*

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

(1800-1886)

. . . who now leaves behind to help us here
Light shed from song as starlight from a sphere
Serene as summer; song whose charm compelled
The sovereign soul made flesh in Artevelde
To stand august before us and austere, . .

SWINBURNE: *On the Death of Sir Henry Taylor*

What Shape is that, though fair severe,
  Which fleets triumphant by
Imaged in yonder mirror clear,
  And seeks a hardier sky,
With locks succinct beneath a threat'ning crest—
Like Juno in the brow, like Pallas in the breast?

A Muse that flatters nothing base
  In man, nor aught infirm,
'Sows the slow olive for a race
  Unborn.' The destined germ,
The germ alone of Fame she plants, nor cares
What time that secular tree its deathless fruitage bears;

Pleased rather with her function sage—
  To interpret Nature's heart;
The words on Wisdom's sacred page
  To wing through metric art
With life; and in a chariot of sweet sound
Down-trodden Truth to lift, and waft, the world around.

AUBREY DE VERE: *Ode, written beside the Lago Varese (Suggested by Sir H. Taylor's Poem, 'Lago Varese')*

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

(1802-1838)

. . . Landon, whose grief is so dulcet a treasure,
We'd weep to oblige her, but can't for the pleasure.

LEIGH HUNT: *The Feast of the Violets, Canto* ii.

I have a tale of Love to tell;—
Lend me thy light lute, L.E.L.
Lend me thy lute! what other strings
Should speak of those delicious things,
Which constitute Love's joys and woes
In pretty duodecimos?

W. M. PRAED: *A Preface*

Hers was the hand that played for many a year
Love's silver phrase for England, smooth and well.

E. B. BROWNING: *L. E. L.'s Last Question*

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

(1802—1839)

. . . in these days of maudlin rhyme,
When half our poets are Empirics,
I've read for the five hundredth time
His 'Characters,' your 'London Lyrics.'

Trifles in truth, no passion there,
No frightful advent of sensation,
But a most calm and classic air,
A grace and beauty quite Horatian.

As Homer's lay of Ilion's towers
Shines through the Past with god-like lustre,
So our Anacreon, crown'd with flowers,
Will live as long as vine-leaves cluster.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *To Frederick Locker*

VICTOR HUGO

(1802-1885)

Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
French of the French, and Lord of human tears ;
Child-lover ; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers ; . .

TENNYSON : *To Victor Hugo*

He set the trumpet to his lips, and lo !
The clash of waves, the roar of winds that blow,
The strife and stress of Nature's warring things,
Rose like a storm-cloud, upon angry wings.

He set the reed-pipe to his lips, and lo !
The wreck of landscape took a rosy glow,
And Life, and Love, and gladness that Love brings
Laughed in the music, like a child that sings.

Master of each, Arch-Master ! We that still
Wait in the verge and outskirt of the Hill
Look upward lonely—lonely to the height
Where thou hast climbed, for ever, out of sight !

*AUSTIN DOBSON : *Victor Hugo*

When such a spirit away from earth has fled,
  With all his power of deed and of desire,
  When now no more the anointed lips respire,
And low at last has drooped the imperial head,
Nature, with whose large liberty was wed
  So many a melody that moved his lyre,
  Hath fitly bidden her lightning's wings of fire
Pierce the dark sea to tell us he is dead !

EDGAR FAWCETT : *Victor Hugo Dead*

Earth, with all the kings and thralls on earth, below it,
  Heaven alone, with all the worlds in heaven, above,
Let his likeness rise for suns and stars to know it,
  High for men to worship, plain for men to love :
Brow that braved the tides which fain would overflow it,
  Lip that gave the challenge, hand that flung the glove ;
Comforter and prophet, Paraclete and poet,
  Soul whose emblems are an eagle and a dove.

Sun, that hast not seen a loftier head wax hoary,
  Earth, which hast not shown the sun a nobler birth,
Time, that hast not on thy scroll defiled and gory
  One man's name writ brighter in its whole wide girth,
Witness, till the final years fulfil their story,
  Till the stars break off the music of their mirth,
What among the sons of men was this man's glory,
  What the vesture of his soul revealed on earth.

SWINBURNE : *The Statue of Victor Hugo*, 24, 25

O light of song, whose fire is perfect light !
    No speech, no voice, no thought,
    No love, avails us aught
For service of thanksgiving in his sight
    Who hath given us all for ever
    Such gifts that man gave never
So many and great since first Time's wings took flight.
    Man may not praise a spirit above
Man's : life and death shall praise him : we can only love.

Life, everlasting while the worlds endure,
  Death, self-abased before a power more high,
Shall bear one witness, and their word stand sure,
  That not till time be dead shall this man die.
Love, like a bird, comes loyal to his lure ;
  Fame flies before him, wingless else to fly.
A child's heart toward his kind is not more pure,
  An eagle's toward the sun no lordlier eye.
    Awe sweet as love and proud
    As fame, though hushed and bowed,
  Yearns toward him silent as his face goes by :

All crowns before his crown
Triumphantly bow down,
For pride that one more great than all draws nigh :
All souls applaud, all hearts acclaim,
One heart benign, one soul supreme, one conquering name.

SWINBURNE : *A New-Year Ode to Victor Hugo*, 24, 25

Poet of pity and scourge of sceptred crime—
Titan of light, with scarce the gods for peers—
What thoughts come to thee through the mist of years
There sitting calm, master of Fate and Time?
Homage from every tongue, from every clime
In place of gibes, fills now thy satiate ears :
Mine own heart swells, mine eyelids prick with tears
In very pride of thee, old man sublime !

And thou the mother, thou most beauteous France,
Round whose fair limbs what web of pain is spun !
I see thee lift thy tear-stained countenance—
Victress by many a victory he hath won ;
I hear thy voice o'er winds of Fate and Chance
Say to the conquered world : 'Behold my Son !'

*THEODORE WATTS : *At the Revival of 'Le Roi S'Amuse'*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

(1803-1849)

. . . small craft ride
At anchor, rot while Beddoes breasts the tide !

R. BROWNING : *The Two Poets of Croisic*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1883)

Whose voice will ring beyond the curfew of eve
And not be thrown out by the matin's bell : . .

E. B. BROWNING : *Aurora Leigh, Book VII.*

'. . . some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been
excelled : . .
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter, . .'

J. R. LOWELL : *A Fable for Critics*

. . . what absence feel I at my side,
Like Dante when he missed his laurelled guide,
What sense of diminution in the air
Once so inspiring, Emerson not there !

LOWELL : *An Epistle to George William Curtis*
Postscript, 1887

. . that gray-eyed seer
Who in pastoral Concord ways
With Plato and Hâfiz walked.

T. B. ALDRICH : *A Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips*

. . . in this book you'll find
Music from a prophet's mind.
Even when harsh the numbers be,
There's an inward melody ;
And when sound is one with sense,
'Tis a bird's song—sweet, intense.

R. W. GILDER : *To an English Friend, with Emerson's 'Poems'*

Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong ?
He seems a wingèd Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies ;
And which the nobler calling,—if 'tis fair
Terrestrial with celestial to compare,—
To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came,
Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre ?

If lost at times in vague aërial flights,
None treads with firmer footstep when he lights;
A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,
Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretence,
In every Bible he has faith to read,
And every altar helps to shape his creed.
Ask you what name this prisoned spirit bears
While with ourselves this fleeting breath it shares?
Till angels greet him with a sweeter one
In heaven, on earth we call him Emerson.

O. W. HOLMES: *At the Saturday Club*

His soul was one with Nature everywhere;
Her seer and prophet and interpreter,
He waited in her courts for love of her,
And told the secrets that he gathered there,—
What flight the wild birds dared; why flowers were fair;
The sense of that divine, tumultuous stir
When Spring awakes, and all sweet things confer,
And youth and hope and joy are in the air.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

(1803-1884)

. . . thou bring'st home to us the ancient strain,
And our small school with poetasters rife
Shudders at satire cutting like a knife,
Wonders at music diamonds dropp'd like rain. . .

Revive, O Poet, full of strength and truth!
Astonish rhymers of a weaker hour!
We hail the radiance of thy evening star.

MORTIMER COLLINS: *Sonnet*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882)

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
  Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
  Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds. . .

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
  And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
  And the next age in praise shall double this.

J. R. LOWELL: *To H. W. L., on his Birthday* (1867)

The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below!

LOWELL: *To George William Curtis, Postscript*, 1887

. . . he who, beside the Charles,
Untouched of envy or hate,
Tranced the world with his song.

T. B. ALDRICH: *Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips*

Of Cambridge's dear poet was our talk,
Who gave Evangeline with us to dwell,
  And wild, sweet Indian visions to our eyes,
With their strange beauty, which we love so well.

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet VI.*

Are there tears left to give thee at the last,
Poet of spirits crushed and hearts down-cast,
Loved of worn women who, when work is done,
Weep o'er thy page in twilights fading fast?

Oh, tender-toned and tender-hearted one,
We give thee to the season new begun ;
Lay thy white head within the arms of Spring—
Thy song had all her shower and her sun.

Nay, let us not such sorrowful tribute bring,
Now that thy lark-like soul hath taken wing :
A grateful memory fills and more endears
The silence when a bird hath ceased to sing.

H. C. Bunner : *Longfellow*

' Not to be tuneless in old age !'
Ah ! surely blest his pilgrimage,
Who, in his Winter's snow,
Still sings with note as sweet and clear
As in the morning of the year
When the first violets blow ! . .

Lie calm, O white and laureate head !
Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,
Since from the voiceless grave,
Thy voice shall speak to old and young
While song yet speaks an English tongue
By Charles' or Thamis' wave !

Austin Dobson : *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

. . . that lost friend serene
Who robed Hiawatha and Evangeline
In such benign simplicity of song !

Edgar Fawcett : *Longfellow in Westminster Abbey*

Here sits our Poet, Laureate, if you will.
Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it still.
Dead? Nay, not so ; and yet they say his bust
Looks down on marbles covering royal dust,
Kings by the Grace of God, or Nature's grace ;
Dead! No ! Alive ! I see him in his place,

Full-featured, with the bloom that heaven denies
Her children, pinched by cold New England skies,
Too often while the nursery's happier few
Win from a summer cloud its roseate hue.
Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.
  Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait
Amid the noisy clamour of debate
The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
In every tone I mark his tender grace
And all his poems hinted in his face;
What tranquil joy his friendly presence gives!
How could I think him dead? He lives! He lives!

O. W. Holmes: *At the Saturday Club*

On many a saddened hearth the evening fire
  Burns paler as the children's hour draws near,—
  That joyous hour his song made doubly dear,—
And tender memories touch the faltering choir.
He sings no more on earth; our vain desire
  Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear
  In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and clear,—
The sweet contralto that could never tire.
Deafened with listening to a harsher strain,
  The Mænad's scream, the stark barbarian's cry,
  Still for those soothing, loving tones we sigh;
Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!
The shadowy silence hears us call in vain!
  His lips are hushed; his song shall never die.

*O. W. Holmes: *Our Dead Singer*

For him the muse
Held up
Song's over-brimming cup.

F. D. Sherman: *The Garland*

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

(1808-1879)

But thou art silent underground,
  And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
  When Truth is found again.

TENNYSON : *Prefatory Poem to My Brother's Sonnets*

With wreaths of love we crown thy natal day,
  Though thou hast vanished from thy fellow-men,
  The sweet voice silenced, and the ready pen,
With all it might have painted, put away.
Never again to us will light-winged lay
  New beauties waft, caught by thy subtle ken,
  Nor to our longing ears ever again
New music from thy cunning harp will stray.
But still thy gentle presence seems to brood
  O'er the dim distance of the azure wold,
O'er summer cornfield, and o'er lonely wood :
  Still in thy books communion I can hold
With all that is most lovely, true, and good,
  And feel thy spirit stir me as of old.

*RICHARD WILTON : *In Memory of Charles Tennyson Turner, July 4, 1879—His Birthday*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807-1892)

O thou, whose daily life anticipates
  The life to come, and in whose thought and word
  The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury ! thou too hast heard
  Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
  And speakest only when thy soul is stirred !

LONGFELLOW : *The Three Silences of Molinos (To John Greenleaf Whittier)*

'There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing; . .
All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard
Who was true to the Voice when such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
When to look but a protest in silence was brave; . .'

J. R. LOWELL: *A Fable for Critics*

New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, her swift brooks
Dance in thy verse; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy steps allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
As maids their lovers', and no treason fears;
Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks
And many a name uncouth win gracious looks,
Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears: . .

LOWELL: *To Whittier, on his 75th Birthday*

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
  These thou wert sent to teach:
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
  Is turned to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than others hast thou striven;
  Thy victories remain;
The scars of ancient hate, long since forgiven,
  Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of Freedom and of Right,
  Thou had'st thy one reward:
Thy prayers were heard, and flashed upon thy sight
  The Coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,
  Slumbers the blade of Truth;

But Age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs
The eager hope of Youth!

BAYARD TAYLOR: *A Friend's Greeting*

The name of Whittier kindled in us praise,
Deep reverence for high life, and such fierce fire
Of Heaven as scorch'd black Egypt.

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet VII.*

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,—
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,—
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams,—
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired. . .

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

O. W. HOLMES: *In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier*

Through the dark night we caught thy thrilling song,
Singer and prophet of the higher way: . .

Through all thy life the foe of every wrong,
  Strong of heart to labour, high of soul to pray,
  Guide to recall when errant footsteps stray;
What blessed memories round thy dear name throng!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *To John Greenleaf Whittier, on his eightieth Birthday*

. . . from thee
Whittier, the younger singers,—whom thou seest
Each emulous to be thy staff this day,—
What learned they? righteous anger, burning scorn
Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
Sweet fealty to country and to home,
Peace, stainless purity, high thoughts of heaven,
And the clear, natural music of thy song.

E. C. STEDMAN: *Ad Vatem*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)

'Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,' . .

J. R. LOWELL: *A Fable for Critics*

  His was a music tender, strange, and wild;
The ghost of many a weird, wan melody
  Wailed from his lines; wan faces through them smiled;
The sense of horror there unceasingly
  Haunts us, to terror and to awe beguiled
By what we know not—what we feel, not see.

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet XLV.*

Behold! within this narrow grave
Is shut the mortal part of him.
Behold! he could not wholly dim
The gracious genius Heaven gave,—

For strains of music here and there,
Weird murmurings, vague, prophetic tones,
Are blown across the silent zones
Forever in the midnight air.

T. B. ALDRICH : *Poe*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

(1809-1861)

'Truly . . . dost thou share the blest power
Poetic, the fragrance as well as the flower ;
The gift of conveying impressions unseen,
And making the vaguest thoughts know what they mean.'

LEIGH HUNT : *The Feast of the Violets, Canto II.*

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire.—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart. . .
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be ; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile : . .

ROBERT BROWNING : *The Ring and the Book, I.*, 1391

Which of the Angels sang so well in Heaven
That the approving Archon of the quire
Cried, 'Come up hither !' and he, going higher,
Carried a note out of the choral seven ;
Whereat that cherub to whom choice is given
Among the singers that on earth aspire
Beckoned thee from us, and thou, and thy lyre

Sudden ascended out of sight? Yet even
In Heaven thou weepest! Well, true wife, to weep!
Thy voice doth so betray that sweet offence
That no new call should more exalt thee hence
But for thy harp. Ah lend it, and such grace
Shall still advance thy neighbour that thou keep
Thy seat, and at thy side a vacant place.

*Sydney Dobell: *On the Death of Mrs. Browning*

Strong-hearted lover of the sore-oppressed!
Thou sleepest now by Arno's wayward stream;
And in that sleep perchance thy life's fond dream
Of comfort for the suffering haunts thy rest;
Still wouldst thou grasp lone children to thy breast,
Still wouldst thou make earth's blessings richly teem
For those who want, nor judge things as they seem,
Nor choose the path of riches, for the best.
Through a sad life of duty nobly done
Rose the rich music of thy Poet-voice
For struggling childhood. Sleep serenely now,
The fight is o'er! the victory is won!
Through pain and tears, the saddest hearts rejoice
To weave the eternal laurel for thy brow!

*Earl of Rosslyn: *Mrs. E. Barrett Browning*

The white-rose garland at her feet,
  The crown of laurel at her head,
Her noble life on earth complete,
  Lay her in the last low bed
For the slumber calm and deep:
'He giveth His belovèd sleep.'

Soldiers find their fittest grave
  In the field whereon they died;
So her spirit pure and brave
  Leaves the clay it glorified
To the land for which she fought
With such grand impassioned thought.

Keats and Shelley sleep at Rome,
She in well-loved Tuscan earth;
Finding all their death's long home
Far from their old home of birth.
Italy, you hold in trust
Very sacred English dust.

JAMES THOMSON: *E. B. B.*, 1861

. . . this Miriam of our days,
Who, with clear clash of cymbals and with song
Triumphant, graced sweet words to ring as long
Through time as Shakespeare's, flings up prayer and prais
Unto God's footstool, . .

W. C. BENNETT: *Sonnet XLIII.*

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809-1883)

. . . your golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar; and your Omar drew
Full-handed plaudits from our best
In modern letters, . .

TENNYSON: *To E. Fitzgerald*

Omar-Fitzgerald . . .
Within whose text
There lies
A charm to win the wise.

F. D. SHERMAN: *The Garlana*

[On the planting (October 7, 1893) at the head of Fitzgerald's grave at Boulge two rose-trees, whose ancestors had 'strowed roses' over the grave of Omar Khayyàm: 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the North-wind may strow roses upon it' (*Omar Khayyàm to Khwájah Nizámi*).]

Hear us, ye winds!
From where the North-wind strows
Blossoms that crown the 'King of Wisdom's' tomb,
The trees here planted bring remembered bloom
Dreaming in seed of Love's ancestral rose
To meadows where a braver North-wind blows
O'er greener grass, o'er hedge-rose may and broom,
And all that make East England's field-perfume
Dearer than any fragrance Persia knows.

Hear us, ye winds, North, East, and West and South!
This granite covers him whose golden mouth
Made wiser ev'n the Word of Wisdom's King.
Blow softly o'er the grave of Omar's herald
Till roses rich of Omar's dust shall spring
From richer dust of Suffolk's rare Fitzgerald.

THEODORE WATTS: *Prayer to the Winds*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

Long have I known thee as thou art in song,
And long enjoy'd the perfume that exhales
From thy pure soul, and odour sweet entails
And permanence, on thoughts that float along
The stream of life, to join the passive throng
Of shades and echoes that are memory's being.
Hearing we hear not, and we see not seeing,
If passion, fancy, faith move not among
The never-present moments of reflection.
Long have I view'd thee in the crystal sphere
Of verse, that, like the beryl, makes appear
Visions of hope, begot of recollection.
Knowing thee now, a real earth-treading man,
Not less I love thee, and no more I can.

*HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *To Alfred Tennyson*

. . . a mighty man of song,
Whose deep-mouth'd music rolls thro' all the land,
Voices of many rivers, rich or strong,
Or sweet or grand.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR : *The Hero, the Poet, and the Girl*

Poet ! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song ; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW : *Wapentake. To Alfred Tennyson*

. . . Tennyson's enchanted reverie, . .

E. B. BROWNING : *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

Lovely and lucid are the Laureate's pearls : . .

MORTIMER COLLINS : *A Letter to the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.*

The colour'd sunset's waning glow,
The coy sparks trembling forth on high,
The summer moon, alifting slow
Amid the purple summer sky,
Melt through these dim and fragile bars
Our dream-enfolding Jasmin weaves ;
While scarce its own white scented stars
Divide their shadowy heav'n of leaves.

What dreams are in the dusk afloat?—
A ruin'd 'Dragon on the Heath,'
Mount Ida, Locksley, Camelot;
A Poet with a Jasmin wreath.

*W. ALLINGHAM: *Poets and Flowers*

Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?
His who, beside the wild encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities. . .

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

T. B. ALDRICH: *Tennyson*

Long may your green maturity maintain
Its universal season; and your voice,
A household sound, be heard about our hearths,
Now as a Christmas carol, now as the glee
Of vernal Maypole, now as harvest song.
And when, like light withdrawn from earth to heaven,
Your glorious gloaming fades into the sky,
We, looking upward, shall behold you there,
Shining amid the young unageing stars.

ALFRED AUSTIN: *A Poet's Eightieth Birthday*
(*August* 6, 1889)

. . . our sweet dreamer of all golden dreams:
As, thro' my thought, his name's bright radiance streams,
With it, what countless lustrous fancies come,
In whose bright presence well may men grow dumb
With love and worship . . .

Ah me! what shapes of heavenly beauty rise
With the dear utterance of his world-loved name!
What forms of majesty time lives to prize,
Splendours that earliest from his rare brain came,
And grandeurs later lent to our blest eyes,
With whose eternal life shall live his fame!

W. C. Bennett: *Sonnet XLVI.*
(*At Alfred Tennyson's*)

Calm were the ways his white steed trod,
Calm were the heavens and air;
Where'er he rode, singing of God,
The world grew very fair!

He drew aside from friends and foes
To hush his soul apart;
Clear on the air his song arose
Out of a faithful heart. . .

When all the beauteous gods were dead
Who lit the world at morn,
When god-like singers too had fled,
And left the race forlorn,

When all the white Immortal throng
Had left the sunless land,
How sweet it was to hear that song
Of God and Fairyland!

Robert Buchanan: *Alfred Tennyson*
(*October* 6, 1892)

So great his song, we deem a little while
That song itself with his deep voice hath fled;
So grand the toga-sweep of his great style,
So vast the theme on which his song was fed.

One sings a flower, and one a face, and one
Screens from the world a corner choice and small,
Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
Sings of the whole—yea! only he sang all. . .

Fame loved him well, because he loved not fame,
But peace and love, all other things before ;
He was a man ere yet he was a name,
His song was great, because his love was more.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE: *Westminster, October* 12, 1892

Then cried the King, and smote the oak,
'Love, Truth, and Beauty, one, but three,
This is the Artist's Trinity!'
And lo, 'twas Tennyson who spoke.
For this shall be through endless time
The burden of the golden rhyme
Of Tennyson, our Laureate.
W. C. MONKHOUSE: *Recollections of Alfred Tennyson ; A Day Dream* (1869)

Why should we mourn, save for our private pain
And friendship which shall never come again?
Our race can never lose thee, whose fair page,
Rich with the harvest of a soul inspired,
So many a weakling life and heart has fired ;
Thou art not wholly gone, but livest yet
Till all our England's sons their tongue forget.

Thy place is with the Immortals. Who shall gauge
Thy rank among thy peers of world-wide song?
Others, it may be, touched a note more strong,
Scaled loftier heights, or glowed with fiercer rage ;
But who like thee could slay our modern Doubt?
Or soothe the sufferers with a tenderer heart?
Or dress gray legends with such perfect grace?
Or nerve life's world-worn pilgrims for their part?
Who, since our English tongue first grew, has stirred
More souls to noble effort by his word?
More reverent who of Man, of God, of Truth?
More piteous of the sore-tried strength of Youth?
Thy chaste, white Muse, loathing the Pagan rout,
Would drive with stripes the goatish Satyr out.

Thy love of Righteousness preserved thee pure.
Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure,
And all thy jewelled Art and native Grace
Were consecrate to God and to the Race.

LEWIS MORRIS: *October* 6, 1892

Not England's pride alone, this Lord of Song!
We—heirs to Shakspere's and to Milton's speech—
Claim heritage from Tennyson's proud years:
To us his spacious, splendid lines belong—
We, too, repeat his praises, each to each—
We share his glory, and we share your tears.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *From Over Sea* (*October*, 1892)

Now, where the imperial speech from land to land
Broadens, the death-shock thrills; the lord of song
Supreme, thought set to music, sweet, yet strong,
Is with the immortal band

Who hail'd as brother the rapt Florentine,
And those of kindred blood, whom later days
Have crown'd for us with Phœbus' greenest bays,
Last of the lordly line,

Alfred to Alfred!—Who, with weaker hand,
Unworthy, should recount thy varied page,
Thy sweep o'er all the chords from youth to age,
Each Mode at thy command,

Sweet Lydian strain, chasten'd by Doric strength,
Art lucid, sane, that check'd the o'er-fervent soul,
Holding in leash all passion, till the goal
Was triumph-touch'd at length,

Our happier Vergil! whose long grasp of years
Gave thee thine Epic to full close to sing—
Then bade us look to Christ, and for thee bring
A farewell without tears:—

F. T. PALGRAVE: *In Pace* (1892)

. . . Tennyson, whose song,
Still clear and strong,
Soars high,
Nearing each day the sky.

F. D. SHERMAN: *The Garland*

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life began,
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the race they ran,
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years whose changes acclaimed the man.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed us men,
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon England then—
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a songless glen. . .

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a darkening way:
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front of May:
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail to-day.

A. C. SWINBURNE: *A Birthday Ode.*
(*August* 6, 1891)

Far above us and all our love, beyond all reach of its voiceless praise,
Shines for ever the name that never shall feel the shade of the changeful days
Fall and chill the delight that still sees winter's light on it shine like May's. . .

Strong as truth and superb in youth eternal, fair as the sun-dawn's flame
Seen when May on her first-born day bids earth exult in her radiant name,

Lives, clothed round with its praise and crowned with love that
dies not, his love-lit fame. . .

Fairer far than the morning star, and sweeter far than the songs
that rang
Loud through heaven from the choral Seven when all the stars
of the morning sang,
Shines the song that we loved so long—since first such love in
us flamed and sprang.

SWINBURNE: *Threnody*

None sang of Love more nobly; few as well;
Of Friendship none with pathos so profound;
Of Duty sternliest-proved when myrtle-crowned;
Of English grove and rivulet, mead and dell:
Great Arthur's Legend he alone dared tell;
Milton and Dryden feared to tread that ground
For him alone o'er Camelot's faery bound
The 'horns of Elfland' blew their magic spell.
Since Shakespeare and since Wordsworth none hath sung
So well his England's greatness; none hath given
Reproof more fearless or advice more sage:
None inlier taught how near to earth is Heaven;
With what vast concords Nature's harp is strung;
How base false pride;—faction's fanatic rage.

*AUBREY DE VERE: *The Poet*

Thy song can girdle hill and mead
With choirs, more pure, more fair,
Their locks with wild flower dressed and weed,
Than ever Hellas bare:
Theocritus, we cry, once more
Treads his beloved Trinacrian shore!

AUBREY DE VERE: *Ode* (*The Golden Mean*)

Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead. . .

He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole ;
Yea, and for ever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain. .

The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped :
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said ;—
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail !
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

WILLIAM WATSON : *Lachrymæ Musarum*
(*October 6th*, 1892)

Beyond the peaks of Káf a rivulet springs
  Whose magic waters to a flood expand,
  Distilling, for all drinkers on each hand,
The immortal sweets enveiled in mortal things.
From honeyed flowers—from balm of zephyr-wings,—
  From fiery blood of gems, through all the land,
  The river draws ;—then, in one rainbow-band,
Ten leagues of nectar o'er the ocean flings.

Rich in the riches of a poet's years,
  Stained in all hues of Man and destiny,
So, Tennyson, thy widening river nears
  The misty main, and, taking now the sea,

Makes rich and warm with human smiles and tears
  The ashen billows of Eternity.

*THEODORE WATTS: *The Seventy-first Birthday*

If Nature loves thee, so doth conquering Time;
  The lyre that sixty years ago was strung
  To beauty, when thy song of morn was sung,
Time touched with thee till beauty grew sublime.
The voice which ravished, in that morning rhyme,
  A day now dead, as with a siren's tongue,
  Grown now to godlike—neither old nor young—
Rings through the world in an immortal prime.

Shall I, then, fear these fourscore years and two
  That crown thy brow with eld's prerogative—
  Wise thoughts and love and all that age can give?
Why should I fear, since nothing dares subdue
  The song that helped our fathers' souls to live
And bids the waning century bloom anew?

*THEODORE WATTS: *The Eighty-second Birthday*

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

(1811-1833)

A life that all the Muses deck'd
  With gifts of grace, that might express
  All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect: . .

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, lxxxv.

. . . the lost light of those dawn-golden times, . .

TENNYSON: *To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield*

And thou hadst won in the first strife of youth
Trophies that gladdened hope, and pointed on
To days when we should stand and minister
To the full triumphs of thy gathered strength.

HENRY ALFORD: *The School of the Heart, Lesson V.*

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

(1811-1872)

To him of all gods that we love or fear
Thou among all men by thy name wast dear,
  Dear to the god that gives us spirit of song
To bind and burn all hearts of men that hear.

The god that makes men's words too sweet and strong
For life or time or death to do them wrong,
  Who sealed with his thy spirit for a sign
And filled it with his breath thy whole life long.

Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine
Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign vine,
  And with all love of all things loveliest
Gave thy soul power to make them more divine. . .

Who gave thee strength and heat of spirit to pierce
All clouds of form and colour that disperse,
  And leave the spirit of beauty to remould
In types of clean chryselephantine verse.

Who gave thee words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old,
  And build thy songs up in the sight of time
As statues set in godhead manifold : . .

SWINBURNE : *On the Death of Théophile Gautier*

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer ; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech ! and brief for thee,
Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue

So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine highths thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

*Landor: *To Robert Browning*

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes
God set between His After and Before,
And strike up and strike off the general roar
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats
In a serene air purely. Antidotes
Of medicated music, answering for
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour
From thence into their ears.

E. B. Browning: *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, xvii.

. . . from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

E. B. Browning: *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

Browning's mighty line
Shows him the twin-peak'd mountain's denizen: . .

Mortimer Collins: *Letter to Frederick Locker*

Weird thinker-out of thoughts beyond the ken
Of common mortals, rugged though sublime;
Probing the inmost depths of farthest time,
Audacious—wielding thy inscrutable pen
Like flashing falchion, dazzling thoughtless men
By thy thoughts' force, compressed in strange-wrought rhyme.
Few feet can follow where thou lov'st to climb,
To eagle's eyrie or to lion's den!
Oh! Master (not unaided in thy song
By her who sleepeth now near Arno's wave,
Worthy to help thee, or with thee to write),

Deign to instruct us weaker ones, who long
To rest their wavering thoughts—not wholly brave—
Where through the obscure there shines more perfect light!

*EARL OF ROSSLYN: *To Robert Browning*

Within a narrow transept led,
Lo! she unwraps her face to pall her dead.

'Tis England who has travelled far,
England who brings
Fresh splendour to her galaxy of Kings.
We kiss her feet, her hands,
Where eloquent she stands;
Nor dare to lead
A wailful choir about the poet dumb
Who is become
Part of the glory that her sons would bleed
To save from scar;
Yea, hers in very deed
As Runnymede
Or Trafalgar.

MICHAEL FIELD: *The Burial of Robert Browning*

Gone from our eyes, a loss for evermore,
Gone to pursue within an ampler sphere
The aims that wing'd thy soaring spirit here!
Gone where she waits thee, who when living bore
A heart, like thine, vein'd with love's purest ore!
Gone to behold with eyes serene and clear
The world, that to thy life was ever near
In gleams, now perfect dawn, of heavenly lore!
Gone from our eyes that noble gracious head,
The quick keen glance, the welcoming frank smile,
Hush'd, too, the voice with its strong manly ring,
But not the strains in which our souls are fed
With thoughts that life of half its pain beguile,
And hopes of what the great Beyond shall bring!

*SIR THEODORE MARTIN: *Robert Browning* (1889)

The works of words whose life seems lightning wrought,
And moulded of unconquerable thought,
  And quickened with imperishable flame,
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured that nought
  May fade of all their myriad-moulded fame,
  Nor England's memory clasp not Browning's name . .

Among the wondrous ways of men and time
  He went as one that ever found and sought
  And bore in hand the lamp like spirit of thought
To illume with instance of its fire sublime
The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime.
  No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,
  No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, nought
That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in crime,
No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,
No love more lovely than the snows are white,
  No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,
No song-bird singing from some live soul's height,
  But he might hear, interpret, or illume
  With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

SWINBURNE : *A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Robert Browning*, i., v.

Gone from us ! that strong singer of late days—
Sweet singer should be strong—who, tarrying here,
Chose still rough music for his themes austere,
Hard-headed, aye but tender-hearted lays,
Carefully careless, garden half, half maze :
His thoughts he sang, deep thoughts to thinkers dear,
Now flashing under gleam of smile or tear,
Now veiled in language like a breezy haze
Chance-pierced by sunbeams from the lake it covers.
He sang man's ways—not heights of sage or saint ;
Not highways broad, not haunts endeared to lovers :
He sang life's byways, sang its angles quaint,
Its Runic lore inscribed on stave or stone ;
Song's 'short-hand' strain : its key oft his alone.

*AUBREY DE VERE : *Robert Browning*, i.

His feast of life was rich—this life of ours ;
All human things 'neath yonder azure cope
For him were deep in meaning, wide in hope,
Nor these alone : above our lakes and bowers
Mad dance he saw of Genii scattering flowers :
His fancy kept a key strange gates to ope ;
Became at will that quaint kaleidoscope
Which turns all shapes to patterns, then devours
The last to fashion new. His grasp was large :
He knew that, with the suffering heart of man
Compared all matter-worlds are scant of span :
His song had shafts that pierced a spirit-targe :
Its flight outsoared the agnostic poet-clan,
Faithful to humblest song's implicit charge.

*Aubrey De Vere : *Robert Browning*, iv.

EMILY BRONTË

(1818-1848)

. . . she
(How shall I sing her ?) whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died,
That world-famed son of fire—she, who sank
Baffled, unknown, self-consumed ;
Whose too bold dying song
Stirr'd, like a clarion-blast, my soul.

Matthew Arnold : *Haworth Churchyard*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

(1819-1861)

. . . He . . . . .
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,

The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing feet;
Young head time-tonsured smoother than a friar's,
Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best.

J. R. LOWELL: *Agassiz*, iii., v.

Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,
Thou hearest the immortal chants of old! . .

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Thyrsis*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819-1891)

Lowell: the labours of your noble life,
Your state-craft, and your high poetic skill
Were aye a force that made for union, till
The peace now reigning hushed the ancient strife
Between the mighty land that gave you life,
And that whose kinship distance could not kill.
I think your death has drawn us nearer still!
Now with your praise our island home is rife,

While rings your continent with equal praise ;
And here, as there, we sadly quote your lays.

J. K. STEPHEN : *J. R. Lowell*
(*August* 13, 1891

O autumn wind among the sombre pines,
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet and low,
With deep refrains and murmurs of the sea,
Like to his verse—the art is yours alone.
His once—you taught him. Now no voice but yours !
Tender and low, O wind among the pines.
I would, were mine a lyre of richer strings,
In soft Sicilian accents wrap his name.

T. B. ALDRICH : *Elmwood. In Memory of James Russell Lowell*

. . . strong Lowell, whom two worlds so prize.

W. C. BENNETT : *Sonnet* vi.

How Nature mourns thee in the still retreat
Where passed in peace thy love-enchanted hours !
Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet
Spring's earliest footprints on her opening flowers ?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret
For him who read the secrets they enfold ?
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget
The verse that lent new glory to their gold ? . .

This singer whom we long have held so dear
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong, and fair ;
Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair, . .

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade !
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine ;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,
And grateful Memory guard thy leafy shrine !

O. W. HOLMES : *James Russell Lowell*

Nature to thee the poet's power bestowed,
  A genial humour, and a trenchant wit,
That now like mild heat-lightning gleamed and glowed,
  Now with a sudden flash life's centre hit.

All the great gifts that lavish Nature gave
  By study, culture, art, were trained and formed.
As scholar, critic, poet—gay or grave—
  The world to thee with heart responsive warmed.

Thy loss, not I alone, a nation mourns,
  The double nation of our English speech,
Where'er the illuming light of letters burns,
  Where'er brave words and noble thoughts can reach.

Grateful I listen to the generous strain
  Of praise and grief, that through the whole world rings,—
But ah! what hand like thine will wake again
  The glad old music on my broken strings?

W. W. STORY: *To James Russell Lowell*

WALT WHITMAN

(1819-1892)

Friend Whitman! wert thou less serene and kind,
  Surely thou mightest (like our Bard sublime,
Scorn'd by a generation deaf and blind),
  Make thine appeal to the avenger, Time;
  For thou art none of those who upward climb,
Gathering roses with a vacant mind,
Ne'er have thy hands for jaded triflers twined
  Sick flowers of rhetoric and weeds of rhyme.
Nay, thine hath been a Prophet's stormier fate.
While Lincoln and the martyr'd legions wait
  In the yet widening blue of yonder sky,
On the great strand below them thou art seen,—
Blessing, with something Christ-like in thy mien,
  A sea of turbulent lives that break and die!

*ROBERT BUCHANAN: *Walt Whitman* (1876)

Good-bye, Walt !
Good-bye from all you loved on earth—
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman—
To you their comrade human.
The last assault
Ends now ; and now in some great world has birth
A minstrel whose strong soul finds broader wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hill-tops where your dust shall lie,
Even as we say good-bye,
Good-bye, old Walt !

E. C. STEDMAN : (*Read at Whitman's Burial*)

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822-1888)

We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

J. C. SHAIRP : *Baliol Scholars* (1840-1843)

And we in these cold April bowers,
Since Laleham's sod enwrapp'd his hands and feet,
Are poorer by a stately presence sweet—
And miss thro' all the wealth of flow'rs
The phrase that made them doubly ours,
Poet of fields, of moons, of Marguerite.

Poet, in our poor flurried time,
Of fine completeness and of lucid ease ;
Fair Master of old songs' superbest keys,
Magician of the fetterless chime,
Free from the fatal sweets of rhyme,
In Sophoclëan form and cadences,—

Poet of exquisite regret ;
Of lines that aye on Time's confusèd height
Out of the storm shall stand in stars of white ;
Of thoughts in deepening distance set
Perfect in pictured epithet
Touch'd with a pencil-tip of deathless light,—

Poet of high untrodden snows,
Of ocean's indefatigable roll,
And of the everlasting human soul
Hush'd in immutable repose,
On whose white calm no gold or rose
Colours with change the pale immortal whole,—

If we miss sore in songs of thine
One Name (which missing, so much more is miss'd),
Breath more austerely pure hath never kiss'd
Our fever'd brows than blows divine
Over thy lofty starlit line,—
All virgin pages somewhere whisper—Christ!

BISHOP ALEXANDER: *Matthew Arnold*

Thou, that didst bear my Name, and deck it so
That—coming thus behind—hardly I know
If I shall hold it worthily, and be
Meet to be mentioned in one Age with thee—
Take, Brother! to the Land where no strifes are,
This praise thou wilt not need! Before the Star
Is kindled for thee let my funeral torch
Light thee, great Namesake! to th' Elysian Porch!
Dead Poet! let a poet of thy House
Lay, unreproved, these bay-leaves on thy brows!
We, that seemed only friends, were lovers: Now
Death knows it! and Love knows! and I! and Thou!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *To Matthew Arnold,*
(*April* 15, 1888)

Within that wood where thine own scholar strays,
O! Poet, thou art passed, and at its bound
Hollow and sere we cry, yet win no sound
But the dark muttering of the forest maze
We may not tread, nor pierce with any gaze;
And hardly love dare whisper thou hast found
That restful moonlit slope of pastoral ground
Set in dark dingles of the songful ways.

Gone ! they have called our shepherd from the hill,
  Passed is the sunny sadness of his song,
    That song which sang of sight and yet was brave
  To lay the ghosts of seeing, subtly strong
    To wean from tears and from the troughs to save ;
And who shall teach us now that he is still !

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE : *Matthew Arnold* (*died April* 15, 1888)

Past in a moment ; passed away,
The finest spirit of the day ;
Past in the full meridian sense
Of masterful intelligence :
The thought that struck—the wit that played
With measured aim—with tempered blade—
The hand that with new laurels hung
The temple of the Mother-Tongue,
The soul that nursed the inner fire
Which radiates from Apollo's lyre,
And crowns his favourites, now as then,
Among the foremost sons of men ; . .
. . . far beyond, and far behind,
Shall live his legacy of Mind,
A throbbing pulse of English thought,
Quick with the lessons that he taught.
Thrice happy he, whose buoyant youth
In light of Beauty sought for Truth,
Showed stars that guide to eyes that shine,
High-priest of Beauty's inmost shrine,
And—wheresoe'er new worships tend—
Ensued his goddess to the end !

HERMAN MERIVALE : *Matthew Arnold* (*April*, 1888)

And nigh to where his bones abide,
The Thames with its unruffled tide
Seems like his genius typified,—
  Its strength, its grace,
Its lucid gleam, its sober pride,
  Its tranquil pace.

But ah ! not his the eventual fate
Which doth the journeying wave await—
Doomed to resign its limpid state
  And quickly grow
Turbid as passion, dark as hate,
  And wide as woe.

Rather, it may be, over-much
He shunned the common stain and smutch,
From soilure of ignoble touch
  Too grandly free,
Too loftily secure in such
  Cold purity.

But he preserved from chance control
The fortress of his 'stablisht soul ;
In all things sought to see the Whole ;
  Brooked no disguise ;
And set his heart upon the goal,
  Not on the prize.

With those Elect he shall survive
Who seem not to compete or strive,
Yet with the foremost still arrive,
  Prevailing still :
Spirits with whom the stars connive
  To work their will.

WILLIAM WATSON : *In Laleham Churchyard,* (*August* 18, 1890)

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE

(1823-1891)

Prince-jeweller, whose facet-rhymes combine
All hues that glow, all rays that shift and shine,
  Farewell ! thy song is sung, thy splendour fled !
No bards to Aganippe's wave incline ;
  The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

E. W. GOSSE : *Ballade for the Funeral of the Last of the Joyous Poets*

Sorrow soft as sleep and laughter bright as wine,
  Flushed and filled with fragrant fire his lyric line.
As the sea-shell utters, like a stricken chord,
Music uttering all the sea's within it stored,
  Poet well-beloved, whose praise our sorrow saith,
So thy songs retain thy soul, and so record
  Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

SWINBURNE: *The Ballad of Melicertes, In Memory of Théodore De Banville*

SYDNEY DOBELL

(1824-1874)

And thou too gone! One more bright soul away
  To swell the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod.
One less to honour and to love, and say,
  Who lives with thee doth live half-way to God.
My chaste-souled Sydney! Thou wert carved too fine
  For coarse observance of the general eye:
But who might look into thy soul's fair shrine
  Saw bright gods there, and felt their presence nigh.

J. S. BLACKIE: *Sydney Dobell (on hearing of his death)*

. . . one unseen of me
And loved—the starry spirit of Dobell,
  To mine by light and music only known.

SWINBURNE: *To John Nichol*

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

(1825-1864)

In Roman households, when their dear ones died,
  Thrice by his name the living called the dead;
And, silence only answering as they cried,
  Ilicet—'go thou then!'—the mourners said.

Ilicet! let her part! the Poet's child,
  Herself a mistress of the lyric song:
Ilicet!—to a world so sad and wild
  To wish her back were far less love than wrong. . .

Ilicet! let her go! though it were brave,—
  In the hot vintage, where the strongest fail
Weeding God's grapes from thistles—still to have
  Her silver hymns o'er weariness prevail!

To hear her gentle, certain spirit of ruth
  Share its great sureties with less happy brothers,
And—from eyes bright with Heav'n's light—teach the truth
  Of '*little children pleading for their mothers.*'

Ilicet! Otherwhere they need those strains,
  Sounding so true for men—albeit low;
A throne was vácant (though its steps were pains),
  For a soul, tried, pure, perfect—let her go!

Sir Edwin Arnold: *Adelaide Anne Procter. 'Ilicet'*

She stooped o'er earth's poor brink, light as a breeze
That bathes, enraptured, in clear morning seas,
And round her, like that wandering Minstrel, sent
Twofold delight—music with freshness blent:
Ere long in night her snowy wings she furled,
Waiting the sunrise of a happier world,
And God's New Song. O Spirit crystalline,
What lips shall better waft it on than thine?

*Aubrey de Vere: *A Christian Poetess* (*Adelaide Procter*)

BAYARD TAYLOR

(1825-1878)

Poet! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone
In Deukalion's life, thy own;

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

LONGFELLOW: *Bayard Taylor* (*Written December* 28, 1878)

. . . songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.

WHITTIER: *Bayard Taylor*, ii.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(1828-1882)

The warm light and odour effluent
Of your own rhymes, our latest, loveliest dower.

E. W. GOSSE: '*D. G. R.*,' 1871

Far from us now thou art; and never again
Thy magic voice shall thrill me, as one thrills
When noblest music storms his heart and brain.
The sea remembers thee,—the woods, the hills,
Sunlight and moonlight, and the hurrying rills,—
And Love saith, 'Surely this man leads my train!'

PHILIP B. MARSTON: *In Memory of D. G. Rossetti*

Yea, thou art dead, nor hast thou any care
That the first hawthorn swells in bud to-night,
Nor yet for our despair;
Nor for the songs that once were thy delight,
Whose singing wings shall never cease to beat
In music strange and sweet,
And make a southern April in our air.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON: *In Memoriam. Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

I told thee of an island, far and lone,
  Whose shores are as a harp, where billows break
  In spray of music and the breezes shake
O'er spicy seas a woof of colour and tone,
While that sweet music echoes like a moan
  In the island's heart, and sighs around the lake,
  Where, watching fearfully a watchful snake,
A damsel weeps upon her emerald throne.

Life's ocean, breaking round thy senses' shore,
  Struck golden song, as from the strand of day:
  For us the joy, for thee the fell foe lay—
Pain's blinking snake around the fair isle's core,
  Turning to sighs the enchanted sounds that play
Around thy lovely island evermore.

*THEODORE WATTS: *Rossetti*

Spirit of Beauty tarry yet a-while! . .

For One at least there is,—He bears his name
  From Dante and the seraph Gabriel,—
Whose double laurels burn with deathless flame
  To light thine altar; . .

OSCAR WILDE: *The Garden of Eros*

JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD

(1830-1888)

The fire that burns up dawn to bring forth noon
  Was father of thy spirit: how shouldst thou
Die as they die for whom the sun and moon
  Are silent? Thee the darkness holds not now:

Them, while they looked upon the light, and deemed
  That life was theirs for living in the sun,
The darkness held in bondage: and they dreamed,
  Who knew not that such life as theirs was none.

To thee the sun spake, and the morning sang
  Notes deep and clear as life or heaven: the sea

That sounds for them but wild waste music rang
  Notes that were lost not when they rang for thee.

SWINBURNE: *In Memory of John William Inchbold*

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

(1831-1884)

Oh, when the grey courts of Christ's College glowed
With all the rapture of thy frequent lay,
When printers' devils chuckled as they strode,
And blithe compositors grew loudly gay:
Did Granta realise that here abode,
Here in the home of Milton, Wordsworth, Gray,
A poet not unfit to cope with any
That ever wore the bays or turned a penny?

The wit of smooth delicious Matthew Prior,
The rhythmic grace which Hookham Frere displayed,
The summer lightning wreathing Byron's lyre,
The neat inevitable turns of Praed,
Rhymes to which Hudibras could scarce aspire,
Such metric pranks as Gilbert oft has played,
All these good gifts and others far sublimer
Are found in thee, beloved Cambridge rhymer.

J. K. STEPHEN: *To C. S. C.*

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON

(1831-1891)

O you, a poet, glorious, heaven-born,
  One who is not a poet but a son
Of the earth earthy, sick and travel-worn
  And weary with a race already run,
A battle lost ere yet his day is done,
  Comes with this tribute, shattered banners torn
From a defeat. You reign in Macedon,
  My Alexander, as at earlier morn
You reigned upon Parnassus, hero, king.
  I reign no more, not even in those hearts

For which these songs were made, and if I sing
'Tis with a harsh and melancholy note
At which my own heart like an echo starts.
Yet sometimes I can deem you listening,
And then all else is instantly forgot.

*W. S. BLUNT: *Dedication to One in a High Position*

DAVID GRAY

(1838-1861)

Tho' the world could turn from you,
This, at least, I learn from you:
Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be sought,
The singer, upward-springing,
Is grander than his singing,
And tranquil self-sufficing joy illumes the dark of thought.
This, at least, you teach me,
In a revelation:
That gods still snatch, as worthy death, the soul in its aspiration. . .

Noble thought produces
Noble ends and uses,
Noble hopes are part of Hope wherever she may be,
Noble thought enhances
Life and all its chances,
And noble self is noble song,—all this I learn from thee!
And I learn, moreover,
'Mid the city's strife too,
That such faint song as sweetens Death can sweeten the singer's life too!

Lo, my Book!—I hold it
In weary hands, and fold it
Unto my heart, if only as a token I aspire;
And, by song's assistance,
Unto your dim distance,
My soul uplifted is on wings, and beckon'd higher, nigher.

By the sweeter wisdom
You return unspeaking,
Though endless, hopeless, be the search, we exalt our souls in seeking.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *To David in Heaven, xiv., xvii., xviii.*

O Brook! he smiled, a happy child,
Upon thy banks, and loved thy crying,
And, as time flew, thy murmur grew
A trouble purifying;

Till, last, thy laurel leaf he took,
Dream-eyed and tearful, like a woman,
And turned thy haunting cry, O Brook!
To speech divine and human.

O Brook! in song full sweet and strong,
He sang of thee he loved so dearly;
Then softly creep around his sleep,
And murmur to him cheerly; . .

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *To the Luggie*

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

(1844-1881)

First come of us, to leave the first thou wert,—
To fall from out the ranks of us who sang.
How clear along the ranks thy full note rang
With individual sweetness, lyric art;
Thou who hadst felt John's spiritual stress,
What time he tarried in the wilderness.

May not thy soul in song embodied be,
As patriots dead, who once strove here with wrong,
Bequeath their souls to make new patriots strong?
May not all spirits in their own degree
Be unseen sources, feeding evermore
The causes which on earth they laboured for?

Thy day of death was Landor's day of birth ;
  And, while all hearts that revel in his might,
  Rejoicing in that soul's immaculate light
Which was so long as sunlight on our earth,
Give thanks, I will keep mute upon this day
On which thy singing spirit passed away. . .

Thou wert so full of song and strength and life,
  Hadst such keen pleasure in small things and great,
  It hardly can seem real to know thy state
Is with the ancient dead, where jars no strife,
Where very surely I shall come some day,
Hands torn, and feet left bleeding from the way.

Take thou this song, as yet another wreath
  To those we dropped into thy resting-place,
  Each bending low, with eager, hungering gaze,
Knowing it was thy dust that lay beneath ;
Knowing thy fair, fleet, singing life was done,
Thy light extinguished, and thy bay-wreath won.

PHILIP B. MARSTON : *In Memory of Arthur O'Shaughnessy*

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

(1850-1887)

Sweet Poet, thou of whom these years that roll
  Must one day yet the burdened birthright learn,
  And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul ;—
Gifted apart, thou goest to the great goal,
  A cloud-bound radiant spirit, strong to earn,
  Light-reft, that prize for which fond myriads yearn
Vainly light-blest,—the Seër's aureole.

D. G. ROSSETTI : *To Philip Bourke Marston*

Have ye no singers in your courts of gold,
  Ye gods, that ye must take his voice away
  From us poor dwellers in these realms of clay ? . .

Most like (for gods were seldom pitiful)
  The chastened vision of his darkened eyes
  Had too clear gaze of your deep mysteries,
  And death the seal of that dread knowledge is.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE: *Philip Bourke Marston*

He, who those secrets whispered—he is dead—
  No more the rose and lily shall confide
  To him how faithless was the wind that sighed
His fleeting love; rifled their bloom and fled;
The 'Garden Fairies,' by Titania led,
  Ring no more chimes of rapture since he died;
  And from unseen 'Wind Gardens,' where abide
The souls of blossoms, no sweet breath is shed.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *To the Author of 'Garden Secrets'*

Thy song may soothe full many a soul hereafter
  As tears, if tears will come, dissolve despair;
As here but late, with smile more bright than laughter,
  Thy sweet strange yearning eyes would seem to bear
  Witness that joy might cleave the clouds of care.

SWINBURNE: *Light: An Epicede. To P. B. M.*

AMY LEVY

(1866-1889)

This is her Book of Verses—wren-like notes,
  Shy franknesses, blind gropings, haunting fears:
At times across the chords abruptly floats
    A mist of passionate tears.

A fragile lyre too tensely keyed and strung,
  A broken music, weirdly incomplete:
Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
    Lies coiled in dark defeat.

T. B. ALDRICH: *Broken Music*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809)

'There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit ;
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit ; . .
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'.'

J. R. LOWELL : *A Fable for Critics*

Master alike in speech and song
Of fame's great antiseptic—Style,
You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

LOWELL : *To Holmes on his Seventy-fifth Birthday*

His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,
Its hopes and fears, its final call
And rest beneath the violets.

WHITTIER : *Our Autocrat*

As Age by Age, thro' fell Enchantment bound,
The Heroe of some antient Myth is found,
Wild Rocks about him, at the fierce Sea's Brim,
And all his World an Old-Wives' Tale but him,
His Garments, cast upon th' inclement Shoar,
Such as long since his Grandsires' Grandsires wore,
While all his Gestures and his Speech proclaim
Him great Revealer of forgotten Fame,—

Such, oh! Musician, dost thou seem to be
To us who con th' Augustan Age by thee,
Who hearken to thy Verse, to learn thro' it
How Dryden to illustrious Ormond writ,
Or in thy fil'd and polisht Numbers hope
To catch the Secret of the Art of Pope;
Ah! subtil Skill! Ah! Bard of dying Fires,
Let us but lose thee, and a Race expires;
As long as thou dost keep this Treasure thine
Great Anna's Galaxy has Leave to shine.

E. W. GOSSE: *An Epistle to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his Seventy-fifth Birthday* (*August* 29, 1884)

Whose swift wit like his, with which none dares to vie,
Whose carol so instant, so joyous and true?
Sound it cheerly, dear Holmes, for the sun is still high,
And we're glad, as he halts, to be out-sung by you.

E. C. STEDMAN: *Le Jour du Rossignol*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

(1816)

Philip! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it; but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherein I did but idle at odd hours.

LANDOR: *To the Author of Festus*

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

(1819)

Welcome! who last hast climb'd the cloven hill
Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
Show us the way; we miss it, young and old.
Roses that can not clasp their languid leaves,

Puffy and odourless and overblown,
Encumber all our walks of poetry ;
The satin slipper and the mirror boot
Delight in pressing them : but who hath trackt
A Grace's naked foot amid them all ?
Or who hath seen (ah ! how few care to see !)
The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct ?
Thou hast ; and she hath placed her palm in thine.
Walk ye together in our fields and groves :
We have gay birds and graver, we have none
Of varied note, none to whose harmony
Time long will listen, none who sings alone.
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere ! . .
Come, re-ascend with me the steeps of Greece,
With firmer foot than mine. None stop the road,
And few will follow : we shall breathe apart
That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.
Lead thou the way ; I knew it once ; my sight
May miss old marks ; lend me thy hand ; press on ;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

LANDOR : *To Aubrey de Vere*

. . . no lesser light
Than what was lit in Sydney's spirit clear
Or given to saintly Herbert's to diffuse
Now lives in thine, De Vere.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR : *Lago Lugano*

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

(1821)

. . . singer clear and true. . .

AUSTIN DOBSON : *Dedication to Frederick Locker*

None strikes a clearer, more melodious harp
Than thou.
Thine is the spell that charms alike the sage,

Craving repose for wearied brain and eye,
And the fair child ling'ring her play-hour by
Thy page.

No vulgar lures, no tinsel arts are thine
To gild the common coarseness of the herd—
Still be thyself, unblamed in thought or word,
And shine.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL: *To Frederick Locker*

HENRIK IBSEN

(1828)

For you the slow revenge of time
Will bring the meed your works have won,
When common speech from clime to clime
Shall link the nations into one;
The vast Republic of the arts
Will crown your deathless fame with bays,
When our poor tongues and beating hearts
Are dust on trodden ways.

For me what is there? Just to sit
Beneath my red azalea-tree,
Half in the sun, and flecked with it,
And with flower-shadows, silently;
To read the strong sonorous verse,
And think, my poet, now and then,
How, though the times wax worse and worse,
You walk the world of men.

Till this consoles me, for I know
That though the nations, old and weak,
Tremble with change, and shivering so,
With gathered voices shake and shriek,
You tremble not, but brave and strong,
Pour forth as from a trumpet's mouth,
The great anathemas of song
Sent northward from the south.

E. W. GOSSE: *To Henrik Ibsen in Dresden* (1872)

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

(1830)

All hearts bore fruit of joy to hear,
  All eyes felt mist upon them steal
For joy's sake, trembling toward a tear,
  When, loud as marriage-bells that peal,
  Or flutelike soft, or keen like steel,
Sprang the sheer music ; sharp or grave,
We heard the drift of winds that drave,
  And saw, swept round by ghosts in throng,
Dark rocks, that yielded, where they clave,
  Sweet water from the well of song.

Blithe verse made all the dim sense clear
  That smiles of babbling babes conceal :
Prayer's perfect heart spake here : and here
  Rose notes of blameless woe and weal,
  More soft than this poor song's appeal.
Where orchards bask, where cornfields wave,
They dropped like rains that cleanse and lave,
  And scattered all the year along,
Like dewfall on an April grave,
  Sweet water from the well of song.

SWINBURNE : *A Ballad of Appeal* (*to Christina G. Rossetti*)

THE HON. RODEN NOEL

(1834)

Dear Roden Noel, round whose throat
  Byron's loose collar still is worn,
Now tunes his song to one clear note
  Divinely gentle and forlorn.

R. BUCHANAN : *The Outcast, Canto II.*

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834)

Glory lends unto thy name
All the lustre that is fame ; . .
God such singers wills to us,
High above the world's poor fuss
To lift up our rarer thought
Where the airs of heaven are caught, . .
Lo, a new creation thou
Willest, wondrous singer, now,
Now and always, while go by
Generations born to die ;
Thou, Columbus, from the night
Hast a new world sunned to sight,
Peopled full of shapes that awe,
Kin to those that Homer saw ;
Brother thou, the fit eye sees,
Unto blind Mæonides ; .
Live with Spenser through the years,
Virgil. Milton, thy high peers ;
In our memory shalt thou dwell
When of Dante's Dream we tell ; . .

W. C. BENNETT : *To William Morris (written in 'Sigurd the Volsung')*

. . . through the long and common night,
Morris, our sweet and simple Chaucer's child,
Dear heritor of Spenser's tuneful reed,
With soft and sylvan pipe has oft beguiled
The weary soul of man in troublous need,
And from the far and flowerless fields of ice
Has brought fair flowers meet to make an earthly paradise . . .

. . . as I sailed upon that pictured tide
The strength and splendour of the storm was mine
Without the storm's red ruin, for the singer is divine,

The little laugh of water falling down
Is not so musical, the clammy gold

Close hoarded in the tiny waxen town
  Has less of sweetness in it, and the old
Half-withered reeds that waved in Arcady
Touched by his lips break forth again to fresher harmony.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Garden of Eros*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(1836)

. . . Aldrich—like a thrush
  In the dawn's flush,
    Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

F. D. SHERMAN: *The Garland*

THEODORE WATTS

(1836)

Fulfil the new-born dream of Poesy!
  Give her your life in full, she turns from less—
Your life in full—like those that did not die,
  Though death holds all they sang in dark duress.
You, knowing Nature to the throbbing core,
  You can her wordless prophecies rehearse.
The murmurs others heard her heart outpour
  Swell to an anthem in your richer verse.
If wider vision brings a wider scope
  For art, and depths profounder for emotion,
Yours be the song whose master-tones shall ope
  A new poetic heaven o'er earth and ocean.
The New Day comes apace; its virgin fame
Be yours, to fan the fiery soul to flame.

*T. GORDON HAKE: *The New Day, XIII.*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837)

Swinburne, a singer perfect as the birds,
Poet spontaneous, demigod of words, . .

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Letter to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.*

When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine, and Passion lack her fire,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say,
'Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme.'

Yet—stay! there's one, a later-laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son!—men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropt wreath and the unenvied throne.

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by envious Death,
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

*T. B. ALDRICH: '*When from the Tense Chords of that Mighty Lyre*'

We walk alone
Save for that fiery heart, that morning star
Of re-arisen England, whose clear eye
Saw from our tottering throne and waste of war
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy
Rise mightily like Hesperus and bring
The great Republic!

OSCAR WILDE: *The Garden of Eros*

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840)

At length arrived, your book I take
To read in for the author's sake ;
Too gray for new sensations grown,
Can charm to Art or Nature known
This torpor from my senses shake ?

Hush ! my parched ears what runnels slake ?
Is the thrush gurgling from the brake ?
Has Spring, on all the breezes blown,
At length arrived ?

Long may you live such songs to make,
And I to listen while you wake,
With skill of late disused, each tone
Of the *Lesboum barbiton*,
At mastery, through long finger-ache,
At length arrived.

*J. R. LOWELL : *On Receiving a Copy of Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Old World Idylls'*

Your dainty Muse her form arrays
In soft brocades of bygone days.
She walks old gardens where the dews
Gem sundials and trim-cut yews
And tremble on the tulip's blaze.

The magic scent her charm conveys
Which lives on when the rose decays.
She had her portrait done by Greuze—
Your dainty Muse !

E. NESBIT : *Rondeau. To Austin Dobson*

ANDREW LANG

(1844)

I count you happy starred ; for God,
When He with inkpot and with rod
Endowed you, bade your fortune lead
Forever by the crooks of Tweed,
Forever by the woods of song
And lands that to the Muse belong ; . .

Whether you dwell in March or May ;
Or whether treat of reels and rods
Or of the old unhappy gods :
Still like a brook your page has shone,
And your ink sings of Helicon.

R. L. STEVENSON : *To Andrew Lang*

W. E. HENLEY

(1849)

O thou !
Uprise and take thy pipe. Bid music flow,
Strains by good thoughts attended, like the spring
The swallows follow over land and sea. . .

So is pain cheered, death comforted ; the house
Of sorrow smiles to listen. Once again—
O thou, Orpheus and Heracles, the bard
And the deliverer, touch the stops again !

R. L. STEVENSON : *To W. E. Henley*

NOTES

PART I.

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2. 'The great Emathian conqueror': Alexander the Great. 'Sad Electra's poet': Euripides.

8. 'When the Bard': supposed to be spoken by the Scottish Muse.

12. 'Love the poet': this poem is complete, the omission of the asterisk being a printer's error.

13. 'On a poet's lips': supposed to be spoken by a 'Spirit.'

14. 'Where's the Poet?' 'This is one of a group of undated fragments given at the end of Volume I. of the Life, Letters, etc. (1848).'

15. 'Bards of Passion and of Mirth': written on a blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedy, 'The Fair Maid of the Inn.'

18. In connection with these passages from Emerson, note the familiar lines at the head of his essay on 'The Poet':

> Olympian bards who sung
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young,
> And always keep us so.

21. 'At last because the time was ripe': Aurora Leigh is the speaker.

23. 'Verily and thus': spoken by a poet.

26. 'Those rare souls': spoken by the Princess.

32. 'The poet bends above his lyre': partly sung, partly spoken, by the Monk.

33. 'You cannot see in the world': in addition to this distich and the following quatrain (each complete in itself), note the lines in Allingham's 'Evil May-Day,' part ii., beginning—

> Words
> Have melody and colour, and therewith
> The Poet's art can build a lovelier world,
> Nay, truer than the common. . .

Note, also, Allingham's 'Poesis Humana,' where it is said of the Poet:

> His gentle magic brings
> The mystery of things;
> It gives dead substance wings;
> It shows in little, much;
> And, by an artful touch,
> Conveys the hint of all.

35. 'Song justifies itself': consult, further, Mrs. Pfeiffer's sonnet, beginning—

> Words that are idle with the songless crowd
> Are as the poet's ripest deed, the fruit
> And flower of all his working days, the suit
> He weaves about his soul, . .

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38. 'Yes, there was a time,' and 'Poets are all who love': spoken by Festus.

39. 'He, with adoring spirit': spoken by the Muse (this is in Book XVI., not XIV., as misprinted). 'The poet, like that wall of fire': spoken by Angela.

40. 'Bard, to God': spoken by Festus. 'The poet's pen' and 'Poets, I think': spoken by the Student.

41. 'In the morning of the skies': see, also, in Mr. Gilder's 'Lyrics,' 'The Poet's Fame' and 'The Poet and his Master.'

42. 'Say not the poet dies': compare with this Mr. W. Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum'—

The swords of Cæsar, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.

47. 'The Poet gathers fruit from every tree': see, also, the prelude to Mr. W. Watson's 'Poems':

The mighty poets from their flowing store
Dispense like casual alms the careless ore; . .

Reference may here be made to a few passages on poets, for which room could not be found in the text. Thus, there are the lines in George Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy'—

Truth speaks of old, the Power of Poesy;
Amphion, Orpheus, Stones and Trees could move;
Men, first by verse, were taught Civility.

In Carew's 'Ingrateful Beauty Threatened'—

Wise poets that wrapt truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

In Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,' Book II., song ii.—

. . . there is hidden in a Poet's name
A Spell that can command the wings of Fame.

In Vaughan's 'Olor Iscanus'—

Poets—like angels—when they once appear
Hallow the place, and each succeeding year
Adds rev'rence to it, such as at length doth give
This aged faith that there their genii live.

See, further, 'A Poet's Epitaph,' by Ebenezer Elliott; 'The Poet's Heart,' by Laman Blanchard; 'The Solitary' (Part II., stanzas, 26-33), by Charles Whitehead; 'Of Poets' (a sonnet), by Thomas Wade; 'The Poet's Book,' by W. Bell Scott; and 'The Skylark and the Poet,' by Frederick Tennyson, who says of the latter—

He waves the air of Time
With thrills of golden chords,
And makes the world to climb
On linked words.

PART II.

49. HOMER.—'All realms': see, also, Chapman's address 'To the Reader,' prefixed to his translation of the 'Iliad,' in which he says of Homer—

See him over-shine
All other-country poets; and trust this,
That whosesoever Muse dares use her wing
When his Muse flies, she will be truss'd by his, . .

See, also, George Daniel's 'Essay Endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy,' and Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals' (Book I., song v.), in which Homer is characterized as 'the Prince of Poets.' Pope (p. 51) has a reference to Homer in 'The Temple of Fame,'

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and Akenside (p. 52) alludes in his 'Ode xviii.' to 'the generous fruits of Homer's page.' 'The British Muse' (p. 52): Shakespeare. 'Homer with his nervous arms' figures in Keats's 'Ode to Apollo,' as striking 'the twanging harps of war.' *A propos* of Hartley Coleridge's sonnet (p. 54), consult his verses 'Written at Belle-Vue, Ambleside,' and his sonnet on Wordsworth (No. xvii.). George Dyer, in Ode xxxvii., says:

> I love the bard, whose martial song
> Thrills the full-sounding chords along;
> How well agree the deep-ton'd strings
> To slaughtering heroes, dying kings!

Mr. W. Watson, in his 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' speaks of Homer's soul as

> healthful as the poignant brine,
> Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas.

Mr. Andrew Lang, besides devoting sonnets to 'Homer' and to 'Homeric Unity,' has something to say of the poet in his 'Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope'—

> How his verses sweep!
> Surge answers Surge and Deep doth call on Deep;
> This Line in Foam and Thunder issues forth,
> Spurred by the West or smitten by the North,
> Sombre in all its sullen Deeps, and all
> Clear at the Crest, and foaming to the Fall,
> The next with silver Murmur dies away,
> Like Tides that falter to Calypso's Bay!

57. HESIOD.—George Daniel refers to 'the Ascræan Pipe' in his 'Vindication of Poesy.'

57. SAPPHO.—See Akenside's 'Ode on Lyric Poetry' ('Sappho's melting airs'), G. Dyer's 'Ode xxxi.' ('the melting strain Of love-sick Sappho'), Mrs. Browning's 'Vision of Poets,' F. T. Palgrave's 'Poet's Euthanasia' ('the sweet lament of Lesbian love'), and Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Ronsard's Grave.'

58. ALCÆUS.—'Alcæus' music clear'—Lang, 'Ronsard's Grave.'

59. ANACREON.—'Anacreon's song divine'—Byron, 'Don Juan,' canto iii. See, also, Allingham's 'Anacreon's Grave' ('Thou dearest fondler of the lyre,' etc.), and Mr. J. H. M'Carthy's 'Anacreon.'

59. ÆSCHYLUS.—The other 'shade' is Aristophanes.

62. PINDAR.—Denham, in his 'Progress of Learning,' has an allusion to 'Pindar's lofty flight.' Akenside (p. 63) refers to Pindar in his 'Ode on Lyric Poetry' and 'Hymn to Cheerfulness.' In his 'Midnight' George Croly (p. 63) speaks of 'Pindar's eagle wing,' and in his Ode xxxi. George Dyer describes 'Pindar's lyre' as 'deep-toned and various.'

64. SOPHOCLES.—'Oh, our Sophocles': Mrs. Browning also alludes to Sophocles in her 'Vision of the Poets.' Mr. Aubrey de Vere has a sonnet on Sophocles.

65. EURIPIDES.—'Pella's Bard': it was at Pella that Archelaus erected the monument to Euripides. G. Dyer, in his 'Ode to Melancholy,' calls Euripides 'Pity's Bard.'

66. THEOCRITUS.—See Wordsworth's lines in 'The Prelude,' Book XI. Also, F. T. Palgrave 'On Reading Theocritus'—

> The soul of the Sicilian lives in song. . .

Says Mr. Lang, in his 'Ballade to Theocritus in Winter'—

> Theocritus! thou canst restore
> The pleasant years, and over-fleet;
> With thee we live as men of yore,
> We rest where running waters meet.

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69. CATULLUS.—'Catullus when by Sirmio': Mortimer Collins has a further reference to Catullus in his 'Letter to Mr. Disraeli.'

69. VIRGIL.—'The Romish Tityrus': Spenser also mentions Virgil in 'The Ruins of Rome' ('Great Virgil's spirit divine!'). Daniel (p. 70) has brief tributes to Virgil in his 'Essay Endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy' and his 'To Time and Honour'; while Denham, in his 'Progress of Learning,' speaks of 'Virgil's mighty lines.' Among other miscellaneous praises may be noted Mrs. Behn's 'God-like Virgil' in her 'To Mr. Creech,' Pope's allusion in 'The Temple of Fame,' Aaron Hill's 'Virgil, eagle-winged' in his 'Camillus,' Thomson's 'Sweet Maro's muse' in 'The Castle of Indolence,' and the same writer's eulogy in the 'Seasons' (Spring)—

> . . . rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swan
> Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

For other praises see Mr. W. Watson's 'Lachrymæ Musarum' and Mr. Norman Gale's 'June in London.'

74. HORACE.—'He, who supreme in judgment': see, also, Pope's 'Temple of Fame.' Young, in his 'Love of Fame,' characterizes Horace as 'the courtly Roman.' Wordsworth, in his 'Memorials of a Tour in Italy,' says of Horace that he

> eulogized with earnest pen
> Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires,
> And all the immunities of rural life
> Extolled.

In his 'June in London' Mr. Norman Gale writes of

> the gems
> Horace polished for our eyes.

77. MUSÆUS.—'There thou shalt hear': Waller (see his 'Of the Danger his Majesty Escaped,' etc.) also alludes to

> What old Musæus so divinely sung.

78. OMAR KHAYYAM.—Since the bulk of this volume was in type, Mr. Le Gallienne has printed verses on Omar in his 'Nightingales' (1893). Mr. Lang has lines 'To Omar Khayyam' in his 'Letters to Dead Authors.' J. A. Symonds' sonnet on 'The Grave of Omar Khayyam,' may also be referred to. See note, below, on EDWARD FITZGERALD.

79. DANTE.—See Dryden 'To the Earl of Roscommon':

> Dante's polished page
> Restored a silver, not a golden age.

'With frowning brow': Landor has also a reference to Dante in his lines 'to the author of "Festus"':

> The mighty man who open'd Paradise,
> Harmonious far above Homerick song,
> Or any song that human ear shall hear.

Hayley, in his 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' epistle iii., speaks of 'daring Dante' singing his 'wild vision.' 'Tuscan, that wanderest' (page 80): see, also, Longfellow's 'Dante'—

> Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

Dr. Garnett and Mr. Eric Mackay both have a sonnet on Dante.

82. PETRARCH.—See Dryden 'To the Earl of Roscommon' (lines 21-24); note Keats's

> Faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned

and Leigh Hunt's allusion to the poet in 'The Feast of the Violets.' Mr. Eric Mackay salutes Petrarch as 'Great king of sonnets' ('the Sonnet King').

85. CHAUCER.—Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the first book of his translation of the 'Æneid,' refers to

> Venerable Chaucer, principal poet but peer,
> Heavenly trumpet, horloge and regulier,

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In eloquence balmy—condit and dial,
Milky fountain, clear strand, and rose royal.

The reader will recall the passage in 'Il Penseroso' about

him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

'Loved Bard' (page 89): see, also, Wordsworth's reference in his 'Liberty' to 'Chaucer's reverend brow.' For other allusions, see Tickell 'On the Prospect of Peace,' and Miss Mitford's 'Westminster Abbey.' Mr. George Meredith's quatrain on 'The Poetry of Chaucer' describes the poet as

Tender to tearfulness—child-like, and manly, and motherly;
Here beats true English blood richest joyance on sweet English ground.

It will be seen that Denham (page 88) was the first to dub Chaucer 'morning star,' followed by Wordsworth (p. 89), Campbell (p. 90), Tennyson (p. 91), and Sir Edwin Arnold (p. 92).

95. ARIOSTO.—Byron, in 'Childe Harold' (canto iv., stanza 40), refers to Ariosto as

The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line. . .

See, also stanza xli.

96. GAVIN DOUGLAS.—In his enumeration of the early Scottish poets, James Beattie says:

The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
That pawky priest.

96. SIR DAVID LINDSAY.—The penultimate line here should read—

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, . .

98. EARL OF SURREY.—'The gentle Surrey': in stanza xv., Scott speaks of 'Surrey, of the deathless lay.'

98. CAMOENS.—See W. L. Bowles's 'Last Song of Camoens'—

That . . . could each warm feeling move
Of patriot glory and of tenderest love, . .

Mr. Gerald Massey has some lines on 'Camoens,' suggested by Sir Richard Burton's translation, and characterizing his subject as

one
Of those old Poets, who are always new,
That share eternity with all that's true, . .
This is the Poet of weary Wanderers
In perilous lands; . .

100. CHETTLE.—The allusion is to Chettle and Munday's play on the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

100. TASSO.—G. Daniel refers to 'Tasso's honoured muse' in his 'Vindication of Poesy.' 'There came a bard to Rome' (page 101): in her 'Genius Singing to Love' Mrs. Hemans speaks of 'Tasso's holy lyre.'

104. SPENSER.—'Of me no lines': see also Raleigh's sonnet, 'A Vision upon the Fairy Queen.' 'Colin' (page 105): this was the name taken by Spenser in his 'Eclogues.' 'Glorian': Gloriana—Queen Elizabeth. 'The Thracian' (page 105): Orpheus. See Browne's Sonnet 4 ('Our Spenser's heavenly wit,' etc.). 'The Shepherd's Boy' (page 106): see also Daniel's 'Essay Endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy.' Ben Jonson described 'the Faerie Queene' as 'Spenser's noble book' ('To my muse, the Lady Digby'). Prior ('To the Countess of Exeter') says: 'Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song.' 'Thro' Pope's soft song' (page 107): see also Warton's lines 'Sent to Mr. Upton on his Ed. of the Faerie Queene,' with their references to 'Spenser's moral page' and

the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age.

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Gray alludes to 'The Faerie Queene' in 'The Bard,' III., 3—

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth sincere, by fairy Fiction drest.

'That gentle bard' (page 108): in 'Scorn not the Sonnet' Wordsworth mentions

mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land,
To struggle through dark ways.

Landor also calls Spenser 'gentle' ('To Wordsworth'). See George Meredith's quatrain on 'The Poetry of Spenser.'

113. SIDNEY.—'Reason's sense': see also the 'Amoris Lachrimæ: for the Death of Sir Philip Sidney,' ascribed to Breton. 'Great Sidney' (page 114): S. Daniel has an 'An Address to the Angel Spirit of the most excellent Sir Philip Sidney' (1623). 'Th' admirèd mirror' (page 115): see also Book I., Song V., of the 'Pastorals.' 'The sweet Arcadian singer' (page 115): see also Daniel's 'Essay endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy.' George Peele ('Ad Mæcenatem Prologus') has a reference to 'liberal Sidney.' Matthew Raydon's verses ('An Elegy, or Friend's Passion for his Astrophel') are well-known:—

Within these woods of Arcady
He chief delight and pleasure took;
And on the mountain Partheny,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
  The Muses met him every day,
  That taught him sing, to write, and say . . .
Did never love so sweetly breathe
In any mortal breast before;
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poet's brain with finer store.
  He wrote of Love with high conceit,
  And Beauty rear'd above her height.

There are allusions to Sidney in Crashaw's 'Wishes for his supposed Mistress,' Waller's 'Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture' ('The matchless Sidney'), Philips's Sixth Pastoral ('Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend'), Cowper's 'Task' ('Warbler of poetic prose'), and Kirke White's 'To the Earl of Carlisle' ('Sidney sung his melting song').

119. THOMAS WATSON.—See also Peele's lines addressed to Watson, prefixed to 'The Passionate Centurie of Love.'

120. SAMUEL DANIEL.—'Well-languaged Daniel'—W. Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,' Book II., song ii. 'Rosamond's trumpeter': the allusion is to Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamond' (1594). 'The White Rose and the Red' (page 121): here the reference is to his 'Civil Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and York' (1595-1609). 'The Fair and Cruel Delia' (page 121): Daniel's 'Delia' was published in 1592.

122. DRAYTON.—'Do, pious marble': this has been attributed to Randolph, Quarles, and others. 'The nymphish train': the allusion is to Drayton's 'Nymphidia.' 'What bard more zealous,' and 'What muse like thine' (page 123): the references are to Drayton's 'England's Heroical Epistles,' etc., and his 'Polyolbion.' See Ben Jonson's 'Vision of the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton,' in which all the latter's poetical works are passed in review.

124. MARLOWE.—'Crowned, girdled': in his sonnet, 'The Many,' Mr. Swinburne has a reference to 'Marlowe's rapturous rage.'

126. SHAKESPEARE.—'Aetion': the eaglet. It seems likely that by Aetion Spenser meant Shakespeare. On the other hand, there is nothing to prove that Shakespeare is referred to in the lines on 'our

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pleasant Willy' in Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses.' 'Bid Beaumont lie': an allusion to Basse's lines on page 129. See Davenant's lines 'In Remembrance of William Shakespeare.' 'Shakespeare, who, taught by none' (page 130): see, also, Dryden's lines 'To Sir Godfrey Kneller,' his prologue to 'Aurengzebe' ('Shakespeare's sacred name'), and the prologue to 'Julius Cæsar' which is attributed to Dryden (page 132). 'Thrice happy could we catch' (page 132): see, on page 52, Thomson's reference to Shakespeare as 'the British Muse.' Far from the sun' (page 132): Gray refers to Shakespeare in 'The Bard,' III., 36—

In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.

'Nature's Darling' (page 132): Cleveland had already applied this phrase to Shakespeare—

Nature's darling, whom she made
Her fairest model, her brief story,
On him heaping all her glory.

'Hath not oft' (page 133): elsewhere ('Ode to Thomas Edwards') Akenside speaks of 'Shakespeare, debonair and mild.' William Collins, in his 'Ode on Popular Superstitions,' refers to

Shakespeare's self, with every garland crowned.

See also Warton's 'Monody written near Stratford-on-Avon.' George Dyer, in Ode 33, writes of 'Shakespeare, Nature's fondest child.' In 'The Prelude' (Bk. V.), Wordsworth mentions

Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine.

'Immortal Shakespeare's magic wand' (page 135): Scott has a reference in 'Rokeby,' canto I., to 'Shakspeare's rich and varied lore.' See, further, the references to Shakespeare in Miss Mitford's 'Westminster Abbey,' and her prologue to 'Henry IV.' 'Than Shakespeare and Petrarch' (page 157): in the same canto Leigh Hunt has a passage on Shakespeare's heroines. 'I see all human wits' (page 139): in 'The Harp' Emerson writes of 'Shakespeare, whom no mind can measure.' 'Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye' (page 141): readers will remember the 'Shakespeare bland and mild' of Tennyson's 'Palace of Art.' 'Shakespeare, our Supreme' (p. 142): see, also, in Bell Scott's 'A Poet's Harvest Home,' the short pieces entitled 'Stratford' and 'Shakespeare.' Frances Anne Kemble's sonnet 'To Shakespeare' is well known. 'Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding' (page 142): this is Browning's 'uncollected' Sonnet, 'The Names.' Browning refers in 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' to Shakespeare's 'power and consciousness and self-delight.' See, also, his 'Aristophanes' Apology,' xiii., 234, 'House,' and 'At the Mermaid.' Allingham begins his lines on 'Roses' ('Poets and Flowers') with—

All Roses be the crown for Shakespeare's head!

Mr. George Meredith has a sonnet on 'The Spirit of Shakespeare,' beginning—

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured
He knew thy sons. . .

also, a quatrain on 'The Poetry of Shakespeare.'

151. DONNE.—Tributes to Donne, by Jasper Mayne and Endymion Porter, were affixed to the edition of his poems published in 1633.

155. BEN JONSON.—'The art which thou alone': see also Beaumont's 'Letter to Ben Jonson' (to which Jonson replied in the lines on page 169 of this volume). 'Ah Ben!' (page 157): Herrick has a reference to Jonson in his 'Apparition of his Mistress.' 'I have no title' (page 159): refer to Randolph's 'Answer to Master Ben Jonson's Ode, to persuade him to not to leave the Stage,' and to his 'Eclogue to

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Master Jonson.' 'Look up!' page 159): Habington, in his lines 'To my Friend James Shirley,' speaks of 'Divinest Jonson.' 'The Muse's fairest Light' (page 161): in his 'Ode to Jonson' Cleveland salutes the Laureate as 'Great Prince of Poets'; see, also, Cleveland's 'Elegy upon Ben Jonson.' 'Great Flame of English Poets gone!' (page 161): Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy' contains a reference to Jonson as 'of English Dramatics, the Prince'; see, too, Daniel's 'Time and Honour' and 'Essay Endeavouring to Ennoble our English Poesy.' 'In ancient learning train'd' (page 163): there is an allusion to Jonson in Churchill's 'Author.' The reader may also be directed to Donne's lines 'in memory of Ben Jonson,' and to that prologue to 'Julius Cæsar' which has been ascribed to Dryden.

165. JOHN FLETCHER.—'That was the master of his art and me': Brome was for some time amanuensis to Fletcher. 'Fair star' (page 165): see, also, Lovelace's lines on Fletcher's 'Wild Goose Chase.' Verses in general praise of Fletcher were written by James Shirley and Sir Aston Cokaine. Both Francis Beaumont and Ben Jonson wrote laudatory lines on his 'Faithful Shepherdess.' Henry Vaughan, writing 'Upon Mr. Fletcher's Plays,' says:

This, and that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run parallel with thee.
True, Ben must live! but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past.

167. PHINEAS FLETCHER.—See also the verses appended to 'The Purple Island.'

168. MASSINGER.—John Ford and Thomas May both wrote lines on Massinger's 'Roman Actor'; Ford also praised his 'Great Duke of Florence,' and James Shirley his 'Renegado.'

168. DRUMMOND.—See Sir W. Alexander's lines 'To the author of 'Tears on the Death of Mæliades' and 'On the report of the Death of Drummond'; also the reference to Drummond in Hogg's 'Queen's Wake.'

168. JOHN WEBSTER.—'With a Birthday Gift of Webster's Plays' (see 'On Viol and Flute') Mr. Gosse sent some lines from which the following are taken:

. . . the eternal wreath of bays
That crowns at last this weary brow sublime;
His was a soul whose calm intensity
Glared, shadeless, at the passion-sun that blinds,
Unblinded, till the storm of song arose;—
Even as the patient and Promethean sea
Tosses in sleep, until the vulture winds
Swoop down and tear the breast of its repose.

169. BEAUMONT.—See the lines, attributed to Fletcher, on Beaumont's 'Imitations of Ovid.' Drayton, in his 'Poets and Poesy,' speaks of Beaumont and Browne as 'rightly-born poets'

170. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—The full title of Browne's verses is—'Upon the Unparalleled Plays written by those renowned Twins of Poetry, Beaumont and Fletcher.' 'The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher' were the subject of lines by Jasper Mayne. It was presumably to the 'renowned Twins' that Keats addressed his 'Bards of Passion and of Mirth' (page 15). 'The twin-souled brethren' (page 170): Mr. Swinburne has a sonnet on Beaumont and Fletcher, in which, referring to those 'two stars,' he says:

Their dawn, scarce lovelier for the gleam of tears,
Filled half the hollow shell 'twixt heaven and earth
With sound like moonlight, mingling moan and mirth,
Which rings and glitters down the darkling years.

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171 CAREW.—See the reference to Carew in G. Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy.'

172. WILLIAM BROWNE.—To the praises in the text may be added those of Drayton in his address 'to his friend the author' prefaced to 'Britannia's Pastorals.' See also the note on BEAUMONT, above.

173. HERRICK.—Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, in her 'Dead Poets,' calls Herrick 'England's Oberon.'

175. HERBERT.—'Casimire in wing': Casimir was a Polish lyric poet (1595-1640). Elsewhere ('Vindication of Poesy') G. Daniel speaks of 'the Divine Herbert.'

175. SHIRLEY.—See the 'Commendatory Verses' by Massinger, Habington, T. May, and others, prefixed to Shirley's Works; also, the allusion to Shirley in G. Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy.'

176. RANDOLPH.—Daniel's 'Vindication' includes a reference to this poet.

177. DAVENANT.—'I crowded 'mongst the first': the first five lines of this quotation figure also in W. Habington's verses 'To my Friend, William Davenant.' Carew addressed two or three other poems to Davenant on his plays, etc. 'Thou hast redeem'd us, Will' (page 177): see, also, Suckling's lines on Davenant's 'Madagascar.' G. Daniel, in his 'Vindication,' couples Davenant and Suckling as 'eminent in wit'; and there is a reference to the former in Hayley's 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' ep. iii.

178. WALLER.—Oldham ('A Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester') characterized Waller as 'the sweet'st of living bards,' and Pope, in his 'Essay on Criticism,' likewise refers to Waller's 'sweetness.'

180. MILTON.—Akenside, in his 'Ode on a Sermon against Glory,' alludes to 'Milton's golden lyre.' Hayley has a reference to the poet in his 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' ep. iii., and George Dyer addresses him, in 'Ode XV.,' as 'Illustrious Bard! whose towering song,' etc. 'He that rode sublime' (page 181): see, also, Gray's 'Bard' ('A Voice as of the Cherub-Choir'). 'Still and charm'd I sate' (page 183): see also Bowles 'On the Busts of Milton in Youth and Age.' 'One there is who builds immortal lays' (page 183): see also Wordsworth's allusions to Milton as 'our blind Poet' ('The Prelude—Residence at Cambridge') and 'That holiest of Bards' ('At Vallombrosa'). 'One man above all other men is great' (page 184): Landor has a reference to 'Milton's hallowed name' in his lines 'To the Author of "The Plaint of Freedom."' In his verses 'To Lamartine' he says of Milton:

> He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
> Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
> The notes to Glory.

In 'Miscellaneous Poems,' cxl., he writes:

> Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
> Over the highest Alps of mind he marches, . . .

'The immortal wars' (page 185): see 'Don Juan,' where (Canto III.) Byron says:

> Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
> A little heavy, but no less divine.

See Miss Mitford's 'Westminster Abbey' and Clare's 'To John Milton, from his honoured Friend, William Davenant.' 'The new world honours him' (page 188): see Whittier's 'Proem' ('mighty Milton's gift divine'). 'O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies' (page 189): see, also, Tennyson's 'Palace of Art' ('Milton like a seraph strong'). 'All he saw' (page 190): note, too, the lines addressed to the poet in Lord Lytton's 'Souls of Books'—

> I ope thy pages, Milton, and, behold,
> Thy spirit meets me in the haunted ground!—

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Sublime and eloquent, as while, of old,
'It flamed and sparkled in its crystal bound.'

Allingham, in his 'Poets and Flowers,' writes:

O great Blind Man of England, to whose sight,
Cancell'd from earth, unroll'd the Wars of Heaven
And sweetness of the primal Paradise,—

Mr. George Meredith has a quatrain in which he likens Milton to some deep-chested organ' with

grand inspiration,
Serenely majestic in utterance, lofty and calm.

See, also, Mr. Watson's 'Wordsworth's Grave' ('Milton's keen, translunar music') and Mr. Oscar Wilde's sonnet 'To Milton'—

Milton! I think thy spirit hath passed away
From these white cliffs and high-embattled towers . . .

191. SUCKLING.—See the note, above, on BEAUMONT.

193. DENHAM.—George Daniel wrote of 'The glorious muse of Denham' ('Vindication of Poesy'); Pope, of 'Majestic Denham' ('Windsor Forest'); and Tickell, of 'Great Denham's genius' ('Oxford').

195. COWLEY.—Oldham, in his 'Pastoral on the Death of the Earl of Rochester,' refers to

Blest Cowley, too, who on the banks of Cam
So sweetly sigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame.

Prior ('To the Countess of Exeter') says that

Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young, . .

197. MARVELL.—Whittier has a reference ('Proem') to

Marvell's wit and graceful song.

199. DRYDEN.—See Sedley, 'A Prologue' ('Glorious Dryden'); Lytton, 'St. Stephen's' ('Dryden's lofty verse'); Nathaniel Lee's lines prefixed to 'The State of Innocence'; and Miss Mitford, 'Westminster Abbey.' 'Here let me bend' (page 201): see, also, Churchill's 'Gotham,' bk. iii.

205. OTWAY.—Nicholas Rowe alludes in his 'Imitations of Horace' (book i., epis. 4), to 'Moving Otway.'

207. LEE.—The verses of which these form part were prefixed to Lee's 'Rival Queens, or Death of Alexander the Great' (1667). See note, above, on DRYDEN.

207. PRIOR.—See, also, Tickell 'On the Prospect of Peace.'

208. LANSDOWNE.—In Pope's 'Pastorals' ('Spring') there is an allusion to 'Granville's moving lays.' 'Mira' was the lady to whom Granville addressed certain of his poems.

209. SWIFT.—Lord Lytton refers to Swift in his 'St. Stephen's.' See verses on the Dean in 'Poems' by A. C. Benson (1893).

209. CONGREVE.—Addison, in his 'Account of the Great English Poets,' writes—

Harmonious Congreve . . .
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more . . .

Says Gay ('To Bernard Lintott')—

Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

210. AMBROSE PHILIPS.—See Byron's 'Hints from Horace.'

211. ADDISON.—'Great monarch': Tickell wrote, also, an Elegy on Addison, and verses to him on his 'Cato' and his 'Rosamond.' Hayley refers to Addison in his 'Tribute to the Memory of Cowper.'

212. ROWE.—'Moving Rowe'—Tickell, 'Oxford.'

212. JOHN PHILIPS.—'His Churchill': an allusion to Philips's poem on 'Blenheim' (1705). 'The solitary Shilling': Philips's 'Splendid Shilling' (1703).

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212. SOMERVILE.—'Like Mat and Swift': Ramsay also wrote a rhythmical epistle 'To William Somervile of Warwickshire, Esqr.'

213. PARNELL.—Dr. Johnson wrote a Latin epigram on Parnell which, Englished as follows, was applied by the translator to Charles Tennyson Turner:

Poet and Priest alike, in neither least,
In both complete, though far too meek to know it;
For not the Poet's sweetness lacks the Priest,
And not the Priestly holiness the Poet.

213. YOUNG.—'Bard of night': Young's 'Night Thoughts' (1742), referred to by Wordsworth in the next quotation (page 214). See Hayley's 'Tribute to the Memory of Cowper'; also, Hartley Coleridge's 'Young and his Contemporaries'—

Eternal laurels shall the bust entwine
Of Young, at once a poet and divine.

214. AARON HILL.—Savage wrote, further, some 'Verses occasioned by Reading Mr. Aaron Hill's Poem called "Gideon."'

215. ALLAN RAMSAY.—See, also, Somervile's 'Epistle' to Ramsay, to whom George Dyer refers in his 'Ode XVI.'

216. JOHN GAY.—'The learned Leech': Dr. John Arbuthnot, author of 'The History of John Bull.'

217. POPE.—'Belinda's hair': see Pope's 'Rape of the Lock.' ''Tis Pope who sweetly wakes' (page 219): see, further, Hayley's 'Tribute to the Memory of Cowper.' 'A Pope's pure strain': in the 'Hints from Horace' Byron says—

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?

See the 'Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope' in Mr. Lang's 'Letters to Dead Authors'—

. . . Time . . .
Has marred the Poet to preserve the Wit,
Whose Knife cut cleanest with a poisoned pain,
Who almost left on Addison a stain,—
Yet Thou (strange Fate that clings to all of Thine!)
When most a Wit dost most a Poet shine.

220. THOMSON.—'The poet well you know': note the stanza (lxvii.) introduced by Lyttelton into Thomson's 'Seasons (Spring),' in which reference is made to the poet's 'unpremeditated strain'—

Oft-moralizing sage! his ditty sweet
He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.

'Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard': see, also, Shenstone's 'Inscription in Virgil's Grove'; and, further, Hayley's 'Tribute to the Memory of Cowper.' 'Sweet Poet of the year' (page 221): George Dyer, in Ode xxx., says—

Thomson fix'd in colours clear
The changeful seasons of the year.

222. JOHN DYER.—'The Fleece' and 'Grongar Hill'—poems by Dyer.

224. THOMAS GRAY.—See Hayley's 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' epistle iii. George Dyer, in his 'Ode on an Approaching Spring,' refers to Gray as

The bard of Camus' classic stream,
The skilful hand that wak'd the Theban lyre.

A. C. Benson ('Poems') begins a sonnet to Gray as follows

Singer most melancholy, most austere,
So overcharged with greatness, that thy frame
Was all too frail to feed the aspiring flame,
And sank in chill disdain and secret fear,
Save that thy idle fingers now and then
Touched unaware a slender chord divine . . .

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225\. Collins.—‘A later ditty’: Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson. See Landor ‘To the Author of “Festus”’—

. . . Poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance.

Also ‘William Collins’ in ‘Poems’ by A. C. Benson' (1893).

226\. Akenside.—‘The rapt Sage’: Plato.

226\. Jane Elliott.—The allusion is to the ballad of ‘The Flowers of the Forest.’

226\. Goldsmith.—‘Thou, Nature, bloomest’: Landor, in the lines ‘To the Author of “Festus,”’ says—

Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost.

Wordsworth, in ‘Seathwaite Chapel,’ refers to ‘tender Goldsmith,’ and Mr. Swinburne, in his sonnet on Charles Dickens, speaks of ‘Goldsmith's grace.’

227\. Warton.—‘Fancy pour'd the song’: an allusion to Warton's Ode on Fancy.

228\. John Scott.—‘Bard of Amwell’: Scott wrote a poem on Amwell, Hertfordshire, where he lived for 20 years.

228\. Churchill.—See Byron's ‘Churchill's Grave’—

Him that blazed
The comet of a season.

Also, Hartley Coleridge's ‘Sketches of English Poets.’

229\. Cowper.—‘Tenderest of tender hearts’: see, also, Landor ‘To the Author of “Festus”’—

Gentlest of bards! still pitied, still beloved!

Note ‘In Cowper's Letters’ in ‘Poems’ by A. C. Benson (1893)—

Poet of home, green walks and fireside ease,
The trivial joys in which our days are spent, . .

232\. Beattie.—‘No gifts have I’: in ‘The Vision’ Burns speaks of ‘sweet, harmonious Beattie.’

232\. Hayley.—See, also, Cowper ‘To William Hayley, Esq.’—

Dear architect of fine chateaux in air, . .

and Charlotte Smith's sonnet ‘To the River Arun.’

233\. Goethe.—Friends of Lord Tennyson have asserted that it was to Goethe the late Laureate referred in ‘In Memoriam’ (I.)—

. . . him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones. . .

In ‘Weimar’ William Allingham wrote:

In little German Weimar,
With soft green hills enfolded,
Where shady Ilm-brook wanders
A Great Man lived and wrote;
In life and art and nature
He conn'd their ‘open secret,’
Of men and hours and fortunes
He reverently took note.

Mr. W. Watson, in ‘Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature,’ has a quatrain ‘To Goethe.’

238\. Crabbe.—Bernard Barton, in his lines ‘To the Memory of Crabbe,’ says—

Thy verse hath stamp'd on all around
The impress of its truth,
And render'd far and near renown'd
The ‘Borough’ of thy youth!

See, also, Dr. W. C. Bennett's ‘Verdicts.’

245\. Burns.—‘Yes, Burns’: Tannahill wrote two other birthday odes on Burns, one in 1805, the other in 1810. These, as well as the ode of 1807, were read, recited, or ‘performed’ at birthday celebrations given at Paisley. See, also, Tannahill's ‘Dirge written on reading an account of the Funeral of Robert Burns.’ ‘None could sing’:

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see, further, Elliott's 'Burns' ('giant-hearted Burns'). James Grahame,' in his 'Birds of Scotland,' addressing the lark, thus alludes to Burns:

. . . thy morning song ascends
Nearest to heaven,—sweet emblem of his song,
Who sang thee wakening by the daisy's side.

William Leighton has lines on 'Robert Burns'; see, also, Allingham's 'Poet's and Flowers'; W. Bell Scott's 'Burns, his Cottage and Monument'; and Dr. W. C. Bennett's verses on 'Robert Burns's Portrait.'

252. SCHILLER. — 'Schiller, that hour': written after reading 'The Robbers' for the first time, 'a winter midnight—the wind high.' 'The readers of Schiller,' says Coleridge, 'will conceive what I felt.' In lines 'On the Death of Schiller' W. C. Bryant speaks of the poet's 'mighty mind' and 'soul of fire.'

253. JOANNA BAILLIE.—'Tragic Baillie': see, also, Elliott's 'Village Patriarch,' bk. IV.

254. BOWLES.—This sonnet is given in the version adopted by T. Ashe in his edition of Coleridge's poetical works (1890).

255. BLOOMFIELD.—John Clare, in his verses 'To the Memory of Bloomfield,' says—

Sweet unassuming Minstrel! not to thee
The dazzling fashions of the day belong;
Nature's wild pictures, field and cloud, and tree,
And quiet brooks, far distant from the throng,
In murmurs tender as the toiling bee,
Make the sweet music of thy gentle song.

258. WORDSWORTH.—'Live, Derwent's guest': Landor couples Wordsworth and Southey also in his lines 'Written at Hurstmonceaux'—

Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.

'Wordsworth, whose thoughts': see, also, Elliott's 'Powers of the Sonnet.' 'How welcome' (page 261): see, further, Whittier's 'Bridal of Pennacook,' with its reference to Wordsworth's

sweet songs
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature.

'That reverend priest' (page 262): in his 'Recollections of Wordsworth's "Ruth"' Dean Alford refers to

the pen
Of that most pure of poesy-gifted men.

'From Byron's tempest-anger' (page 269): see also Mr. W. Watson's quatrain on Byron and Wordsworth in 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature.' Sir Aubrey de Vere ('Rydal with Wordsworth') characterizes Wordsworth as 'The Poet of the age and land,' and Allingham ('W. W.') described him as

The wise old Poet of the mountain-land . . .
Those Mountains were in Wordsworth's soul; his soul
Is on those Mountains, now, and evermore.

See, also, Allingham's lines 'On Reading of the Funeral of the Poet Wordsworth.' See, further, J. K. Stephen's 'Lapsus Calami,' Mr. Ernest Myers's 'Wordsworth'—

For ever let his name be blest,
For tired souls sought him, and he gave them rest—

Mr. George Meredith's quatrain on 'the Poetry of Wordsworth,' and Mrs. Tollemache's tribute to the poet in 'Safe Studies' (1893).

270. SIR WALTER SCOTT.—'Thou, upon a hundred streams': it is in the lines 'On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples' that Wordsworth writes of Scott as 'this wondrous Potentate.' 'Ariosto of the North' (page 272): see note on ARIOSTO,

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above. See W. L. Bowles's sonnet 'To Sir Walter Scott'; also W. M. Praed's sonnet, written in the first leaf of Lockhart's 'Life' of Scott—

Lo the magician, whose enchantments lend
To the dim past a fresh and fairy light,
Who makes the absent present to our sight,
And calls the dead to life! Till Time shall end,
O'er him the grateful Muses shall extend
Unfading laurels; . .

276. S. T. COLERIDGE.—'His eye saw all things': see, also, Mr. De Vere's lines 'On Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's'—

Thy song was pure: thy heart was high:
Thy genius through its strength was chaste:
And if that genius ran to waste
Unblemished as its native sky,
O'er diamond rocks the river raced!

Allingham, in his 'Poets and Flowers,' writes of Coleridge—

This Passion-Flow'r, the delicate and strange
And dim, as though half-faded into air
By enchantment, or awaiting some high change,
Let none but Coleridge wear.

Mr. George Meredith, in his quatrain on 'The Poetry of Coleridge,' likens that poetry to

A brook glancing under green leaves, self-delighting, exulting,
And full of a gurgling melody ever renewed.

277. MRS. TIGHE.—Keats has a reference to this writer in his lines 'To Some Ladies.'

278. SOUTHEY.—'Rare architect': see the note on Wordsworth, above. Landor has also some lines 'On Southey's Birthday':

No angel borne on whiter wing
Hath visited the sons of men,
Teaching the song they ought to sing
And guiding right the unsteady pen.

Of Coleridge's sonnet 'To Robert Southey' the following may be given—

Southey! thy melodies steal o'er mine ear
Like far-off joyance, or the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring: . .
Waked by the song doth hope-born Fancy fling
Rich showers of dewy fragrance from her wing,
Till sickly passion's drooping myrtles sere
Blossom anew! But O! more thrill'd, I prize
Thy sadder strains, that bid in Memory's dream
The faded forms of past delight arise; . .

W. M. Praed, writing 'To Helen, with Southey's Poems,' speaks of 'these tomes of golden rhyme'; and Mr. George Meredith describes 'The Poetry of Southey' as being

Keen as an eagle whose flight towards the dim empyrèan
Fearless of toil or fatigue ever royally wends!

279. LAMB.—See John Clare's sonnet 'To Charles Lamb'—

I did long presage
Vain Fashion's foils had every heart deterred
From the warm homely phrase of other days,
Until thy muse's ancìent voice I heard.
And now right fain, yet fearing, honest Bard,
I pause to greet thee with so poor a praise.

In lines on 'Charles Lamb's Centenary' Mortimer Collins says—

How every one who reads your prose or rhymes,

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Feels to you as a comrade of those times,
That heard you pun and stammer out your joke, . .

See, also, Dr. W. C. Bennett's 'Verdicts.'

281. LANDOR.—Mr. T. B. Aldrich, in 'Three Flowers—To Bayard Taylor,' writes—

. . . this faded violet grew
On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
Its magic azure in the long spring hours.

Dr. Bennett, in 'Verdicts,' discourses of

Landor, Attic in grace and power, who knows
The grandeur of calmness—the strength of repose.

291.—B. W. PROCTER.—'Your Muse is younger': this is from one of two 'Letters' from Beddoes to Procter.

293.—BYRON.—'May not Byron': Elliott elsewhere ('Spenserian') calls Byron

Bard of the broken heart, high soul, and burning tear!

'Ocean welcomed him': see, also, Shelley's Fragment on Byron. John Clare, in his lines on 'Lord Byron,' says:—

A splendid sun hath set!—when shall our eyes
Behold a morn so beautiful arise
As that which gave his mighty genius birth
And all eclipsed the lesser lights on earth!

Lord Lytton says, in 'St. Stephen's'—

. . . St. John shone
And stirr'd that age as Byron thrill'd our own.

Praed refers to Byron in his poem on 'Athens,' and the late Lord Rosslyn made the poet the subject of a sonnet. See Dr. Bennett's 'Verdicts,' and also the quatrain by Mr. W. Watson referred to above, in the note on WORDSWORTH. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his rhythmical epistle 'To Lord Byron,' says—

Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the Gods!
Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit,
Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,
Unpraised, unpraisable, beyond thy merit;
Chased, like Orestes, by the Furies' rods,
Like him at length thy peace dost thou inherit!
Beholding whom, men think how fairer far
Than all the steadfast stars the wandering star!

298. HALLECK.—See, also, Lowell's 'Fable for Critics'—

'When his heart breaks away from the brokers and banks,
And kneels in his own private shrine to give thanks,
There's a genial manliness in him that earns
Our sincerest respect (read, for instance, his "Burns"),' . .

299. SHELLEY.—'Melodious Shelley': in his lines 'To the Author of "Festus"' Landor speaks of Shelley and Keats as 'those southern stars.' 'And art thou still' (page 304): from *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1892. See Bayard Taylor's Ode on Shelley. Mr. George Meredith, in his quatrain on 'The Poetry of Shelley,' compares the poet to a skylark which, fluttering 'deep in the heart-yearning distance of Heaven,' brings down at eve such treasures as 'wisdom and beauty and love.'

306. MRS. HEMANS.—See Leigh Hunt's 'Feast of the Violets,' canto 3.

311. KEATS.—'Where is the youth': Elliott also wrote a 'Monody on John Keats.' 'Great soul' (page 313): with this compare Lowell's earlier sonnet on the poet (1840-42)—

Thine eyes, I know, with earnestness were fraught,
Thy brow a pale and musing hue had ta'en,
And a mild frown from watching not in vain
The patient dawn and sunrise of great thought;

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Thy soul seemed listening still, as if it caught,
Through castle hall, or arches dim and long,
The mail-clad tramp of old, heroic song,
Or heard, through groves of moss-grown oak-trees brought,
Mysterious tones from the lone pipe of Pan;
While thy dark eyes glowed mellowly to see
Coy nymphs, as down thick-leavèd dells they ran
And backward glanced with longing eyes at thee,
Whose gracious heart, in its most Grecian mood,
Ran red and warm with right good English blood.

'O pang-dowered Poet' (page 313): in 'Found,' Rossetti calls Keats 'our English nightingale.' 'The fading glory': Mr. Anderson has also a poem on 'John Keats.' 'Whose name was writ in water' (page 314): see, further, Mr. Gilder's 'An Inscription in Rome.' Longfellow has a sonnet on Keats, beginning—

The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep:
The shepherd boy whose tale was left half told!

See Dr. Bennett's 'Verdicts,' Mr. George Meredith's quatrain ('The Poetry of Keats')—

The song of a nightingale sent thro' a slumbrous valley,
Low-lidded with twilight, and tranced with a dolorous sound. . .

and the quatrain by Mr. W. Watson in 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature.'

316. Hood.—'Poor Hood' is the subject of verses by Eliza Cook.

321. L. E. Landon.—See Miss Rossetti's poem, 'L. E. L.'

321. Praed.—There is a passage about Praed in Lord Lytton's 'St. Stephen's.'

323. Hugo.—'O light of song': see, also, Mr. Swinburne's 'To Victor Hugo' and 'Victor Hugo in 1877.' Mr. Eric Mackay has a sonnet on Hugo.

325. Emerson.—'If lost at times': Dr. Holmes refers to Emerson in his lines 'For Whittier's 70th Birthday.' Allingham writes, in 'Poets and Flowers'—

Geranium, thou, methinks, for Emerson,
The choice and home-familiar featly blent;
A mystic naivety, fresh antiqueness, run
Through shape, fine hues, and scent.

See Mr. J. H. M'Carthy's sonnet on Emerson in 'Harlequinade.'

327. Longfellow.—See Lowell's 'Fable for Critics'—

'You may say that he's smooth and all that till you're hoarse,
But remember that elegance also is force;
After polishing granite as much as you will,
The heart keeps its tough old persistency still;
Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you at bay;
Why, he'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.'

Here sits our Poet' (page 328): Dr. Holmes has a reference to Longfellow in 'For Whittier's 70th Birthday.' See also Mr. W. Winter's 'Wanderers.' Mr. W. Watson ('On Longfellow's Death') describes the poet as

No singer vast of voice: yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song.

332. Whittier.—'Peaceful thy message': from *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1892; see, also, Dr. Holmes's 'For Whittier's 70th Birthday' (1877). Mr. J. Whitcomb Riley, in 'Whittier at Newburyport,' says—

Thou endurest—shalt endure,
Purely as thy song is pure. . .

333. Poe.—Mr. W. Winter has some lines on Poe in 'Wanderers.'

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334. E. B. BROWNING.—'O lyric Love': Browning has a reference to his wife in his 'Balaustion's Adventure'—

I know the poetess who graved in gold,
Among the glories that shall never fade,
This style and title for Euripides,
The Human with his droppings of warm tears.

Also, in 'The Ring and the Book,' book xii., line 873—

The rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England with his Italy.

'Which of the angels': see, also, Dobell's sonnet 'To the Authoress of "Aurora Leigh."' Dora Greenwell addressed two sonnets to Mrs. Browning ('Poems,' 1867).

337. EDWARD FITZGERALD.—'Hear us, ye winds!' The same occasion drew from Mr. Edmund Gosse a couple of quatrains, of which the following is the first—

Reign here, triumphant rose from Omar's grave,
Borne by a fakir o'er the Persian wave;
  Reign with fresh pride, since here a heart is sleeping
That double glory to your Master gave.

Mr. J. H. M'Carthy wrote the following (with other) verses—

Vex not to-day with wonder which were best,
The Student, Scholar, Singer of the West,
Or Singer, Scholar, Student of the East—
The soul of Omar burned in England's breast.

And howsoever Autumn's breezes blow
About this Rose, and Winter's fingers throw,
In mockery of Oriental noons,
Upon this grass the monumental snow;

Still in our dreams the Eastern Rose survives
Lending diviner fragrance to our lives:
The World is old, cold, warned by waning moons,
But Omar's creed in English verse revives.

See note, above, on OMAR KHAYYAM.

337. TENNYSON.—'Long have I known thee': this sonnet, as given in the author's poetical works (1851), is obviously misprinted. To H. Coleridge is ascribed another sonnet, occasioned by the writer's hearing 'The May Queen' sung at Ambleside. 'Lovely and lucid' (page 338): in his rhythmical 'Letter to Frederick Locker,' Mortimer Collins says—

. . filled with melody divine
Is every verse of Alfred Tennyson; . .

'Shakespeare and Milton' (page 339): see, also, Mr. Aldrich's 'Sestet sent to a friend with a volume of Tennyson.' 'Long may your green maturity' (page 339): see, further, Mr. Austin's sonnet 'To Lord Tennyson,' and 'The Passing of Merlin' (published in *The Times*). 'Our sweet dreamer' (page 339): Dr. Bennett has other verses 'To Lord Tennyson,' in the course of which he says—

Blessings I tender at your feet
  For not all unblest earthly days;
  Who can enough your genius praise,
Your poet's visions heavenly sweet?
So Greek, so pure, so fair, so dear,
Theocritus again is here.

'Calm were the ways' (page 340): these lines (and others) appeared originally in *The Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Buchanan has a reference to Tennyson in 'The Outcast,' page 75. 'So great his

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song': first printed in *The Speaker*. See also, Mr. Le Gallienne's '"Tennyson" at the Farm'—

. . . that book of gold,
So loved so long;
The fairest art,
The sweetest English song.

'Why should we mourn' (page 341): first published in *The Times*. See, further, Mr. Morris's lines 'To Lord Tennyson, August 6th, 1889'—

And he it was whose musing ear o'erheard
The love-tale sweet in death and madness end;
Who sang the deathless dirge, whose every word
Fashions a golden statue for his friend.

'Now, where the imperial speech': contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1892, together with other commemorative poems by Professor Huxley, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, the Hon. Roden Noel, Mr. Aubrey de Vere (one of whose sonnets will be found on page 334 of this volume), Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. James Knowles. 'Ere we were or were thought on': *The Athenæum*, August, 1891. 'Far above us and all our love': *The Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893. 'None sang of love more nobly' (page 344): see also Mr. De Vere's sonnet 'To Lord Tennyson' in *The Century Magazine* for May, 1893—

The land whose loveliness in verse of thine
Shows lovelier yet than prank'd on Nature's page. . .

'Death's little rift' (page 344): see also Mr. Watson's sonnet 'To Lord Tennyson'—

Heir of the riches of the whole world's rhyme,
Dow'red with the Doric grace, the Mantuan mien,
With Arno's depth and Avon's golden sheen; . .

also, the same writer's lines on 'The Foresters'—

. . he, the lord of this melodious day, . .
Faultless for him the lyre of life was strung,
And notes of death fell deathless from his tongue;
Himself the Merlin of his magic strain,
He bade old glories break in bloom again;
And so, exempted from oblivion's doom,
Through him these days shall fadeless break in bloom.

'Beyond the peaks of Káf': this, and the following sonnet, appeared originally in *The Athenæum*. Among other memorial verses on Tennyson may be named those by Sir Edwin Arnold (in *The Daily Telegraph*), Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, Mr. Austin Dobson (in *The Athenæum*), Dr. Richard Garnett, Mrs. Isa Craig Knox, the Hon. Roden Noel (in *The Leisure Hour*), Mrs. Oliphant (in *The Spectator*), and Mr. J. Whitcomb Riley; the last-named of whom wrote—

O master-singer, with the finger-tip
Of death thus laid on the melodious lip!
All ages thou hast honoured with thine art,
And ages yet unborn thou shalt be part
Of all songs pure and true.

Matthew Arnold devotes a stanza of 'The Scholar-Gipsy' to Tennyson and his 'In Memoriam'—

. . . amongst us one
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days; . .

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See also the prefatory sonnet to Robert, Lord Houghton's 'Stray Verses' (1893) and Mr. A. Lang's 'Ballade for the Laureate.'

347. GAUTIER.—See, also, Mr. Swinburne's two French poems on Gautier in the second series of 'Poems and Ballads.'

349. ROBERT BROWNING.—'Within a narrow transept': from *The Spectator*. 'The works of words' (page 350): see, also, Mr. Swinburne's sonnet on 'New Year's Eve, 1889' (the date of Browning's burial).

See, further, J. K. Stephen's 'A Parodist's Apology.' In 'Jocoseria' Mr. R. W. Gilder remarked on the youthfulness of Browning's heart and art—

an art
Full of youth's own grit and power,
Thoughts we deemed to boys belonging,—
The spring-time's flower,
Love-and-longing.

Says Mr. Andrew Lang, in his 'Ballade of the Laureate'—

Browning in his iron style
Doth gold on his huge anvil smite.

In 'The News from Venice' (the news of the poet's death) Mr. George Meredith wrote—

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak . . .
We see a spirit on Earth's loftiest peak
Shine, and wing hence the way he makes more clear:
See a great Tree of Life that never sere
Dropped leaf for aught that age or storms might wreak.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell has two sonnets on Browning's funeral, the first rites of which took place at Venice, the poet's remains being conveyed to the cemetery 'in a gondola':

How fit such obsequies for him whose pen
Hath given a wondrous poem, passion-fraught,—
Breathing of love and Venice,—unto men.

See the 'In Memoriam' sonnet by Robert, Lord Houghton, and Mr. W. Watson's quatrain on Browning in 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature.'

351. CLOUGH.—See J. C. Shairp's poem, 'Baliol Scholars.'

353. LOWELL.—'O Autumn wind': from *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1891. 'How Nature mourns thee': from *The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1891; see also Dr. Holmes's verses 'For Whittier's 70th Birthday.' 'Nature to thee' (page 354): from *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1891. Mr. Gilder has a quatrain on Lowell in 'Two Worlds.' In *The Century Magazine* for November, 1893, were published the lines written by Emerson in celebration of Lowell's fortieth birthday (Feb. 22, 1859)—lines in which, addressing the Muse, he said of Lowell—

. . . the bard himself, profuse
In thy accomplishment,
Does Comedy and Lyric use.

We learn from Lowell's 'Letters' (vol. 2, page 367) how much the subject of these verses 'valued' them.

354. WHITMAN.—See Mr. W. Watson's quatrain in 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature.'

355. MATTHEW ARNOLD.—Mortimer Collins, in his 'Letter to Frederick Locker,' says—

Arnold's great—the classic Matthew;—

and in his 'Letter to the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli' he has a passage beginning 'Arnold is English'—

I can forgive who saw the reveller stray
To where Odysseus in Aiaie lay—

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Who watched the Gipsy Scholar's mazy path
Over wild wold and solitary strath—
I can forgive him, that mysterious haze
Shrouds every vision of his later days, . .

360. BAYARD TAYLOR.—See the lines on Taylor in Mr. Aldrich's volume, 'Mercedes and later Lyrics.'

361. D. G. ROSSETTI.—See Mr. W. Watson's quatrain on Rossetti in 'Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature,' in which Keats, Dante, and Tintoret are suggested as his 'kin.' See, also, Mr. J. H. M'Carthy's 'Rossetti's Grave,' Mr. Mackenzie Bell's 'At the Grave of Rossetti,' and the opening sonnets (I. to V.) in Dr. Gordon Hake's 'The New Day,' in which Rossetti is frequently alluded to—

Yet with rare genius could his hand impart
His own far-searching poesy to art.

363. C. S. CALVERLEY.—Mr. J. H. M'Carthy has a sonnet on 'C. S. C.'

367. AMY LEVY.—'This is her Book': from *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1893.

368. O. W. HOLMES.—'His still the keen analysis': see, also, Whittier's lines 'To O. W. Holmes' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1892—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
  More cheerful for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,
  With the old Hellenic strains—

and the same writer's verse to Holmes 'on his 80th birthday,' referring to

His own sweet songs that time shall not forget.

See *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1893, for lines by Mr. Aldrich on Dr. Holmes, to whom Mr. W. Winter has also paid, in 'Wanderers' (1888), a rhythmical tribute.

370. F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.—See the allusion to 'London Lyrics' in Mortimer Collins's lines on page 321 of this volume.

372. C. G. ROSSETTI.—In Dorling's 'Life of Dora Greenwell' may be read the verses addressed by Miss Greenwell 'To Christina Rossetti,' and beginning—

Thou hast filled me a golden cup
With a drink Divine that glows,
With the bloom that is shining up
From the heart of the folded rose.

374. THEODORE WATTS.—'Fulfil the new-born dream': this is one of the 93 sonnets which make up 'The New Day,' and of which all but three are addressed to Mr. Watts, to whom the volume is dedicated. See, especially, Nos. viii., ix., xxxiv., xliv., li., liii. Mr. Swinburne dedicated to Mr. Watts 'Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems' (1882), addressing to him the following sonnet:—

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
  And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
  That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound
Since here we first together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
  Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
  Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

There is a friend that as the wise man saith
  Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
  Hath time not shown, through days like waves at strife,
This truth more sure than all things else but death,

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This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
That washes towards your feet these waifs of life.

375. A. C. SWINBURNE.—'When from the tense chords': from *The Century Magazine* for March, 1892. To *The Athenæum* of November 4, 1893, Mr. Theodore Watts contributed three sonnets, addressed to 'A. C. S.,' and recalling 'The Last Walk from Boar's Hill' made by Mr. Watts with 'A. C. S.' and Professor Jowett:—

By the river you arrest the talk
To see the sun transfigure ere he sits
The boatmen's children shining in the wherry. . .

Can he be dead? His heart was drawn to you:
Ah! well that kindred heart within him knew
The poet's heart of gold that gives his spell: . .

376. AUSTIN DOBSON.—See Mr. W. Watson's lines 'To Austin Dobson,' beginning—

Yes! urban is your Muse, and owns
An empire based on London stones.
Yet flow'rs, as mountain violets sweet,
Spring from the pavement 'neath her feet.

See, also, Mr. Andrew Lang's 'A Review in Rhyme,' beginning—

A little of Horace, a little of Prior,
A sketch of a Milkmaid, a lay of the Squire—
These, these are 'on draught' 'At the Sign of the Lyre' . . .

and Mr. F. D. Sherman's 'To Austin Dobson.'

In the above Notes, and in the text, are many references to William Allingham's series of short poems, in which certain Poets are likened to certain Flowers. In Leigh Hunt's 'Feast of the Poets' there is a passage somewhat similarly symbolic. It relates how Apollo caused 'a most beautiful wreath' to 'burst in the hair' of the assembled bards:—

I can't tell 'em all, but the groundwork was bay;
And Campbell, in his, had some oak-leaves and may;
And Southey a palm-branch, and Moore had a vine,
And pepper-leaf Byron, surmounted with pine;
And mountain-ash Wordsworth, with groundsel and yew;
And Coleridge the rare petals four, that endue
Their finder with magic; and, lovely to tell,
They sparkled with drops from Apollo's own well.

We may note that, in one of his conversations with Lady Blessington, Byron said:—'I remember reading somewhere a *concetto* of designating different living poets by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of. Wordsworth is made to drink from a wooden bowl, and my melancholy self from a skull, chased with gold. Now, I would add the following cups:—To Moore, I would give a cup formed like the lotus flower, and set in brilliants; to Crabbe, a scooped pumpkin; to Rogers, an antique vase, formed of agate; and to Colman, a champagne glass, as descriptive of their different styles.'

By way of postscript may be given the following additional indications of the whereabouts of poetical praises:—

ARCHILOCHUS.—'The Parian song sublime'—F. T. Palgrave's 'Poet's Euthanasia.'

ARNAUT.—'Arnaut, great master of the lore of love'—E. W. Gosse's 'Sestina.'

BARNARD, LADY ANN.—'Lady Ann, lovely for "Auld Robin Gray"'—Leigh Hunt's 'Feast of the Violets.'

BARNES, WILLIAM.—'Barnes is a poet, though not many know it'—W. Allingham's 'Poets and Flowers.'

BION.—See the sonnet by Mr. Andrew Lang.
CLEVELAND, JOHN.—'Admired Cleveland'—G. Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy.'
CONSTABLE, HENRY.—'Constable's ambrosiac verse'—Ben Jonson.
GASCOIGNE, GEORGE.—Of 'The Steel Glass,' Raleigh wrote—

As for a verse, who list like trade to try,
I fear me much shall hardly reach so high.

GESNER, SOLOMON.—See Landor 'On Gesner's Idylls.'
HABINGTON, WILLIAM.—See G. Daniel's 'Vindication of Poesy.'
HAVERGAL, FRANCES R.—See sonnet by Rev. Richard Wilton.
KEBLE, JOHN.—Of 'The Christian Year' Praed wrote, in his lines 'To Helen'—

. . . for its golden fraught
Of prayer and praise, of dream and thought,
Where Poesy finds fitting voice
For all who hope, fear, grieve, rejoice,
Long have I loved, and studied long,
The pious minstrel's varied song.

LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE.—See Eliza Cook's 'To Alphonse de Lamartine' and J. R. Lowell's 'To Lamartine.'
LAPRAIK, JOHN.—See Burns's 'Epistle to John Lapraik.'
LINTON, W. J.—See Landor's lines 'To the Author of "The Plaint of Freedom."'
MEREDITH, GEORGE.—See Mr. Robert Buchanan's 'Outcast' (canto iii.):—

George Meredith might serve my turn
For thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

MOLIÈRE.—See Thomson's 'Liberty,' part v., line 492.
OSSIAN.—See Churchill, 'The Prophecy of Famine':—

Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English infidels Macpherson call.

See, also, references to Ossian in Bowles's 'Monody on Dr. Warton,' Mrs. Hemans' 'England and Spain,' and Wordsworth's lines 'Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's "Ossian."'
SANDYS, GEORGE.—See Drayton's 'Of Poets and Poesy,' Bishop King 'To Mr. George Sandys,' and Waller 'To Mr. George Sandys.'
SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES.—See Rochester's 'Allusion to the 10th Satire of the First Book of Horace.'
SIGOURNEY, MRS.—See Whittier's lines 'On her Memorial Tablet in Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut.'
SIMONIDES.—Wordsworth, in his 'Departing Summer hath Assumed,' says—

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

In a sonnet ascribed to him by Coleridge (*Athenæum*, November 4, 1893) Wordsworth refers to Simonides as

. . . the tenderest Poet that could be,
Who sang in ancient Greece his loving lay.

THOMSON, JAMES ('B. V.').—See the two sonnets by Philip Bourke Marston.

POETS QUOTED

[The books mentioned in the following list are those from which the passages in the text have been taken.]

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